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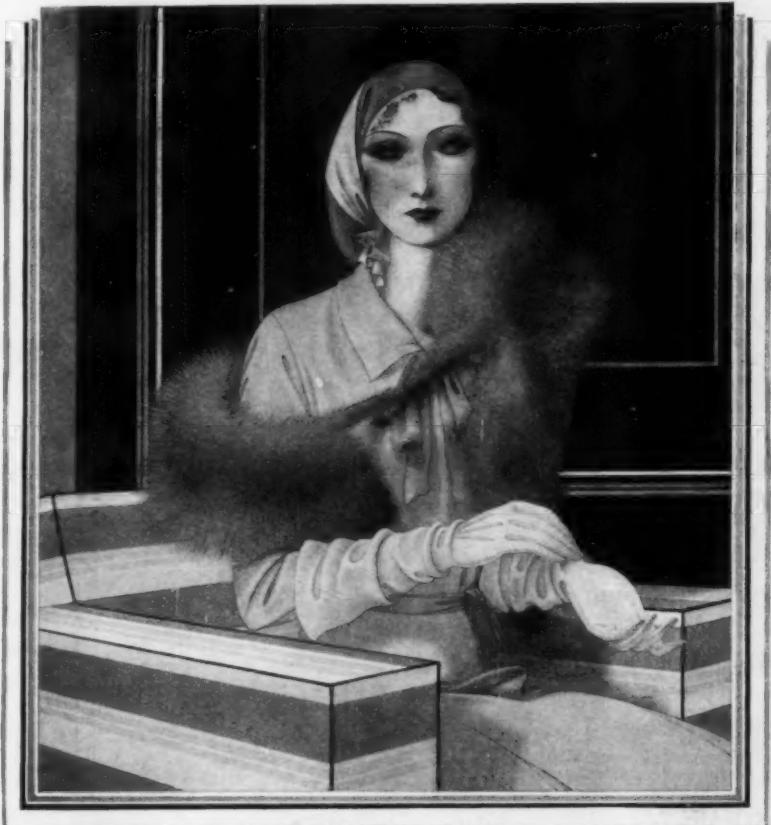
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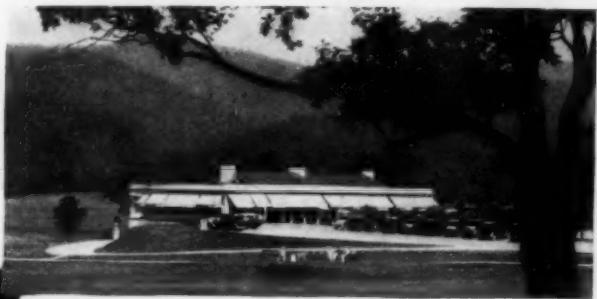
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THE DENTIST

NOT every girl knows from the moment she's born just what she wants to do. Irene Werther went through all the usual urges. She wanted to be a writer. She wanted to be an actress. She tried both and was only so-so. She got her degree from Wells College and looked about her. A friend suggested dentistry as a great, untried field for smart girls. Irene enrolled at the College of Dental and Oral Surgery of Columbia University. Then she came out and set up her own office. Almost at once she knew she had discovered her true work. Success followed automatically



THE ORNITHOLOGIST

ORIGINALITY pays. Representative of the scores of young women who hate offices or any work that keeps them indoors, Gladys Gordon Fry evolved a fascinating profession for herself. She loved birds, trees and flowers and studied everything she could find on these subjects. She took long hikes through the woods to check up on what she read. When the self-support problem came up, Gladys organized classes in bird lore for children. They were so popular many mothers soon wanted courses too. Now Gladys Fry's New Jersey clientele reads like the Social Register



THE MUSIC TEACHER

WHAT becomes of infant prodigies when they grow up? Few have Edith Friedman's ability to make good in adult lines. Twenty-four-year-old Edith began giving concerts when she was nine. A little later she won a scholarship that let her study with Percy Grainger, the famous composer. A second prize paid her tuition in Europe. A third landed her back in New York. At a famous music school she discovered her secondary talent—a unique method of teaching children music painlessly by teaching rhythm and tone before notes. Her future is brilliant

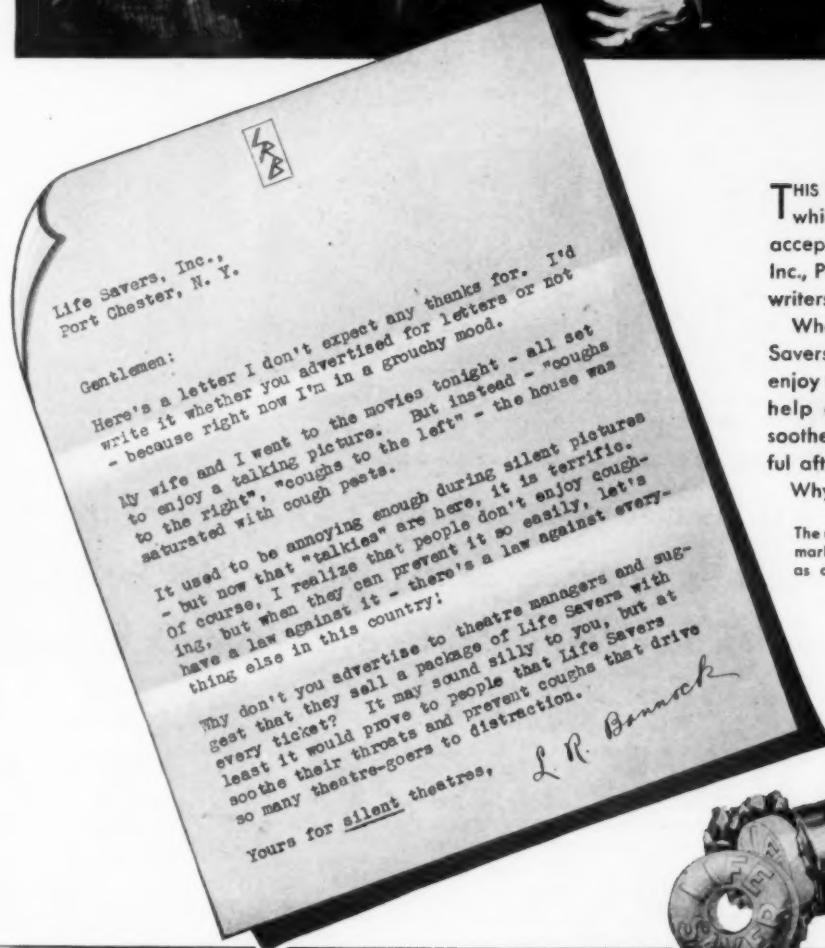


THE DETECTIVE

TROUBLE with a capital T sent Adelaide Jennings into business. She was only eighteen when she started working as a detective operative. Her salary was five dollars a week. Because life had not been easy for her, she understood other people's problems and offered service plus sympathy. Soon she graduated into the American Secret Service. Next she opened her own agency, which soon grew into a chain in Rochester, New York, Buffalo and Miami. Miss Jennings has written the story of some of her more famous cases, which will soon appear in *SMART SET*

Should there be a law

against this?*



*FREE!

THIS interesting letter is similar to many which Life Savers, Inc., receives. For accepted letters such as this, Life Savers Inc., Port Chester, N. Y., will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?

Why not write us your letter today?

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The Blue Moon trademark is the symbol of distinctive hosiery,
and an inspiration to those whose painstaking craftsmanship
maintains the high Blue Moon standards of quality.

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Quality in silk hosiery is difficult to ascertain by sight or touch. But the test of wear soon proves its presence, or its absence. The loyalty of wearers to Blue Moon Silk Stockings is due to quality proven by wear.

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BLUE MOON
AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FULL FASHIONED

Silk Stockings

Write for Blue Moon Booklet on Color Harmony approved by Harper's Bazaar



DEBATING with Fannie Hurst, the novelist, on what women ought to do with themselves besides devote most of their time to club meetings and bridge parties, Dr. Bruno Roselli, of the Vassar faculty, advised that they stay at home and share their culture with their hard-working husbands!

No one will deny that this is a most noble aim, even if it misses the mark by a million miles. Misses, we say, because it pre-supposes that all married women have plenty of leisure and inclination for intellectual pursuits, and that husbands would be only too glad to have Bertrand Russell, Oswald Spengler, Virginia Woolf and Pirandello ladled out to them at the fireside, rather than read the market news and the sporting page.

CANT you fancy Mrs. Philbert Jones opening up on her hubby after dinner with:

"Do you know, Phil, the Greek Chorus is gradually coming back into the drama, and I wouldn't be surprised if O'Neill had that in mind when he created the character of—"

And can't you hear him interrupt as he scans the week's range of prices on Amalgamated Sauerkraut Juices, with:

"Yeah? But will it be any better than the Tiller girls?"

Seriously, though, one of the chief difficulties in the way of Dr. Roselli's course in home culture is that so many wives go to work themselves these days, either because they want to, or have to!

According to the official count, 75 per cent. of the girls married at the Municipal Building in New York City last year were taking on a husband in addition to a job.

And meant to keep both.

WILL they do it? That is the big question. What kind of girls are these that cheerfully tackle a double job

of such formidable dimensions? Not all of them are professional women—doctors, lawyers, artists and the like—who are hardly expected to be the traditional wife-mother of a family. On the contrary, the majority of them are just ordinary girls with positions in office, shop, or factory.

Sometimes this double job is undertaken for only the first few years of marriage, but again, it is intended for a permanent arrangement. In either case, how will the marriage relationship be affected? Will the home suffer in consequence? How about having children? And if there are children, what happens?

SUMMED up, will the working wife be happy? And her husband? Listen to what Dr. Karl Menninger, the eminent psychiatrist and author of "The Human Mind," says on the husband side of it:

"Men are naturally egoists, naturally vain, and they must have the credit for achievement. They must express their ego in work, in achievement and success, and they don't thrive well unless they get for this feminine admiration and approbation. But with women as competitors, how are they going to get this? It deflates their ego, and often has disastrous results, especially in the case where both man and wife are working, and she is as successful as he is."

INFINITE are the angles on the problem of the working wife. One that has been hotly discussed is whether women with husbands to support them take jobs from single women in need of work. The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor recently made a cross-section study in Denver of this question.

It found that nine-tenths of the married women seeking employment did so because the husband either made an insufficient amount to support a home properly, or because he had ceased to contribute anything for one reason or another.

To get a clear glimpse of the many-sided truth concerning the working wife, SMART SET assigned to Dorothy Ducas the task of presenting some straight-from-life examples in story form. She is a newspaper woman and a working wife herself, and will draw upon Reality for her people and drama.

Her first case, in this issue, has a strong bearing on what Dr. Menninger says, though her story was written long before he made that pronouncement in a recent interview.

WORKING

*Beginning a Series of Remarkable
Short Stories On a Problem That
Confronts Millions of American Girls*

COME in," said Marian Ingersoll wearily, from behind the frosted glass door which bore her name.

Ethel Morgan would know, before she turned the door knob, that Marian was in the throes of another of her melancholy moods, but Marian did not care. She sat slumped in her chair, looking more like a disgruntled schoolgirl than a business executive with a private office.

"End of the world?" asked Ethel, sauntering across the room to Marian's desk. It was a man-sized desk bearing, man-fashion, paperweights, pin trays, a telephone, and papers and pencils.

"Just about!"

Marian's face was wearier than her tones. Under the gray eyes were purplish shadows. Her white forehead was wrinkled into an unbecoming frown. Her blue-black hair, usually perfectly marcelled, was rumpled. She tapped her long unringing fingers on the arm of her chair.

The feel of the familiar wood under her hand brought no sense of reality. Would anything ever seem real again? Even Ethel, comfortable, placid Ethel, in the broadtail coat that Marian had helped select two weeks ago, was a stranger. Yet she was going to tell this stranger a secret, to confide in her that the world had toppled over on its side. For Marian had kept no secrets from Ethel since they met in the third grade classroom more than nineteen years ago. Good old Ethel! She had hovered near through all of Marian's trials, from her diphtheria siege, at the age of eleven, to the birth of little Harvey only two years ago.

Yes, Ethel must be told this new secret, this awful secret. Quickly, like one of those memory flashes that appear in the movies, Marian remembered the face of Harvey, her husband, as he had said his last words to her the night before. Harvey, the broad-shouldered, quick-witted Harvey, whose chief interest in life had been making his wife happy, had said:

"May my successor bring you joy!" and the door, slamming behind him, had rattled the pictures on the walls of the foyer. Marian had thought, idiotically, that she'd never wanted to hang them there, anyhow!

"I SAW Harvey in the corridor," Ethel remarked.

Harvey in the corridor! The words were heavy weights over Marian's heart. He *would* be in the corridor at about this time, on his way to lunch with one of the men from another department, or some friend who happened in on him, as Ethel had happened in on Marian. It was going to be terrible to see Harvey going about as usual, paying no attention whatever to her. They had agreed long ago that it was unwise to mix matrimony and business. Marian had stood it before—indeed, insisted upon it, with the brittle sureness of a modern business woman—because she had known there was their fireside at the end of the day, and a whole evening to sit before it, together. But now . . .

"I can't bear it!" cried Marian.

Before Ethel could reach her side the tears came; hot tears that welled up like geysers and rolled down her pale cheeks to the fine lace collar of her black satin gown. Marian Inger-

soll, most promising woman buyer in Smithton's Department Store; Marian, the shining example as a combination of beauty, brains and domesticity, was sobbing above her shiny desk.

"Oh, darling," murmured Ethel, and sat down on the edge of her friend's chair. Her arm crept around Marian's shoulders. Consolingly she pressed her cheek against Marian's jetty hair. Ethel was startled, distressed, puzzled, but her sympathy enfolded the other girl like a soft cloak.

After a minute Marian looked up. Her lips trembled, but in her eyes was the pugnacious glint. Ethel remembered having seen at other crises in her life: when old Mr. Ingersoll refused to send Marian to college, and Marian had sworn to be successful without formal education; when she had been warned marriage would interfere with her work, and had married Harvey to prove that it would not.

Even when Marian had come to Ethel to tell her she was going to have a baby, the tempestuous glance had been there, the glance of a woman who was determined to have everything she wanted!

"What a fool I am," said Marian.

She rose from her chair, smoothing her gown over her hips with shaking fingers. A sudden dignity descended upon her, a dignity far more familiar to Ethel than the helplessness of a moment before. That was right. Marian would be spunky always. She was being spunky, now, as she peered at her reflection in a pocket mirror.

"Tears show? We must hide them before we go to lunch. Wouldn't do to meet Harvey looking as if I cared a damn!"

"But you do care," argued Ethel.

The tactless remark eased the tension of the situation, thought Marian!

THHEY went to Golder's Tea Room, too small and undistinguished to attract a crowd, even between twelve and one. They sat in the corner at a square table painted green, while a green-uniformed waitress brought them soup, chicken salad and ice cream on dishes full of yellow and purple flowers. Marian felt safe there. She knew Harvey hated tea rooms.

"Ethel," said Marian abruptly, "Harvey has left me."

The spoon slipped from Ethel's fingers, although she was supposed to "have no nerves."

"Don't look as if it were a tragedy," said Marian, laughing bitterly. "It probably is the best thing that has happened to me in years. At least, it could have happened no other way, for my happiness. Wait until you hear why."

The soup slipped down her throat along with unshed tears. Oh, to talk about it, to explain it, if only she could!

"I've told the story backwards," continued Marian. "I should have started with the good news first. I've been promoted."

"Promoted?"

Marian nodded, her face like stone.

"You are now lunching with the merchandise counselor of the lingerie, blouse and negligee department of Smithton's. My years of faithful service as lingerie buyer have been recognized."

Then the mask dropped for an instant and Marian Inger-

WIVES

By
Dorothy
Ducas



Illustrations by
R. VAN BUREN

MARIAN was so successful in business that people began to raise their eyebrows and ask, "How long will her marriage last?" But Marian was sure of herself and her ability to handle two jobs . . . until the test came



Harvey, I would have sworn. He wanted to be my partner, and I wanted to be his. It was too good to be true, wasn't it, Ethel?" She looked at her friend for confirmation.

Ethel was silent.

"I never thought," Marian's voice sank to a whisper, "that Harvey would be jealous of my work!"

Outside in the street the trucks rumbled past, and the sound of shuffling feet floated down to the cellar restaurant where the two women sat. All the noises of the city chanted the words: "Jealous of my work. Jealous of my work."

"I noticed it before the promotion," Marian murmured. "He asked strange questions, for Harvey. What would I do if he received an offer from a store in another city? Which did I care more for, Harvey or old man Smithton? Crazy questions, but they should have shown me what was happening to Harvey. I put him off with jokes. Then this came. Last night I went home elated. I was walking on air. I wanted to dance. I planned to

soil spoke earnestly across the table.

"Oh, Ethel, I had been working for it so long. I was so happy. I wanted to show everyone in the store that I could do two jobs well. They predicted, as my father did, after little Harvey was born, that I would resign soon. Instead, I've won a promotion. That's—that's something, isn't it?"

"It is," whispered Ethel solemnly.

"You know how much my work means to me." Marian's words came faster and faster, as if she were afraid her reticence would crawl back, should she hesitate even a minute. "I thought Harvey understood. He said he did. We always have worked together, and when we were married that was our strongest bond. He told me our romance was in our common undertaking. Oh, I know it sounds unromantic when you put it in words: the buyer of furniture and the buyer of lingerie, husband and wife, linked by their places in the economic system. But it worked! We were happy, weren't we?"

"You were," agreed Ethel.

"There was nothing of the old-fashioned possessive male in

make Harvey take me out to dinner, after I had broken the news. I thought he would be as glad as I.

"Someone had told him before me. Someone had been chiding him about his wife beating him at his own game. I beat him, Ethel—think of it! Why, the buyer of the furniture department gets almost a third again as much money as I. It's the department for which the store is known. Harvey is our most important man. But even if I were beating him, Ethel, he should be glad. I never promised not to beat him. I never resented his beating me. My success would be his, as his was mine."

The tears trembled again on her lashes, ludicrous tears, in the face of the emotion which they so feebly expressed.

"He asked me to resign from Smithton's," said Marian. "He said he would not play second fiddle to a job."

They were the most pathetic words Ethel had ever heard: "He would not play second fiddle to a job." Dumbly she reached across the table for Marian's hand.

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"Of course I refused," said Marian. "Don't you see why?"

She had been so generous with Harvey, had given him everything of herself—everything but her job, Marian explained. She had loved him with the fervor of a woman who has never loved anything before but her work. She had admired him also. He had been her hero at the store long before she met him, and her devotion to her job, later, had been part of her way of demonstrating devotion to Harvey. He had lectured solemnly before their marriage about never falling down on the firm, about keeping enthusiasms and ambitions high. It was part of their relationship, this job of Marian's. It was not second fiddle to Harvey, nor he to it. To give it up would be like giving up her baby, in a way. Of course Marian had refused. And Harvey had gone.

Marian had sat alone last night, in the spacious living room of their penthouse home overlooking Central Park, sat with her white hands in her lap, expecting to hear the sound of Harvey's key in the lock. Over and over she had told herself: "I must not give in and cry. I must be true to myself as well as Harvey." Early in the morning she had gone to bed, stretching her body full length in the four-poster Colonial bed designed especially for the buyer of Smithton's furniture department. She had lain there, listening, until little Harvey's voice, demanding that his nurse get him some breakfast, drifted to her ears.

"What are you going to do?" Ethel asked, when the story was finished.

"Do?" Marian's face was dazed. "Oh, I'll carry on."

Her face had the fighting look that came after an inner struggle, but her eyes were imploring, as if she were saying from within her steel armor: "Why am I battling? What's it all about?"

"Marian, are you sure, absolutely sure, that the job really means more to you than Harvey?" cried Ethel.

Good old Ethel. Simple Ethel. She thought it was a matter of choice!

"Yes," replied Marian.

BACK in her office, sitting at her desk, Marian wondered if Ethel ever would understand what had happened. Her job! It was not merely a lucrative way of spending one's time; it was a reward, a gift from the destiny that had shaped her life. Marian saw herself swiftly back in the hall bedroom of her father's Brooklyn home: a skinny, scraggly-haired child with a queer lust for the daily grind of going to school. She had glimpse of herself sitting at a table by the window, arithmetic book opened before her, tiny stub of a pencil making rapid marks on a piece of wrapping paper, working furiously to get her homework done before her father walked in and caught her. Father never thought lessons were important, for a girl. Girls would get married and have no use for algebra, he had thundered.

If Marian were a good fighter now, it was because she had had so much early training [Continued on page 86]



Harvey stood in the doorway looking at Marian from under downcast lids. His mouth had a queer, wry line to it. He said, "I have not come as your husband"

Self-Consciousness

Hundreds of Young Women Have Asked Us How To Get Rid of This Crushing Social Paralysis, So We Put It Up To a Noted Psychoanalyst and He Tells the Way

MARY A was a charming young woman of twenty-two, with finely moulded features, a figure to be envied, the grace and poise of a patrician, a voice that had life as well as music in it, and clothes—well, not only was she lucky enough to possess the latest Parisian models, she also knew how to wear them.

In other words, Mary A was the embodiment of what one would summarize in the single word *beautiful*—meaning by that everything that any young girl could possibly wish for.

And yet—poor Mary was about the most miserable girl I have ever met!

As a matter of fact, Mary A was so unhappy, so utterly wretched, that finally she was compelled to seek the services of a nerve specialist.

That, incidentally, is the way I became acquainted with her. And in the privacy of the consulting room she poured out her heart and laid bare the deepest secrets of her very soul.

Perhaps you have already guessed what was wrong with Mary. For her difficulty is one that is common to thousands of other members of her sex—*Self-Consciousness*!

The number of young girls and older women who suffer from self-consciousness is legion. Indeed, one might go so far as to say that no woman is entirely free from it.

It is one thing, however, to struggle with a certain degree of self-consciousness. It is quite another to be so harassed and obsessed and tortured with the feeling of being watched and observed that fear actually clutches at one's throat and nothing would seem more welcome than to have the earth open up and engulf one.

Am I overdrawing the picture? I think not.

In the course of some twenty years of practice I have yet to find a woman who would not be willing to give up any of her dearest possessions to be rid of whatever degree of self-consciousness she may happen to have. For neither wealth, social position, a career, fame nor love can overcome it or compensate for it.

ONE girl I know dances divinely but never has she been to a dance of any kind, even at a private home. Why? Self-consciousness.

"When I take private lessons and am alone with my instructor I feel all right," she told me. "But let just one other person enter the room and I'm lost!"

Another girl is forever conscious of the fact that she has a mole on the left temple. Her friends call it a "beauty spot", and the truth of the matter is that her face is as pretty as a doll's.

That mark, however, although not a blemish by any manner of means, is enough for Miss H. She will not have it removed surgically because she believes it will leave a worse scar. And so she goes on thinking about it, brooding over it.

Blushing is one of the commonest of self-consciousness manifestations. Even men may suffer from it.

"All a person has to do is look at me and I blush scarlet,"

By Dr. Louis E. Bisch

said one of my patients. And I hear that said repeatedly.

A close second to blushing, among the agonies of self-consciousness, is what I might call consciousness of sex.

It is natural for women to be conscious, or, one might say, aware of their sex, but when this "awareness" is marked it is one of the most embarrassing and distressing of sensations.

Girls who are overconscious of the fact that they are women usually betray themselves by the way they act before others, especially when the "others" are men. One finds these self-conscious girls forever pulling down their skirts or tugging at their blouses. Sometimes they will go so far as to wear subdued colors and perhaps unattractive clothes in order to escape—as much as possible—what they think are the prying eyes of men.

Stammering and all other forms of speech defects are merely by-products of the self-consciousness bugaboo. There are girls who become positively tongue-tied when talking to a superior in business, or even when chatting with their men friends.

Many varieties of awkward movements in walking, stilted and stereotyped attitudes in sitting, all sorts of muscular twitchings and tics, blinking of the eyes, touching of the hair,

repeated rubbing or holding of the throat, continual readjustment of a scarf, hat or dress—these manifestations and others have their roots in self-consciousness.

What is undoubtedly only another sign of too much self-consciousness is the habit of the lip stick and powder puff applied everywhere and anywhere, every hour of the day. Bear that in mind and strive to control what is, after all, merely a nervous impulse!

WHEN I mentioned stammering and other forms of speech disturbances as by-products of self-consciousness you will note that I used the word *bugaboo*.

That is exactly what self-consciousness is!

It is a kind of hobgoblin that overawes and dismisses an adult girl

in much the same way that a bogey-man frightens a child.

And yet, I maintain self-consciousness is one of those things that need not be.

Why? Because it exists only in the victim's mind!

And since it is a mental process and has nothing whatsoever to do with the organic or physical functioning of the nervous system, *self-consciousness can be overcome*!

If I could take the space and time to amplify each of the various cases of self-consciousness which I have outlined above, you would find that the outstanding characteristic, the salient difficulty in every single instance concerned the mind.

It was not that any one of these girls I talked about was sick, or that any of them was peculiar or eccentric, or had been brought up under unusual conditions. Not at all!

SS Can Be Overcome



My patient experienced difficulty at first. She found it was not so easy, after all, to let her thoughts flow freely—without censoring them

They were simply girls of various ages, in whom self-consciousness—a normal trait in all women, let me remind you—had got the upper hand.

The cause, then, being mental, their inordinate self-consciousness was overcome, just as anyone's else can be overcome—just as yours, perhaps, no matter how long you have suffered from it, no matter how pronounced it is, no matter of what type it may be.

SUPPOSE we return to Mary A, whose story of distress I told you about at the very beginning. Let us see how she conquered her particular bugaboo.

What Mary complained of especially was the self-consciousness which overwhelmed her whenever anyone admired her

or praised her or even made a direct comment about her.

"When in a classroom at college," she said, "I am confident I know my work and am perfectly at ease until the instructor gets down to my name and seems likely to call on me for recitation. Then my cheeks become flushed, my heart begins to pound and I feel a cold perspiration all over.

"And when I am really called upon—even though we are not required to rise—sometimes my throat becomes so dry that it pains me and I cannot utter a word."

"Would you find relief if you could cry?" I inquired, knowing from experience that if some emotional outlet can be found it affords almost immediate relief.

"Yes, Doctor, if I can cry I feel better. But that's just the trouble. I found that out myself about a year ago. At first I tried to cry whenever I got into a jam, but later on I would cry sort of automatically. Now I weep too much, almost on the slightest provocation. Oh, it's dreadful!"

Mary, of course, was also tormented when outside the classroom. The symptoms came to a head, as it were, in college,

but her self-consciousness had made itself felt before. And, as was to be expected, she carried the same attitude with her after college. It revealed itself wherever she went.

Miss Mary, like so many other sufferers, developed, in time, other symptoms of a nervous nature.

For example, sleeplessness. When she went to bed, with the lights out and everything quiet, she would try to review the day's happenings to see under what circumstances she had become self-conscious, how much she had revealed it, whether others had noticed it, how she might have tried to avoid becoming embarrassed, etc., etc. And such speculations, of course, prevented her from falling asleep.

THE direct result of this insomnia was an increase in her general nervousness, plus irritability, restlessness, quick fatigue, loss of interest in current events and, lastly, poor memory and faulty concentration. It is astonishing, indeed, how many evils may follow in the wake of what, originally, started as self-consciousness!

The way Mary was cured—and that, of course, is the most

Often she would stop, or interrupt her thought-stream by remarking that her ideas seemed silly or foolish or too childish to mention.

Now and again Miss Mary would also hesitate about divulging what she considered an evil thought or indiscretion in childhood. Each time, however, I urged her to tell all, without the slightest hesitation, no matter what the thoughts might be.

For we must bear in mind that all of us harbor thoughts of one kind or another which, for want of a better term, I will call "naughty" thoughts. By this I do not mean necessarily to imply thoughts about sex which might be classed as immoral.

That every individual has such thoughts stored up in the mind there can be no doubt. However, we also have many memories tucked away that have to do with childhood fancies which we considered wrong—naughty—and which may have a bearing, in later life, on the production of self-consciousness.

SUCH was really the matter in the case of Mary A. When I asked her to "associate" freely, after trying to imagine herself about to recite when called upon in the college class-



important thing of all—is the method which modern psychology adopts in all such cases nowadays. Technically, it is known as the "Method of Free Association".

It is simple enough when you once get on to it and, with practice, you can use it to cure yourself!

After I had heard Miss Mary's story in detail and felt I had a thorough grasp of the situation, I asked the young lady to lie on the couch, close her eyes and let her thoughts flow as freely as possible.

"Don't try to control your thinking and don't think that you must be selective about it," I said. "Nothing is unimportant, no matter how trivial the thought or incident or experience may seem to be. Think aloud. Just talk."

My patient experienced difficulty at first. She found it was not so easy, after all, to let the thoughts flow freely—wherever they seemed to want to go—without censoring them.

Harassed and obsessed and tortured with the feeling of being watched and observed . . . the fingers of Fear actually clutch at one's throat!

room, she said, voicing her thoughts:

"I see myself holding my head and leaning on the armrest of the chair—it is during the French class. The class is reading Molière's play called *Le Malade Imaginaire* . . . Now I think of the word *imaginaire* and I wonder why I always imagine that people should be looking at me. Am I as beautiful as all that? Beautiful, beautiful—the word sticks in my mind. Now the word ugly comes . . . Am I ugly at bottom, I think . . . Now I see a lot of ugly faces as in a nightmare—now it is the 'Hunchback of Notre Dame' I see, the way Lon Chaney played it . . . My mind sticks again, this time on the word ugly—I don't seem to get away from the word, Doctor—I can't think of anything else, really."

According to my notes on Miss A's case I find that at this juncture, when Mary was unable to proceed, I urged her to try and think hard, just as hard as [Continued on page 104]

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A Triumph of Being Yourself

Greta Garbo, the Viking Venus, the Swedish Sphinx, the idol of millions for whom she can do no wrong. Yet she does everything wrong. She wears hats like this, refuses to be interviewed, never goes to parties—doesn't even talk. Still she is the most worshiped woman in the world. Her secret? Garbo is un-selfconscious. She is always herself.

Today's Virtue

By FAITH BALDWIN

WHEN Pamela Norris realized that she was to become a mother, she also realized that Anthony Powell, the artist—and father of her child—was not worthy of her faith in him. And so, with great bravery, she refused to marry him. "I'll fight through, alone," she told Dr. Edwards, her physician. "It's my mistake—it shall be my problem. But it shall not be a tragedy." Of course Anthony, who was planning a long trip, was angry and bewildered at Pamela's decision. He created a scene, and after hours of tears, quarreling and argument, Pamela—her resolution unshaken—left him.

IT WAS almost two o'clock in the morning when Pamela dragged herself up the stairs, and into the bedroom she shared with Rachel. With a throb of relief she saw that the other girl had not yet come home. She was so tired—mentally, physically, emotionally—that she ached all over. Her body was like one vast, hurting bruise. She got her clothes off somehow, opened the window and climbed into bed—too tired to sleep, her brain spinning.

To have ended things decently, without recriminations, with no unnecessary words. To have admitted her mistake, to have said goodbye, in quietude. After all that riot and waste of love that had been between them. After all the strange, small ties, the seconds lit by laughter, the moments of—it had seemed at the time—sheer peace and tenderness, why had it not been possible to sever the bond with the quick, keen knife of her sudden but unalterable decision? "I will not marry you. I will never marry you."

But human relationships do not end in such clean, stark simplicities.

Lying there, her eyes burning into the darkness, she recalled his appalled, his incredulous suspicion; his sharp, sudden questions; his immediate doubts, following one upon the heels of the other, contradictory, nagging, searching. It wasn't true then, he shouted; she'd lied to him—she had merely tested him with her trumped up story of a—child. There was another man. There must be another man. Well, she wouldn't force his hand by dramatics. He wasn't a fool, he boasted.

She hadn't lied, she had told him, wearily. And, no, there was no other man.

Then why—why—why?

She did not love him. She would not marry him.

And then, because she was so remote, because she was leaving him—because she had, emotionally, already left him—he became tender, he turned to pleading, he was her lover. Trying to hold her to him by physical force and strength of his arms. Making his voice and his eyes into deadly weapons to search out the chink in her armor. Finally, the amazing spectacle of tears upon his cheeks, the astonishing sound of a voice broken with self pity.

"But I love you, Pam. I want you for always. Tell me you were just—testing me. That you will marry me, when I come back?"

*Illustrations by
R. F. SCHABELITZ*



And finally, the last offer of all, wrenched with an intolerable reluctance from his supreme selfishness, cast at her feet as if it were an enormous renunciation.

"Pam, I swear I'll not go! I'll stay. We'll be married tomorrow. Forget everything I said."

If she were tempted for a moment, was it so strange? Home, husband, child—all safe, all secured to her? But what kind of a home, and what kind of a husband? For the peace, for a moment, of knowing one's self secure, must one pay, through all the years? Once she surrendered, once he felt himself forced into this marriage, would she not hear, over a long term of years, his incessant reminders, his petulant complaining?

For it was his desire which made him yield to what he

e

*The Story of a
Girl Who Refused
the Safety of a
Wedding Ring*

Rachel, staring at Pam, who had collapsed into a chair, suddenly burst into angry speech. "It isn't fair," she stammered. "He must marry you!"



fancied would be her demand. Not his will. Not his reasoning. Not his love.

The moment of temptation passed. "No," she told him, and again, "No." And later, like a cry for release, "But I don't want you, Anthony!"

THAT flicked him on the raw. Ugly, mute, beneath lowered brows, splashing a last reckless drink into the glass, he watched her put on her coat, watched her pull her small hat down over her forehead. And because she was all woman, because despite the steel of her decision there was something lonely in her heart, at that moment she turned to him with the human cry of, "Don't let us part enemies, Anthony."

But she was his enemy. She had said, "I don't want you, Anthony." Had usurped his man's right of choice. So he

spoke to her, and the veiled taunt whipped out, swift as a striking snake.

"Better let me give you Eisen's address, Pam!" he said. She did not answer, but went to the door, turned the knob, closed it behind her. Gently. Irrevocably. He stared at the blank barrier of wood, not moving from his place. She had lied, of course. She must have lied. Lied to force his hand. But why—having succeeded—had she refused what he considered a sacrifice from him?

He'd go away, he thought, befuddled, angry, wounded. When he came back she'd see reason. If she hadn't lied, why she'd have to see reason. In God's name what else was there to do? If she had lied, well, she'd take her medicine while he was gone. He'd not write. He'd make her pay.

All these mental processes of his she could not know, lying

there in the dark. Well, she'd made her choice. What she must do next, she did not know. She'd see Dr. Edwards. She'd tell him; ask him to help her.

Rachel came home in a clatter of vanity and cigarette case, a switching on of living room lights, a little tapping of high heels on the polished floor, a snatch of jazz hummed beneath her breath. In the bedroom she moved carefully, not wishing to disturb Pam.

Pam grew nervous, and spoke out of the semi-darkness, "I'm awake, Rachel."

Relieved, Rachel turned on all the lights there were, danced from bathroom to bedroom, shed clothes anywhere, released a fine mist of powder, a scent of stale smoke and perfume. She'd had, she said, a most gorgeous time. "Swell!" cried Rachel, Gershwinizing her way to bed. "Some high hat club, that! And Gerry can spend money! It's a gift!"

She asked, finally, getting into her own bed, "What did you do, Pam? Stay home or see Tony?"

"I went to Anthony's," said Pam.

Rachel said, "I see." And was silent, seeing more than she liked to. They were not intimate, she and Pam; not close. Yet they were fond of each other. Rachel knew of no girl she liked better. She thought that from her own city sophistication she might have helped Pam, now and then; a wisecrack containing the kernel of sound, shrewd, cynical advice. But Pam held her off, somehow. Oh, not obviously. Sweet kid, thought Rachel, but no one ever will know her very well.

MONDAY, at the shop, was like a dream that is tense and brittle, and through which one moves like an automaton, careful of word and gesture lest reality break through. And after it was over Pamela went again to Dr. Edwards before going home.

She had not long to wait this time. She saw him almost at once, sat near him at the big desk. Spoke, finally, after the first greetings and questions, with an almost painful slowness and directness.

"I've come to you again, because I think you can help me. I want you to know the truth. I have seen Anthony. I have told him."

"Well?" questioned Edwards patiently, as Pamela stopped, biting at her under lip with white, even teeth. He saw that the pupils of her great eyes were a little dilated.

"I am not going to marry him," she said.

Edwards reddened, with sudden natural anger, leaping to the inevitable conclusion.

"The dirty cad!" he said strongly, stirred out of professional calm by a purely masculine reaction.

"Oh, no." She smiled, actually. "It isn't that. He is quite willing to marry me."

"Then," began Edwards astonished, "I don't quite understand."

"No, I suppose not. You see," she told him carefully, "he wanted me to—" She stumbled a little, looked at him pleadingly. The doctor nodded, understanding. "Then, when I refused, he doubted my word, he thought—this is hard to say," she went on, flushing, "he thought I was lying to him to—hurry him into marriage. Later, oh, there's no use going into it all! He is going away for a time. He planned that we would marry on his return. I will not marry him, Dr. Edwards," she said, suddenly very quiet.

"I see." He didn't but he felt his way. "You—no longer care for him?"

Amazingly, the valiant blue eyes misted, were wet with tears. Oh, loss of love! Oh, bitter remembering.

"No."

"But, my dear girl," he asked gently, "are you sure? Do you realize all you are facing? I admit that perhaps you feel that Powell has failed you. But after all he is perfectly willing to marry you. You must remember that you have someone beside yourself to think of. You must remember your baby."

She said, oddly, "It is because of the baby that I won't marry him."

He said, with a little, baffled gesture, "Quixotic and—mad. You can't face it, can't go through with it," he told her. "It is not fair to yourself, nor to your child."

She asked, vehemently, "Is it fair to my child to give it such a father as Anthony Powell?"

Dr. Edwards lowered his long chin and looked at her from

under heavy, drawn brows, carefully weighing her words.

"Should you not have thought of this before?" he asked her bluntly.

"Yes." Her voice was low, shaken. She looked at him directly and added, more steadily, "But one never thinks—ahead—loving."

"I suppose not. Look here," he asked uneasily, "let me talk to Powell, will you?"

"No!" She half rose, then sank back again, panic in every line of her face and body. "No! Dr. Edwards, you promised!"

"Very well," he said hastily, "but couldn't you possibly make a go of it with him, for the sake of a name for your child? Life's a compromise, at best."

He felt terribly inadequate. Her eyes blazed out at him, her quick temper rose, color flooded her face.

"Never. We would be miserable, Anthony and I. Oh, I know that now. What sort of an atmosphere would my baby be brought up in?" she demanded.

"It is not entirely yours," he insisted stubbornly. "After all, Powell has some rights, must assume some responsibility."

"He has no rights!" she cried so clearly that, in the next room the nurse looked up from the book she was reading. "My child is my own affair!"

He felt a strong admiration for her. Yet, for her own sake, he must continue with his useless protests.

"Perhaps. But you are not giving it a chance. Come, be fair; are you? What can you do, a woman—alone? What security can you provide for this little helpless creature who will have no name? And when he, or she, grows up and you must tell the truth—what will the reaction be?" he asked her.

She had paled. But she answered steadily.

"I can work. I can save. I can give my baby a home and a mother. And if I cannot teach a son or daughter understanding and liberality—as my own father taught me—I won't care much what he or she thinks!"

He sighed. No earthly use. He was wasting his breath. The only thing he could do now was to help her to the best of his ability. But one thing more remained to be said.

"**H**AVE you thought," he asked, "that some day you may wish to marry?"

"Oh, never that!" she told him, with a desperate sincerity.

"Pamela, how old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-two."

"My dear!" said Dr. Edwards, and smiled, in pity for her youth.

Then he turned to his desk, picked up a pencil and note book and said briskly:

"I see there is no use in my attempting to dissuade—or persuade you. You want me to help you? Good. Then, we must be very practical. Have you any money, other than what you earn?"

"A little. A sum from a life insurance policy of my father's. Three thousand. It is in the savings bank."

"Ah, yes. Now you know, of course, that you cannot long keep on with your work at the shop. Even before your condition becomes obvious you will tire easily, you will be harming yourself and the baby, with the long hours on your feet. Is there anything else you can do?"

"I can type," she answered, breathlessly. "Quite adequately. I can not take dictation, but I can copy. I do not work quickly, but I work well."

"Splendid. I will see that you have work to do, at home. I can give you work myself," he said, thinking fast, "which my secretary is too busy to do. Lecture notes, typing articles which I often have to get up for the medical magazines."

She thought, I don't want charity! But she said nothing. He was, somehow, her friend. And she no longer had the right of pride to refuse an offered hand.

"Thank you," she told him.

"Now, as to your confinement," he said, professionally. "Under ordinary circumstances I would suggest—myself." He smiled at her. "But in this case I think you had best go away from New York. I have a nephew, John Lathrop, who is in charge of a small private hospital in Pennsylvania. I shall arrange to have you go there, and shall see to it that the charges will be very reasonable."

"Is there no hospital here to which I could go?"

"Yes. With the necessary fixtures all prepared. But it is not wise."



She said, quickly:

"I didn't mean under false pretenses."

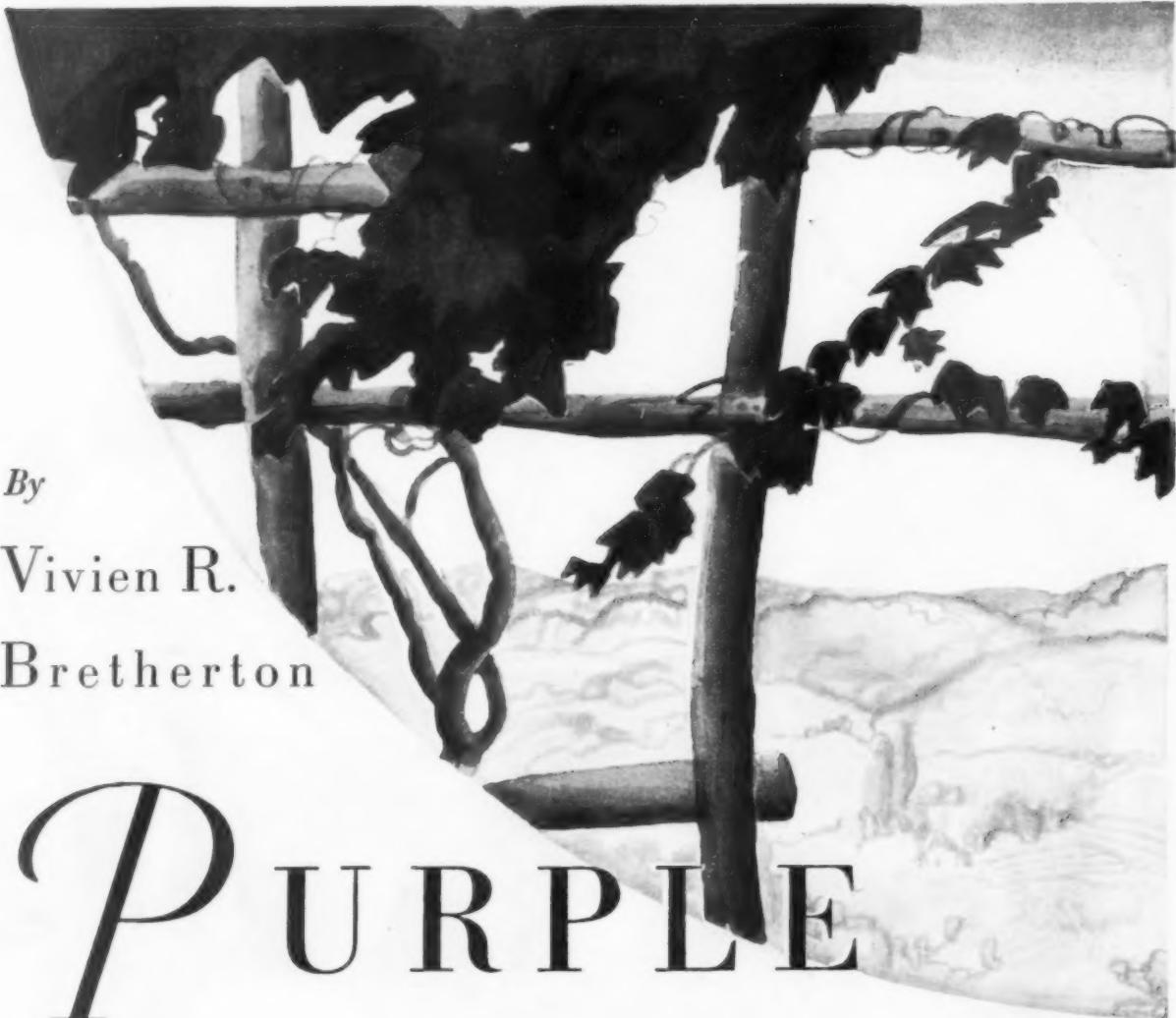
"If you tell the truth," he said gravely, "there are certain institutions which would be prepared to receive you. But I do not advise it. For a number of cogent reasons."

Institutions! The word was bare and bleak on his lips. Pamela shivered a little. She asked docilely, "But will Dr. Lathrop receive me—knowing?"

"He will not know," Dr. Edwards told her, and looked away from her candid eyes. "I will commend you to him as a young widow, whose husband has just died, and whose desire to leave New York must be very evident to everyone. You can keep your own name," he [Continued on page 108]

PAMELA, busy with the typing of dull lecture notes and duller medical articles, began to realize what lay ahead of her. Up until now she had not thought much of the actual ordeal—but now she did think of it! After all, some women died in childbirth . . .

Broadway Showgirl and Gilded Playboy Turn a



By

Vivien R.
Bretherton

PURPLE

HE belonged to Broadway—meaning the one and only Broadway—by reason of a face that flashed across the footlights with a gammlike charm and a body that danced with the fluent, measureless grace of youth. They called her Romilly, though not one in a hundred knew that it was her real name.

He belonged to Broadway because he had youth and a seemingly endless amount of money to squander. They called him Rikky, because Riccardo della Desorgimenti was too long to say, and nobody knew nor cared that his mother was a princess or that his father was one of the most romantic figures in Rome.

Romilly met Rikky on a clear, starry night in early April—just the sort of night when even Broadway, that thoroughfare of the world, stops and sniffs and discovers that spring is in the air.

Across somebody's studio, where everybody famous was gathered, Rikky caught a glimpse of Romilly's face. He saw the Irish symphony of her blue eyes and blue black hair, the Spanish love song of her scarlet mouth and her mystery—that is to say, he saw her, and he went to her as straight and swift as a javelin to its mark.

When Rikky bent over her hand with an old world grace

which he could no more help than he could his dark eyes and his ancestry, he said, "I thought I'd been living for twenty-four years. I know now I've only been waiting for a reason to be alive."

Romilly looked back at him, and various things happened. The studio and all who were in it were wiped out as cleanly as pictures on a little boy's slate. She, who knew all that Broadway could teach her about hearts, felt hers miss several beats, then start thudding like the rush of gull's wings over the sea. Then the studio came back into existence again and she asked, a little breathlessly, "Is that the newest line?"

"You know it isn't." He said it simply.

"You never can tell," she replied. "There are so many books—and if you quoted one, I wouldn't know!"

Then Romilly, drifting into a dozen conversations, was swept from Rikky's side, but she was still conscious of him, roaming about the room, stopping before this group and that.

AT LAST he was by her side again, whispering, "Been hearing things about you."

"Things?"

He nodded. "You're famous. Broadway famous. You danced somewhere, then you came to New York. You walked

New Trick for the White Light Wise Guys



"You'll love Italy," said Riccardo della Desorgimenti, and his voice was shaking, although he tried to keep it steady

GRAPE

into Tarrant's office—you walked on to Tarrant's stage—and overnight, you turned famous."

"I've been hearing things about you, too," Romilly said. "You're famous, too, in your way. You're one of the play boys. You drifted in—you stayed. Nobody knows much about you, but you're a good spender, and that's all that counts on Broadway."

RICKY smiled at her, his eyes trapping hers. "Nobody knows anything about either of us, and yet—we know each other. You feel it just as I do, this thing that's got us both."

"And if I do?" Romilly was parrying again.

He knew it and said briefly, "Don't be like these others. Haven't you had enough of this? It's nearly one. May I take you home?"

"Home? Most people are just coming!"

"D'you want to stay?" He put it to her squarely.

She didn't, but she was afraid to be alone with him. She tried to nod and found herself shaking her head instead.

"Good. I'll meet you down at the door. In fifteen minutes. Now I'll clear out and give you a chance to say your good-byes."

Romilly was standing in front of a mirror in the dressing

room, when a voice at her shoulder said, "Where you going, baby?"

She whirled to face Paula who was born and bred to Broadway; Paula, who shared expenses with Romilly in their little apartment; Paula, who had the hard glitter of the showgirl and a curious, defiant protectiveness where Romilly was concerned.

"Home," said Romilly softly.

"With Rikky?"

Romilly nodded. "You don't mind?"

"I know the way home, Baby. But watch your step."

Romilly hesitated. "You mean—he's no good?"

"Rikky? He's as harmless as a milk shake. But he falls hard and often. Don't you get taken in by his line?"

Romilly wanted to cry out that he had no line, but she knew Paula would smile. Instead she said, deliberately, "Do I look apt to be taken in by anything?"

"You look," retorted Paula, "like a kid eyeing her first ice cream cone. But remember, Baby, Rikky is no peach sundae. He'll buy you orchids and give you the grand rush, but he won't mean a thing he says. And you look to me as if you'd believe the Almanac at this minute."

"I'm tired," cried Romilly. "I want to go, now. That's

the only reason—" She stopped, afraid to say any more. But Paula only patted her on the shoulder. "Run along, baby. Rikky won't kidnap you. But remember what your Dutch uncle tells you. Don't you swallow anything but a sandwich."

Romilly, going down the lift to meet Rikky, told herself that probably everything Paula had said was true. But then she saw Rikky waiting for her and she forgot everything else.

He said, "Made it all right?" and it was as if a love song had been sung, just because he said it.

And she said, "Glad to get away!" and the love song became a paean.

But when they reached the street and Rikky handed her into his car, the words of Paula all rushed back and beat about Romilly's head. It was such an extravagant car, so sleek and shining as to foreign lines, so unmistakably expensive as to make. And the chauffeur closed the door behind them with that deference that is only watered by the moisture of great wealth.

Romilly and Rikky didn't talk much as the great car rolled through the streets. Only once, turning his head to look at her, Rikky said, "Names usually don't mean anything. But yours—Romilly. It is like the place where I was born—Rome."

And he put out his lean brown hand and laid it over hers. Romilly closed her eyes with the terrifying sweetness of it, and perhaps Rikky felt it too, for almost at once he took his hand away. When he spoke it was to say, quietly, "We don't want to find it too quickly—this thing we are both discovering. I don't want to touch you—or kiss you—or even look at you now, Romilly. I just want to know that I'm taking you home and perhaps you'll dream of all this—and that to-morrow I'll see you again. I'm thinking now of to-morrow, and the next day, and every day after."

THEY rode on and on, along highways of enchantment. They spoke in snatches, wiping out the years that had led up to this moment, building a bridge between them of confidences, fleeting revelations. He told her of Rome, of the olive groves of his father where he had lived as a boy, of the cypress trees of Italy, growing high and sentinel-like upon the ancient hills.

And Romilly, forgetting Broadway, told Rikky of the father who had been Irish, and the mother who was as Spanish as Old California. She told him of the old rancho in the San Joaquin Valley. She told him of the chance that had led her to dance before a famous movie director, and the urge that had brought her to that altar of youth—Broadway.

But of those vineyards of the west, where the golden dusk lay like a mist and the sunshine lay like a blessing, she spoke not at all. There are some things that can't be talked about, when the very thought of them makes the heart hungry.

And when at last they were before the apartment where Romilly lived, Rikky turned his eyes to the girl at his side, and something like desperation came into his face.

"It's all wrong," he said quietly. "Letting you go like this. This, this magic is ours—like a miracle. A miracle the world is waiting to break in upon and destroy. I should take you at this moment when I've found you and you've found me, and run away with you. We could find a priest to-night—be married—and when dawn breaks we could be sailing out over the

rim of the world, our eyes on Italy. Oh, you'd love Italy!"

She trembled at the thought of it—sailing away from all she'd ever known, at the side of this man who, suddenly, inexplicably, had wiped out with a touch of his hand all that had ever been real to her.

And then he said, "That is what we should do—and won't. Though I don't know why. But to-morrow—who knows? I'm afraid. Not of myself, for I know what's happened to me. But of you. You might regret."

She said, her voice so low that he could barely catch the words, "I'd go—to-night."

He gripped her hands. "But it must be the same to-morrow! Romilly—don't change."

They looked at each other, breathless with the knowledge that they'd been on the verge of doing something very mad and very marvelous. Then Rikky's chauffeur was opening the door and Romilly was stepping out into the cool, sane night air.

Before her door they both hesitated a moment.

"I love you," said Rikky gravely. "And that makes up, in a small measure, for giving you up for a short time."

She turned from him, but was stopped by his cry, "Romilly!" He stood upon the lower step, his eager face uplifted.

"To-morrow?" he asked, and needed to say no more.

"To-morrow," she whispered, and closed the door behind her.

The days that followed were like postscripts of that first night. The song did not end, the spell did not break. They did not speak again of love—youth, when it is serious, does not play with words.

Their meetings were at out of the way places where Broadway and the world could not intrude. Their hours were filled with little things—Rikky looking across a table at Romilly, Rikky bringing a spray of blossoms, a fragile silver bracelet that cost, perhaps, five dollars and made Romilly's eyes shine. Rikky, waiting for Romilly at the stage door, grinning down at her boyishly, and saying, "Let's get two sandwiches in a paper bag, and sit in Bryant Park and talk and watch the world go by!"

In the end—an end that came after one brief month—it was Paula who shattered the dream. Paula who had said nothing, but who had listened to Romilly. And listening to Romilly, these days, was enough to tell anyone everything.

PAULA said one morning, so abruptly that anyone could have known she'd been on the verge of it for days. "Why try so hard to lose your Rikky, if you're keen about him?"

"Lose him?" In a moment Romilly was frightened. For hadn't she feared that this magic couldn't last! Did magic ever last—on Broadway?

"Listen, baby, am I your friend? And do I know men? I hope to tell you! And none of them yet ever gave two pins for something they got easy."

Romilly flamed. "Rikky's getting nothing from me!" she said. "And if you think—"

"Easy, baby. Don't get your numbers mixed. Rikky's not asking you for anything—but he's not giving it, either. Get me?"

"No, I don't. And if I do, I don't want to. I'm no Lorelei Lee."

Paula grinned. "You're as nice and easy to read as a Russian name, baby. But let me tell you—I knew Rikky when you were still out there in your pretty California, raving about the sunshine. I've known his kind a lot longer than that. I give him about two weeks more of this sweet simplicity and then he'll be hunting a new crush. Baby, Rikky is a play boy. If he's on Broadway for anything else, it's not to settle down and marry. Tell me this, has he come across with any tie-up talk?"

Introducing



Eustace L. Adams,
who was a flyer before he went in for writing. Perhaps that is why his plots move so swiftly—why his readers have a way of becoming breathless. Why his situations reach such heights.

Which is one way of saying that his new serial, "A Knight Comes Flying," beginning in the June SMART SET—is a tale of high romance and adventure, of love and aviation and gangsters and beauty in distress. You'll get thrills out of it



Romilly flushed and reached for the 'phone—but Paula went on, "Of course, she came home after she left you, Rikky—but she didn't stay home!"

"He said—the first night—" Romilly stopped. Not even to Paula could she tell the things Rikky had said on that first night.

Paula snorted. "Say, baby, if I counted every first night proposal I ever got as genuine, I'd be beating Peggy Joyce at her own game. You poor innocent, that's Rikky's line! And this sandwich in the park stuff is nothing but a new experience for him. But remember—he's got the shekels and he's on Broadway to spend 'em. If not on you, he'll soon be

spending them on some smarter female whose state flower is an orchid and whose favorite pastime is collecting motor cars."

Romilly, feverishly dressing after the show that night—dressing to meet Rikky—tried to put Paula's words out of her mind. But they stuck there, and mixed up with them were the things she'd heard about Rikky, the things she knew about Broadway, too. She told herself she wouldn't listen to Paula or to Broadway; she would meet Rikky and one look from him, one word, would make things [Continued on page 110]

The Business of



NO WOMAN is better qualified than Helen Christine Bennett to discuss the problems and pitfalls that beset her sex. What she has written on this vital topic has made her popular with women all over the country. Her sensible and straightforward handling here of the subject of girls vs. love in business is certain to increase her admirers. Besides writing, Mrs. Bennett manages to run a home, keep a husband happy, and bring up a fifteen-year-old daughter.

Sex in Business

By Helen
Christine Bennett

*Here is the Answer to One
of the Most Pressing Ques-
tions of Our Urgent Age:
To be—or Not to Be—a Woman?*

EARLY in my business career I worked in a public stenographic office in the financial district of New York City. As we prepared for work one morning Hattie, our dark, sallow little typist, looked over the list for the day and pursed her dry lips.

"I just hate to go to that man Gray," she confided. "He always pulls me down on his lap. Does he do that to you?" She turned to the Beauty of the business, red-lipped and languorous, camellia-like even in the inevitable white shirtwaist with its stiff cuffs and collar.

"No," drawled the Beauty. "He tried it once and I just said I was engaged to be married—and he stopped."

They both turned to Elizabeth, the prim, with her collar way up under her ear lobes, her hair parted and drawn back smoothly, gray eyes hidden under thick spectacles, and long papers protecting her white sleeves. To my amazement, Elizabeth grinned.

"He did once," she said, "and I stuck a pin in him!"

"But—" stammered Hattie, "weren't you afraid he wouldn't give us more work? Times are so hard and—"

"I wasn't," said Elizabeth calmly.

That happened a score of years ago but, except for the shirtwaists, it might as well be a story of to-day. And for the twenty intervening years the young women I know have been meeting and discussing just such problems of sex and business—in private.

During those twenty years I have read countless books and articles discussing business women, and as far as I can recall, not one of them took the slightest account of this vital factor in business.

If my knowledge of business were founded upon their wisdom, I might suppose men and women removed sex with their coats and hats as they came to work in the morning, and resumed it with their outer garments as they left for the day!

How absurdly far that idea is from the actual state of business as it is conducted to-day, one need only pick up a tabloid to know.

"Holy Man got Appointment for his Sweetie." "Chain Store Magnate Sued by Wife. His Stenog was his Cutie."

These present the extreme, to be sure. But granting that the number who have kept out of the tabloids is greater than the number represented therein, this sex urge is a potent factor to be reckoned with.

THIRTY years ago business was all masculine. It is still man-conducted, and men have stamped it with their mark.

Man enjoyed himself as conqueror, as fighter, as pioneer. When he failed to find an outlet for himself in these rôles he applied them to industry. The red-blooded he-man of the open spaces became the red-blooded he-man of Wall Street, the banks, the railways and the chain stores. He still pioneered, fought and conquered—and enjoyed it as an expression of himself.

Into this male world women came, at first singly and then in battalions. Little by little the male felt the influence of the female.

If you doubt this, think of business offices of a score of years ago. Bare floors, yellow oak chairs and desks shiny with varnish. Girls, if any, in stiff white shirtwaists, trim or not-so-trim belts, cuffs and collars. Their influence—that of the girls who "dressed for business"—went out with the World War, when women came of necessity to business in such numbers that they could afford to ignore any prejudice as to what they wore, and could dress as they chose.

The storm they brought on their heads still has its echo, but nothing has been able to stop them. Instead, business has yielded. Our silken frocks, sheer stockings, fancy shoes and femininity have done more to bring about the complete revolution in business settings than any other factor.

To-day, the offices we work in—if the firm is prosperous—are not so different from the modern home. Luxurious rugs, furniture craftily designed to look unbusinesslike, shaded lights, flowers, curtains—where were [Continued on page 90]

Do You Agree—

That ninety per cent of the "love moves" in business are made by men—and the other ten per cent by women?

That rarely, if ever, does a man let a rebuff to his personal advances stop his business dealings with a competent woman?

That no ambitious woman can afford to bring her lover—or her husband—into her business?

That an executive may make his "sweetie"—selected from among the attractive girls in his office—his private secretary; but she never gets any further?

That too often the perfect secretary sacrifices herself on the altar of purely virginal devotion to her boss?

That if your goal is business success, you must know how to play the game of keeping your head in spite of your heart?

*She Gave Out Information
—but Didn't Know Where
to Get Any for Herself*



ANNE PARADISE sat behind the information desk at Bradlow University and frowned.

"Yes," she said, "Room F is between Room E and Room G."

The two young things before her, with the long silk legs and the big leather notebooks, drifted placidly away in the wrong direction and did not even know that she was frowning. Nobody in the world knew. That was the worst of it.

Anne Paradise had been sitting behind the information desk in the girls' section of Bradlow—decently separated from the men's section by two brick walls, two rail fences and a park, and connected with it by a joint faculty and joint social functions—for two years and one day. She estimated that during this time she must have been asked about a million foolish questions every month.

It was the first week of the fall semester—a time when more questions were asked than at any other period of the year; a time also when Anne Paradise always felt peculiarly left out of everything that was worth not being left out of. The air was full of greetings and much laughter, of plans for the new Dram Club play, and talk of who was rushing whom this year, and whether he would take her home from the Spring Ball. About her flowed the bright, absorbing life of the college, and Anne had no part in it. She sat erect behind the big, bare desk, looking on—defiant, aloof, admiring, always more than a little wistful.

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That was Peggy Wadsworth, senior class president (Her father was the Steel Wadsworth). She launched herself at Georgie Lamberton (her father was the Wall Street Lamberton) as if they had not met for years, instead of having separated two weeks before at the close of the Lamberton house party at Newport.

A group began to gather about them. Everybody talked at once.

"My dear!" Georgie Lamberton was saying. "Did you know Don Bolling was back? He didn't get his degree because of that horrible old economics exam, that everybody says wasn't fair anyway. And now he's only taking one course, so he'll have lots of time to play round, and he'll be at the Spring Ball . . ."

"DARLING!" Peggy Wadsworth interrupted. "Whatever happens, we must take physiology."

They fell silent upon that.

"Physiology! Whatever for? They say it's awfully stiff." Peggy Wadsworth lowered her voice. "Have you seen the

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new assistant?" she asked, eager to impart the great news.

"No."

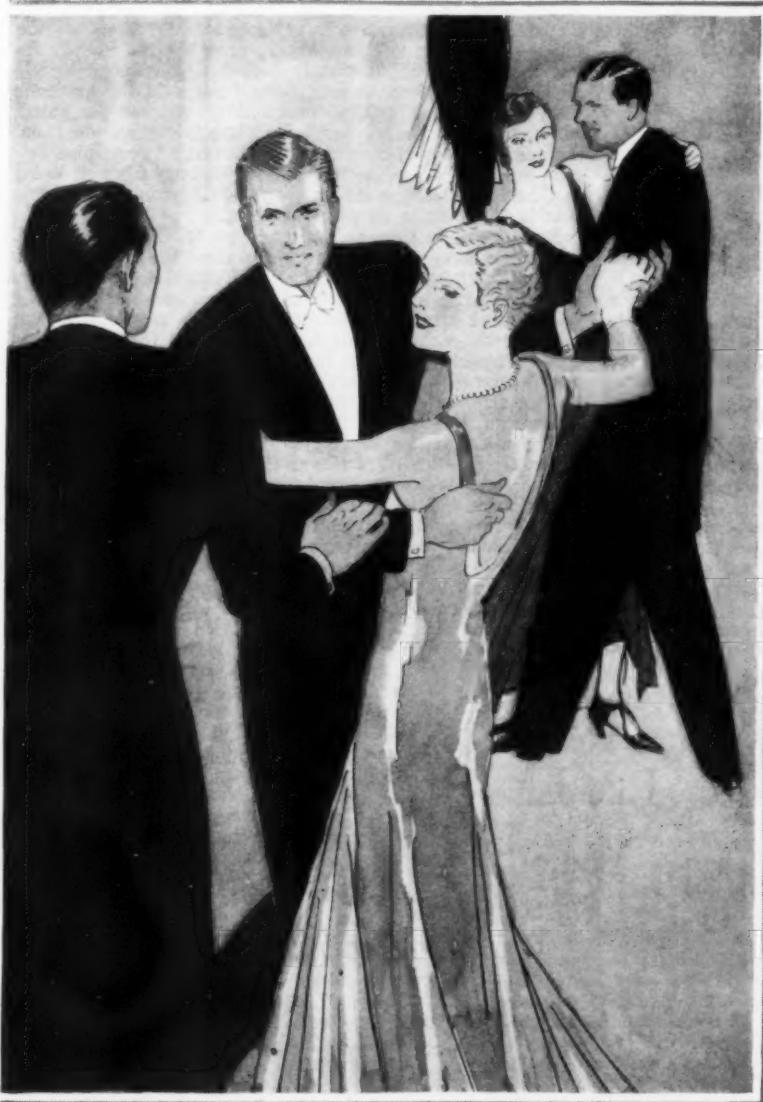
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Peggy Wadsworth was fair, with very wide eyes; Georgie Lamberton was dark, with very clear skin. Peggy Wadsworth's knit silk sports suit, that set so closely to her thin young body, was jungle green; Georgie Lamberton's was wood brown. Aside from these differences, the two appeared oddly identical. They had the same bob, just growing out, with the same pattern of marcel laid in neat, horizontal lines. They used the same face powder and the same cuticle remover and the same size of loose-leaf leather notebooks.

"What do I do to change a course?" Peggy asked Anne.

PARADISE, M.R.S.



"I'm a great big cut-in!" said a voice, and Anne, smiling, knew that she at last had everything she had always wanted. Popularity, attention, men . . .

She should have known by this time, for she changed all her courses at least five times a year.

"You'll have to see the Secretary to the Dean," Anne told her. She put her down for three o'clock, and Georgie Lamberton for three-ten.

They stared at Anne Paradise while she wrote their appointment slips without seeing her at all. Anne's hair was as fair as Peggy Wadsworth's, and it curled of its own volition. Her eyes were as wide and very much bluer, and her skin was as smooth and clear as Georgie Lamberton's. But they did not know these things. They looked at Anne for the purpose of

By
Ruth Burr
Sanborn

Illustrations by
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

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If Anne had worn a costume sufficiently startling—say something from Rebaud's or Perrington's—it might have been different. But Bradlow was very strict about the garb of its employees, and Anne appeared in dark blue dresses, severely tailored, with white collars and cuffs.

Anne Paradise's father had not been a Wall Street Paradise, nor a Steel Paradise either. If he had lived, she would have been beginning her senior year at Bradlow. If he had lived . . . Anne turned sharply to the window beside her desk so that no one would see her chin quivering.

It was because she turned to the window just then that Anne noticed an odd thing that was happening outside. Her window overlooked the path through the park that led to the men's section of Bradlow. Along this path professors hobbled from class to class, mumbling their lectures under their breath.

LONG it now came a young man carrying a brief case. He walked with a long, light stride, as if he enjoyed walking. At the gate he stopped. From an inside pocket he drew out a spectacle case, and from the case a large pair of bone-rimmed spectacles, which he placed upon his nose with the air of one assuming a disguise. He ground out his cigarette, mopped his forehead, and rushed up the steps and in at the door of the administration building as if he meant to get inside before he could change his mind.

He presented himself suddenly in front of Anne's desk, and behind him, in the corridor, the students fell silent like a chorus at the entrance of the star. It was into this silence that the young man spoke.

"How do you do?" he said. "I'm Jason Gregory."

It appeared now that the young man had, in addition to the brief case, several odd books, his handkerchief, his hat and the spectacle holder, but in spite of his impedimenta he was

*She Gave Out Information
—but Didn't Know Where
to Get Any for Herself*



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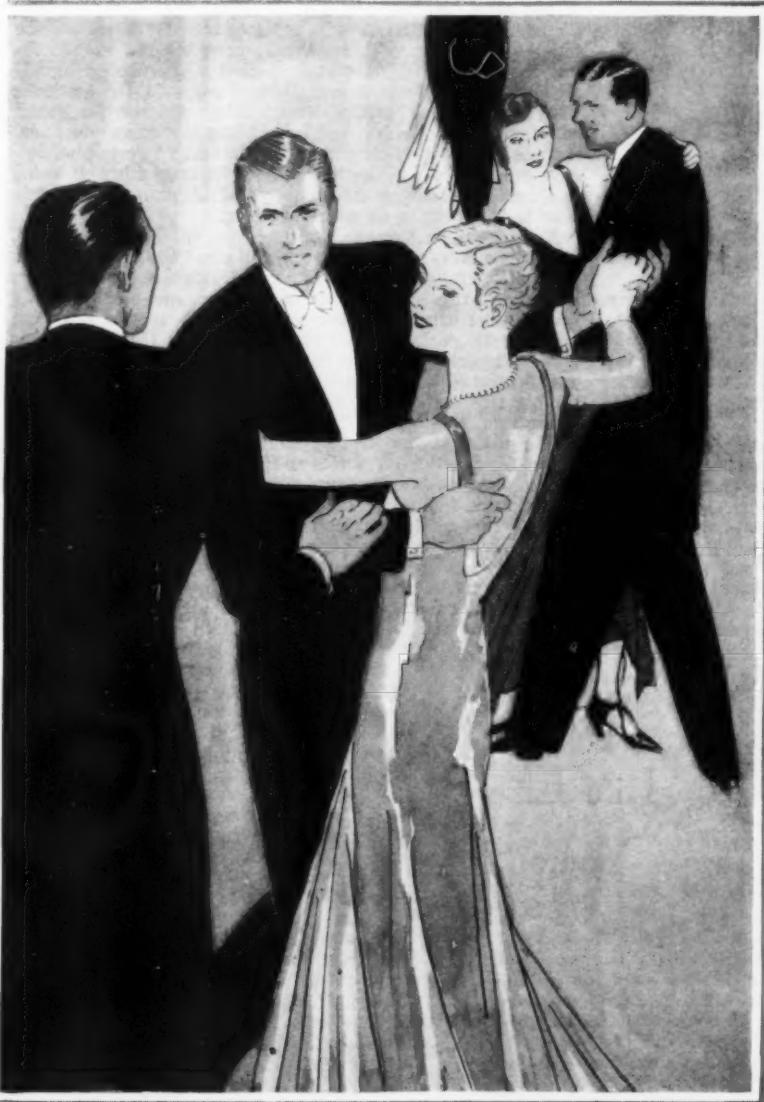
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It appeared now that the young man had, in addition to the brief case, several odd books, his handkerchief, his hat and the spectacle holder, but in spite of his impedimenta he was

extending a hand. Anne could not imagine what for; she searched hastily over her desk for the object that he wanted.

"How do you do?" he repeated a little louder. And suddenly Anne realized that he meant to shake hands with her.

In the corridor she heard the students titter; to them the gesture was as absurd as if he had offered to shake hands with the office clock. Mr. Gregory heard it too, and the color in his face matched the color in her own. She put her hand quickly into his. Mr. Gregory's handclasp was firm and close, and rather prolonged, as if he clung to her for reassurance.

"Where does my class meet?" he asked rapidly.

Anne Paradise drew the list toward her. "Your class is—?"

"Fizz-physiology."

"Oh, of course. Mr. Gregory—Physiology. Room Double Z."

"Double Z?"

"Yes, Double Z."

"ZZ?"

"Yes, Double Z."

"I see," said Mr. Gregory. "I mean, I see." And he turned and fled up the stairs and out of sight.

The students in the corridor followed him in a trailing queue. "He's twenty-four. I think twenty-four is the perfect age for a man, don't you?" Peggy Wadsworth was saying.

"He's fussed," said Georgie Lamberton. "I simply adore them when they're fussed."

When the hour was over, and the classrooms emptied again into the corridors, Anne was busy with appointment cards for to-morrow. She looked up when a shadow fell across her desk, ready for the next question. The shadow belonged to Mr. Jason Gregory, Assistant in Physiology.

Mr. Gregory was clasping his brief case tightly in his arms, together with the several odd books and the hat and the handkerchief and the spectacle holder, and he was peering at her through the spectacles, looking rather worried and rather remarkably nice. Anne had been frowning when she looked up. Now she smiled.

"It takes eighty-six muscles to frown with, and only sixteen to smile," said Mr. Gregory. "That's physiology. You're not interested in physiology, are you?"

"Oh, yes," said Anne quickly. To her surprise she found she was. Physiology had always seemed rather a bony subject; now it did not seem that way at all. This was the first time in two years that anyone had noticed whether she smiled or frowned.

"How did the class go, Mr. Gregory?" she asked.

"Terrible," said Mr. Jason Gregory, mopping his forehead anew at the recollection. He added thoughtfully: "I suppose they ask you a lot of questions, too?"

"I'm on my twenty-fifth million."

They both laughed over that. It seemed as if they had a lot in common.

Anne checked her laughter suddenly. The door into the Dean's office was situated directly behind her desk, and this door had now opened. Anne knew that it was open because of the draft, and she knew that Miss Windigon, the Dean's secretary, was standing on the threshold watching, because she always was. The Dean herself appeared only at morning prayers, important functions, and to those about to be expelled from college. Her time was too valuable to be spent popping her head into corridors to see whether information clerks were doing their duty. For this she employed Miss Windigon, a spidery little woman.

"You had a question?" Anne asked quickly, in her most professional tone.

Over the top of her head, Jason Gregory saw at once the situation. "Yes, I had," he replied—and dropped his voice. "I wanted to ask your name."

"Information," said Anne briefly, pointing to the gold-lettered sign on the front of her desk. Then the door closed and she relented, seeing his confusion. "It's Anne," she said. "Anne Paradise."

"That's a nice name," said Mr. Gregory. He took a fresh grip on his brief case, a fresh grip on his courage. "I think it's a heavenly name," he cried, and bolted out the door.

PHYSIOLOGY 30—Mr. Jason Gregory, Assistant—met on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Mondays and Wednesdays, however, Professor Oberhart—in charge of the course—lectured, and Jason Gregory came only on Fridays for the weekly quiz and laboratory period. Anne found herself estimating that if there were forty Fridays in the academic year, with two out for Christmas holidays and two for Easter and four for the midyear and final examination periods; and if three were already over, then that left only twenty-nine Fridays more. She was mortified when she caught herself doing this, because of course the number of Fridays in the academic year had nothing to do with—anything.

Nevertheless, it happened, as time went on, that Anne bought a new blue dress to wear to work, and some new sets of collars and cuffs with hand-hemstitching. On Fridays she wore pumps instead of oxfords, in defiance of the rules, and surreptitiously removed her hairnet just before two o'clock, so that it let out all the curls, including that surprising one in the back of her neck. Physiology 30, as it happened, met at two.

It happened also, almost always, that Mr. Jason Gregory, for one thing or another, had to stop at the information desk. There would be the class lists to ask about, or the cut notices, or the new lights for the laboratory.

Mr. Gregory was very tall, and when he asked questions he had to bend down over Anne's desk; the position gave an air of intimacy and friendliness to a purely casual relation. It made it so very intimate and friendly that one day Anne said "Yes, Jason," when she meant to say "Yes, Mr. Gregory"—and that was very embarrassing indeed.

Afterward, Anne was ashamed and a little frightened, whenever she remembered that—and other things. There had been a time when she had thought that Jason Gregory liked her.

Rather specially liked her, that is. She had even thought—and this was quite preposterous—that when he came on Mondays and Wednesdays to attend Professor Oberhart's lectures, and when later he came every day to hold a conference hour for students who needed special help, she had thought he came because he wanted to see her. Anne's cheeks burned hot whenever she remembered.

At the time, however, it had not seemed unreasonable. Jason had certainly been nice to her. There was that day—

"You know," he said, "it is a curious physiological fact that the nearer I come to this desk of yours, the faster my heart beats. I've noticed it from the beginning."

"How queer," said Anne.

"I think," Jason Gregory was saying, "that this phenomenon might be made the subject of an interesting experiment."

"Experiment?"

"Yes," he explained. "You see I might come nearer still, say round on your side of the desk, and see if it would continue to accelerate."

Jason Gregory's brown eyes looked very serious behind the large, academic bone-rimmed glasses, but he had an unexpected way of grinning. He said the most outrageous things with an appealing air of diffidence that made it seem as if he meant them.

Of course, Jason had not come round to her side of the desk at all—Anne remembered that afterwards. At the time she had not thought much about it, because Miss Windigon was sticking her head out of the Dean's door again, and that took all her attention.

And Miss Windigon had barely gone, when there was a tapping of high heels in the corridor, and Peggy Wadsworth came rushing up. Peggy Wadsworth did not look at Anne, but she gazed up at Jason with an air of pleading that would have made a heart of stone quicken its beat, too.



"Is My Life Like Yours?"

FACT—NOT FICTION! The story of only ONE of the thousands of country girls who yearly storm the towers of Manhattan. Forced to compete with city-bred girls, what becomes of them? Perhaps you know—perhaps you're one of them. But you'll surely not want to miss this personal experience told to one who calls himself a "Professor of Feminine Psychology Without a Degree". It's coming in June!

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"Where does my class meet?" asked the young man. "I'm the new professor of—fizz-physiology"



"Oh, Mr. Gregory," she cried. "Could you spare me just one little minute? I'm too worried about my work for words."

"Certainly," said Jason Gregory, in his best academic manner. And they disappeared down the stairs to the conference room.

Anne Paradise thought, absurdly enough, that the backward glance he threw across his shoulder was a look of chagrin at having to leave her. But afterward she remembered that they had not come up from that conference room when it was five o'clock and time for her to go.

ANNE had to walk home by herself that night, but she did not always have to. Sometimes Jason went, too. Sometimes he said that she did not get exercise enough for her physiology, and they went skating on the river. Anne liked the ring of their skates in the cold air, the tight clasp of Jason's hands, the swaying of his body in rhythm with her own.

Afterward they were hungry. Jason said that girls ate the most shocking things, physiologically speaking, so he took her to the Rocking Horse and ordered planked steak with mushrooms, and new peas dripping cream and butter, and cheese balls in honey.

He said that he would show her where all the bones in the human hand were, and he took her hand in his across the table and showed her. Afterward he still held her fingers fast, and when she tugged at them a little—not too much—he said that he was doing research, and if he should discover a new bone in the human hand no doubt it would make him famous. Physiology seemed a nicer and more humorous subject than Anne had ever supposed.

Any subject would have seemed nice, though, and rather humorous, with Jason grinning like that across the table, his brown eyes screwed up with laughter. He was never embarrassed at such times; it was as if he laid all that aside along with the academic, bone-rimmed spectacles. Anne teased him about those.

"They were a disguise," she accused him. "I knew it the minute I saw you putting them on that first day." She flushed, confused at having betrayed her interest.

But Jason Gregory was nice and did not seem to notice. He had ever so many ways of being nice. "Don't you think they make me look academic?"

"No," said Anne flatly.

"I'm only being academic for one year, anyhow," he said, "until I get money to finish my M.D. Then I'll be a doctor."

"My father was a doctor," said Anne quickly. She did not often speak of her father, but she found it easy to talk of him to Jason. It gave them again that feeling of having a great deal in common.

That night they went to the theatre. Jason held her hand, under cover of the darkness, and said he was a doctor taking her pulse.

"I find it very light and fluttery," he teased her.

"Let me feel yours."

"Pulse?" said Jason. "I haven't any pulse. Every minute I'm with you, my heart is in my mouth. If you put your fingers up, you'll feel it."

Anne put her fingers up. And Jason clapped them across his lips and kissed them a number of times.

You could not wonder that Anne thought Jason—liked her.

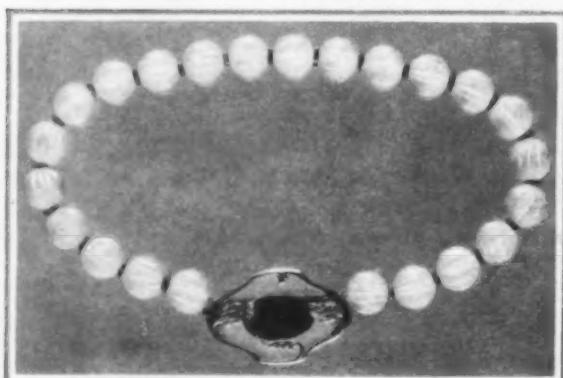
But afterward she remembered that from the moment they discovered Peggy Wadsworth, with Don Bolling and Georgie Lamberton and half a dozen others, under the chaperonage of Miss Windigon, things had not gone [Continued on page 118]



Every bit as precious as its name, "Day Dreams", is this necklace of rich red carnelians contrasted with carved globes of sky-blue chalcedony



Verdant jade for the green of spring-time leaves—carved rose quartz for the pinky sheen of apple blossoms—and there you have it—"May Morning"



"Pond Lily"—a summer idyl in pearly crystals set off by tiny black onyx rondels and fastened with a specially designed clasp—the whole as serene as a moonlit pool

Poems in JEWELS

By
Mary Crowell

WHO do you suppose would ever see in a riotously beautiful sunset, spreading its shades of rose and gold and crimson over the blue palette of the sky, an inspiration for a necklace peculiarly suitable to a brunette?

Abby Prather did.

Or, would it occur to you that a May morning of pink apple blossoms in pale green setting, with blue hyacinths fringing a little near-by brook, might furnish a perfect motif for a circlet of precious stones to offset a blonde beauty?

It occurred to Abby Prather.

Let us see how she translated the sunset and spring morning into unique necklaces. For the first she strung coral and gold Satsuma, with a few turquoise and silver inlaid beads from the Vale of Kashmir. For the second she chose jade for the apple leaves, carved rose quartz for their blossoms, chalcedony for the hyacinths, and cut crystal for the tinkling brook.

It takes imagination—and art!

Abby Prather really started the vogue for using semi-precious stones in sports jewelry, and many a lovely choker you see displayed in the Fifth Avenue show windows, as well as in the smart shops of other cities, was designed and made by her. All of her jewelry is individual and most of it is named.

Her "Tulip Garden" choker was suggested by a postal card from Holland, showing gardens with strips of brilliant tulips. For this necklace, amber, chalcedony, and rose quartz were used, a combination of colors suitable either for blonde or brunette.

The "Du Barry" necklace speaks for itself, rose quartz and black onyx, with rondels of striking blue-green amazonite. It almost seems to say "Meet me at the Ritz."

"October" is a modest string of brown agate with four yellow beads toward the front, and an oval agate clasp. Can't you see some jolly brown-eyed girl wearing it with a tweed suit?

One choker is made of pale green feldspar (water color), blue chalcedony (sky color), and rose quartz (flesh color). Guess what Mrs. Prather aptly named it? "September Morn." Lovely for a blonde.

"Deauville" is a gay string of rose quartz, carnelian, amethyst and green feldspar, so named from the splashes of color of the bathing suits and bright umbrellas along the sands of that favorite watering place. A girl with black eyes and shining black hair could be very devastating with the help of a "Deauville."

The auburn haired type would find her charms enhanced by the "Imperial"—a slender chain of jade with a beautifully carved lotus flower clasp.

Introducing Mrs. Abby Prather, the woman who, with the vision of a poet, transmutes her "stuff o' dreams" into glowing gem symphonies

And a tomboy should own a "Raggedy Ann," a funny little choker made of a perfect jumble of bright colors. It was suggested by a chubby little girl, the yellow of her hair, the pink of her cheeks, and the blue of her checked gingham apron.

Oh, yes, she designs other pieces of jewelry besides necklaces, and they all bear the stamp of her originality. There is always an *idea* in her rings and brooches.

But what of the creator of all this beauty? I had seen some of Mrs. Prather's jewelry and was frankly curious to see the woman who made it.

One day I tracked her to her atelier high above Union Square and found myself face to face with a good-looking, vivacious, brown-eyed woman. At once I felt at home with her. There was no pose, no so-called artistic vagary in this healthy, smiling person.

If I ran true to the "success formula" I should tell you of Mrs. Prather's poverty, early struggles, and hardships, and how she rose step by step to her present business, but I'm afraid I can do nothing of the kind, for it isn't in the picture.

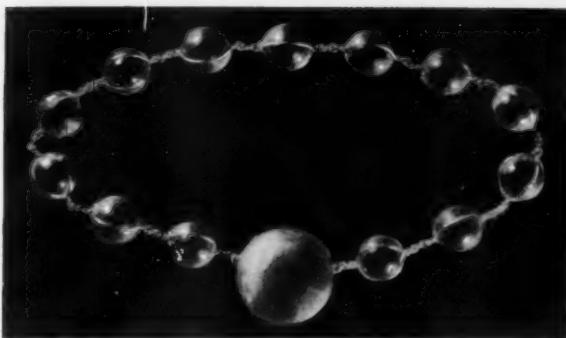
She was born Abby Beatrice McKean, the daughter of Judge John McKean of Anamosa, Iowa; had the usual education of a girl in comfortable circumstances, and at twenty was married to Elmer S. Prather, a publisher.

As Mr. Prather's business kept him abroad a good deal his wife divided her time between America and Europe, living the usual gay social life. Paris in the Spring, Scotland in the Summer, London in the Fall, and Switzerland and Monte Carlo in the Winter.

In 1917 she visited the Orient. What she saw there made a great impression on her—how colors were used and combined, the fabrics and materials involved in works of art.

"While I was in the Forbidden City of Peking," she said, "I was presented to the nieces of the Old Dowager Empress. They told me of the wonderful jade collection at the museum—a collection that had been gathered together over a period of centuries—which was ordinarily closed to foreigners except for three weeks of every year. I happened to arrive at the right time, and I spent many days poring over these priceless treasures."

Mrs. [Continued on page 113]



Who wouldn't see a brilliant future for any lucky girl in this lustrous circlet of crystal planets? "Sunburst" is the name given to this chain of enchanting globes



Manhattan Nights

By

William
Almon Wolff

PETER WAYNE was waked from sleep, at three o'clock in the morning, by the ringing of his telephone. Martha Thayer was calling to tell him that Tack, her husband, had been murdered.

Peter—who had been fighting against his love for Martha—went at once to the Thayers' penthouse in the fashionable East Fifties. There he was interviewed by Charley Mitchell, plain-clothesman, Inspector Connolly and Barclay, from the district attorney's office. Tack had been found by Martha on her return from a night club. He was dead, the revolver which had done the trick was missing, and Martha was under suspicion. Peter had been worried about Martha's married unhappiness and mental unrest for some time—one had led her into a semi affair with Evan Ross, a gigolo; the other was responsible for her reliance on Dr. Zahn, a psychoanalyst.

Peter, after Martha had been temporarily released by the hands of the law, took the girl to his sister's house and put her under the care of a physician. Then, worried and heartsick, he went home to find an unexpected ally waiting for him. It was Charley, the detective.

ABOUT one o'clock Peter started downtown to have lunch with Steve Wentworth and the lawyers, Bouton and George Prentice.

"Bouton wants to see you," Steve had said on the phone. "He doesn't like the looks of things. Ross has cleared out."

"Cleared out?" said Peter incredulously. "Why, that's absurd."

"Seems to be straight, though," said Steve. "Buy a paper. And don't hold out anything on Bouton. It don't do."

Newspaper men were still waiting outside the apartment when Peter appeared. Their questions were like the hail of bullets from a machine gun. Where was Mrs. Thayer? Did he know about the quarrel in which Mr. Thayer had been



The doctor met the inspector's angry glance with coldness and authority. "I'm dealing with medical facts," he said, "and I've got the upper hand. You can't see Mrs. Thayer until to-morrow"

involved with Evan Ross? Was it true that Mr. and Mrs. Thayer had been considering a divorce?

"I'm sorry," said Peter. "The answer's no—every time, as far as I know. I don't know a thing. Mrs. Thayer found—well, you know what she found. She started telephoning, and I happened to be the first one of their friends who answered. I didn't ask her a lot of questions, you know. The police were doing that."

The reporters looked at him, disappointedly. From their point of view Peter was turning out very badly.

"Do you mind telling us where you're going now, Mr. Wayne?" asked one of the crowd.

"Not at all," said Peter. "I'm going downtown to have lunch with my brother-in-law. Can I give any of you a lift? I'm taking a taxi."

They declined; but, looking back, he saw another cab following his.

Steve laughed when Peter told him he'd been trailed.

"Of course," he said. "That's routine. You'll probably be shadowed as long as this murder's on the first page. Don't worry. We're meeting Bouton and Prentice upstairs at the club for lunch, and we won't go out together."

Bouton was a tall, quiet man, with thin lips and cold, blue eyes, who was a listener, rather than a talker. He remembered Mitchell, he said, and listened with marked interest to Peter's report of his visit.

"That's very good," he said. "I know the man. He's had a raw deal. Connolly's rather a stuffed shirt, though he's no fool, by any means. I've an idea Mitchell's right, and that

*Do You Go to Night Clubs? Do
You Live Beyond Your Income?
Do You Play With Fire? Are
You a New Yorker? Then This
Might Have Happened to You!*



Illustrations

by CLARK AGNEW

we'll have to depend on you to dig up some facts for us, Wayne. Even if Ross did do the killing—and we can't wholly eliminate Mitchell's suggestion that he could have, in that hour he was away from Sanborn's—his motive isn't clear.

"Assume that he did shoot Thayer, just for the sake of argument. Why? Not because he was afraid of Thayer's jealousy—not to clear his own way to marry Mrs. Thayer. Regardless of Thayer, they weren't in a position to marry, I imagine. And Mrs. Thayer is worse off, financially, as the result of her husband's death. That's so, isn't it, Prentice?"

"Decidedly," said Prentice. "I'll tell you this, now. Martha and Tack came down and talked to me about a divorce, rather more than a year ago—when, so far as I know, Ross wasn't involved at all. They were simply both tired of a marriage that hadn't been a marriage at all for a long time. The boy was extremely decent, and he went into his finances with me, very fully. Aside from his salary, all he had to dispose of was an income from a trust fund that came to a little more than five thousand a year. If there were a divorce his mother

would cut off all supplies, and, what was more, he'd lose his job. She practically controls Thayer, Hibben & Co., so you see she could get him thrown out. Martha comes in for that trust fund—he made a will, leaving it to her. And she's got about fifteen hundred a year of her own. That's all."

"What's Ross make, on a guess, Peter?" asked Wentworth. "Fifty a week. Seventy-five, at the outside," said Peter. "What's this about his having cleared out? I didn't have a chance to get a paper."

"Seems to be straight," said Bouton. "Connolly held out what he knew about him first. He tried to get hold of Ross to question him, but Ross had been in and changed his clothes—right after he left Mrs. Thayer at her place, apparently—and then gone out again, with a bag. They haven't been able to find him. There's a general alarm out for him now."

"Warrant?" asked Prentice.

"No. Connolly's going slow. Says he wants him as a material witness. We're getting a break from the way Connolly's stalling—though there's a catch in that, too, probably. He's got enough to make arrests, no doubt of that."

Peter wasn't enjoying his food. He knew that this precise, cold-blooded, impersonal sort of talk was necessary, but he hated it.

"Well—" Bouton was looking at his watch. "Wayne, I wish you'd find out as much as you can about every one involved. The Thayers—Ross—anyone connected with any of

them, in any intimate way. There may be a lead of some sort in this affair Ross seems to have been carrying on with this Sunya Zeitzoff. And who was particularly in Mrs. Thayer's confidence aside from yourself?"

Peter hesitated. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Martha's not the sort to talk much. Of course, there's Dr. Zahn. She's been going to him."

"The psychoanalyst?" said Bouton. "Good man. But we won't get much out of him. H'm. Anything you haven't told me?"

Peter, with a start, remembered the episode of the bracelet, the first night he'd met Martha, and the five hundred dollars he'd given to Benny for her, in its place. He hadn't told anyone about that; not Charley Mitchell, or Steve, or anyone else. Now, rather guiltily, he did.

"That's interesting," said Bouton. "I'll have to go after Mrs. Thayer about that. Sounds like blackmail." He shook his head. "I'm afraid we'll uncover some unpleasant things before we're done with this affair. Well—that's all for now. I'll be up to see Mrs. Thayer in the morning; or to-night, if Watson gives the word. The sooner the better."

PETER went off after lunch, feeling curiously and unhappy at a loose end. He had a sense of the urgency of doing something, and doing it at once, but he hadn't the slightest idea of what to do.

He went into the Yale Club, later, and buried himself in the evening papers which told him nothing he didn't know. About six o'clock he couldn't stand his own company any longer. He walked up Park avenue, slowly, to Carol's.

She came into the living room as he was lighting a cigarette. "Oh, you're here, are you?" she said. "Martha's awake. I just looked in, and she called to me. She's a little hazy still, I think, from whatever Jimmy Watson gave her this morning, but she says she wants to see you."

The sight of Martha, when he went into her room, nearly broke his heart. Tears came into her eyes when she saw him, and he'd never seen her cry before, except in anger. She reached out her hand as he sat down beside her, and clung to his.

"It's all right, Martha," he said. "It's all right."

He stopped. He couldn't go on.

"I'm not frightened any more, Peter," she said, quietly. "I mean—well, I am, but it doesn't matter! Whatever happens to me, I'll deserve it. I'm thinking of Tack. Poor old Tack. It's my fault, Peter, it's all my fault!"

"Don't talk that way!" he said. "How could it be your fault?"

"I'm not quite sure, just now," Martha said. "I've got to think, and I can't seem to, very well. Only I know that if it hadn't been for me, tearing things to pieces to get what I wanted, it wouldn't have happened. You see, there are lots of things you don't know, Peter, and I've got to tell you, now. Peter, tell me what's happened since I came here."

He hesitated.

"You must," she said. Never, in her most capricious moods, had her voice been as compelling as it was now in this moment of tenderness.

"You must, Peter dear. I've no one else to help me, no one else I can depend on. You must tell everything you know."

He looked at her, and knew that she was right. No matter what Jimmy Watson might say, she did have to know. And so, very quietly, he told her about Charley Mitchell, and about what Connolly thought, and what the lawyers had said, and about the way Ross had vanished.

She caught her breath sharply at that, and her hand tightened over his.

"I don't believe he knew about Tack," she said. "I think he had some other reason for going off that way."

Peter started. He'd never thought of that. Ever since lunch he'd been accepting Ross's disappearance as the equivalent of a confession. But Martha might be right, of course.

There was a knock at the door, and Carol came in, quietly. "Inspector Connolly's here," she said. "He's insisting on seeing Martha. I've told him he can't, and I've called up Jimmy Watson. He's coming right over. I called Steve, too, and just caught him, and he's going to get hold of Arthur Bouton, and bring him along. You go out and see Connolly, Peter."

"You're terribly good to me, Carol," Martha said. "I don't want to see any more policemen just yet."

Peter heard her, as he stepped out to speak to Connolly.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Wayne," said the inspector. "It's sorry I am to be troubling your sister this way. But it's important. You'll have heard that Ross disappeared?"

"Yes," said Peter. "But I can assure you that no one here knows where he is, Mrs. Thayer least of all."

"I believe you," said Connolly. "But I do. He's in the captain's office in the East Fifty-first street police station, and he's just finished making a statement to Mr. Barclay and me."

"A statement!" Peter cried. "Do you mean a confession?"

"We'll call it a statement—for the minute," said Connolly. "Whatever he may have said—and you'll understand, Mr. Wayne, that I can't always talk as freely as I'd like to, it's important for me to see Mrs. Thayer at once."

There couldn't be any doubt now of the threatening quality in the Irishman's voice. He was still suave and polite, but he talked, for the first time, like a man who was completely master of the situation in which he found himself.

"But I can't do anything," said Peter. "Mrs. Thayer is being kept quiet by the doctor's orders. He gave her an opiate of some sort this morning, and there hasn't been time, I imagine, for it to wear off."

Connolly nodded. His eyes fixed themselves on Peter, in a direct and compelling stare.

"I understand all that," he said. "Mr. Wayne, I know more than I'm saying, maybe. I'm sorry for you. You're in a difficult situation. I'd like to help you. I'd like to help Mrs. Thayer. But I must see her."

The door bell rang just then, and a moment later Jimmy Watson walked in.

"Here's Dr. Watson now, Inspector," said Peter, and introduced the two men. "You'd better talk to the doctor."

Jimmy Watson listened to Connolly's explanation of his need to see Martha. Then he shook his head.

"I can't allow that, I'm afraid," he said. "If you'll wait a moment I'll take a look at her."

Connolly, reluctant, but a little impressed by the authority of a doctor who was among the leaders of the profession, agreed to that.

D.R. WATSON came back, after a few minutes during which Peter and Connolly hadn't exchanged a word.

"It's as I thought," he said. "Mrs. Thayer is asleep, and I will not assume the responsibility of allowing her to be awakened. Her sleep isn't normal, you understand, Inspector, but one induced by drugs. Even if she were aroused, she would be quite incapable of talking to you rationally, or understanding any questions you asked her."

"I'd like to decide that for myself, Doctor," said Connolly obstinately. "I've got authority."

"Authority be damned!" said Jimmy Watson. "I'm dealing with medical facts, Inspector, and there my authority is greater than yours. I'll guarantee that Mrs. Thayer will wake up to-morrow morning in full possession of all her faculties. You'll have to wait until then, and that's all there is to it."

Peter couldn't help enjoying the spectacle of Connolly, with all the weight and power of the law and ten thousand policemen behind him, being put in his place by Jimmy Watson. And again, in the critical moment, there was an interruption caused, this time, by the arrival of Steve Wentworth and Arthur Bouton.

Bouton nodded, with a certain condescension, to Connolly—who had, Peter knew, taken orders from the lawyer more than once in the past.

"Good evening, Inspector," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"He's insisting on seeing my patient—and he can't!" said Watson.

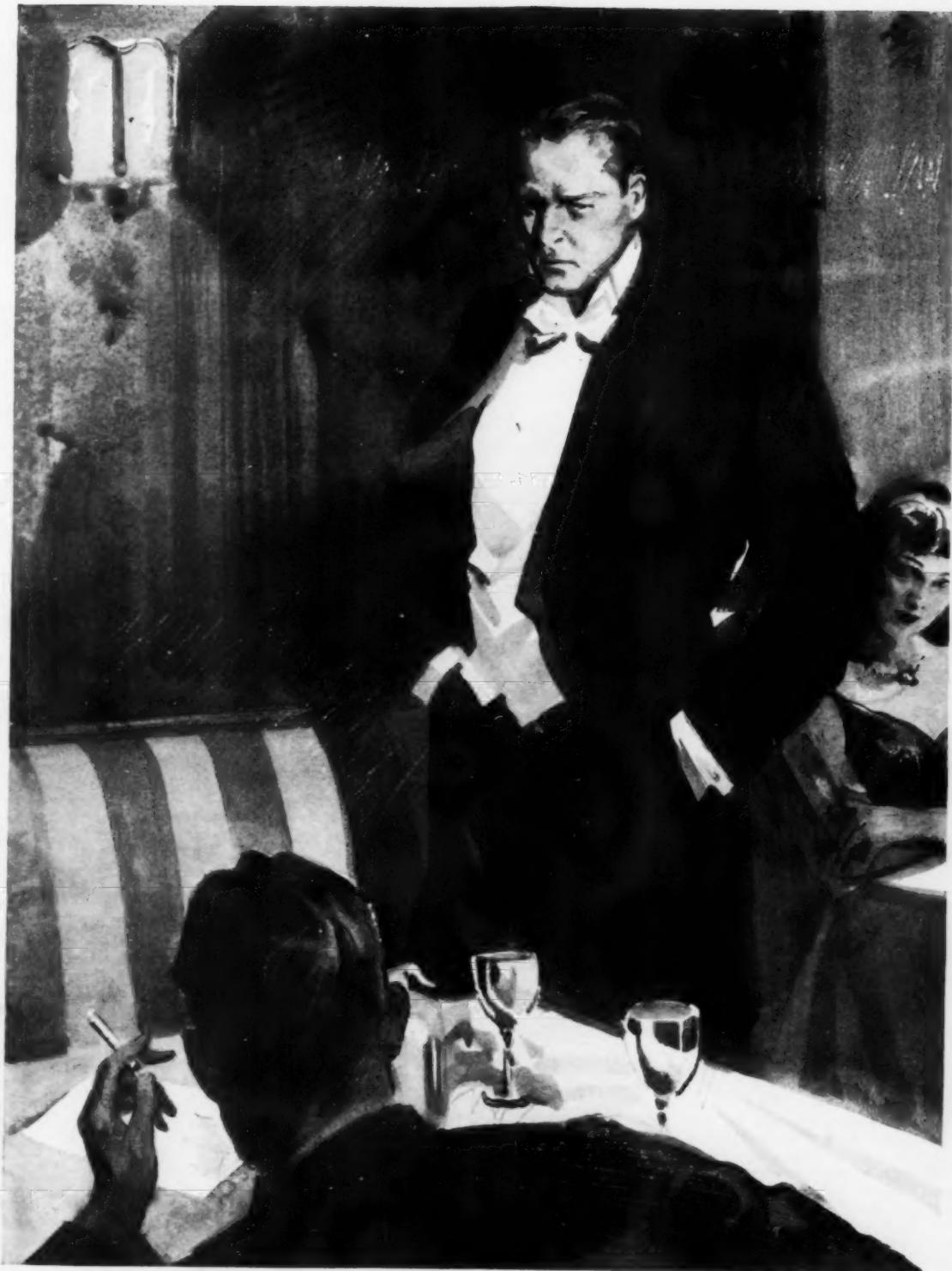
"I must," said Connolly. "We've got Ross, Mr. Bouton, and he's made a statement. You'll understand."

"I understand that Dr. Watson's decision in a matter like this is final," said Bouton sharply. "How soon can Mrs. Thayer see the Inspector, Jimmy?"

"In the morning. She'll be as right as rain by that time."

"And, meanwhile, she's bound to stay where she is, Connolly. What's the matter with you?"

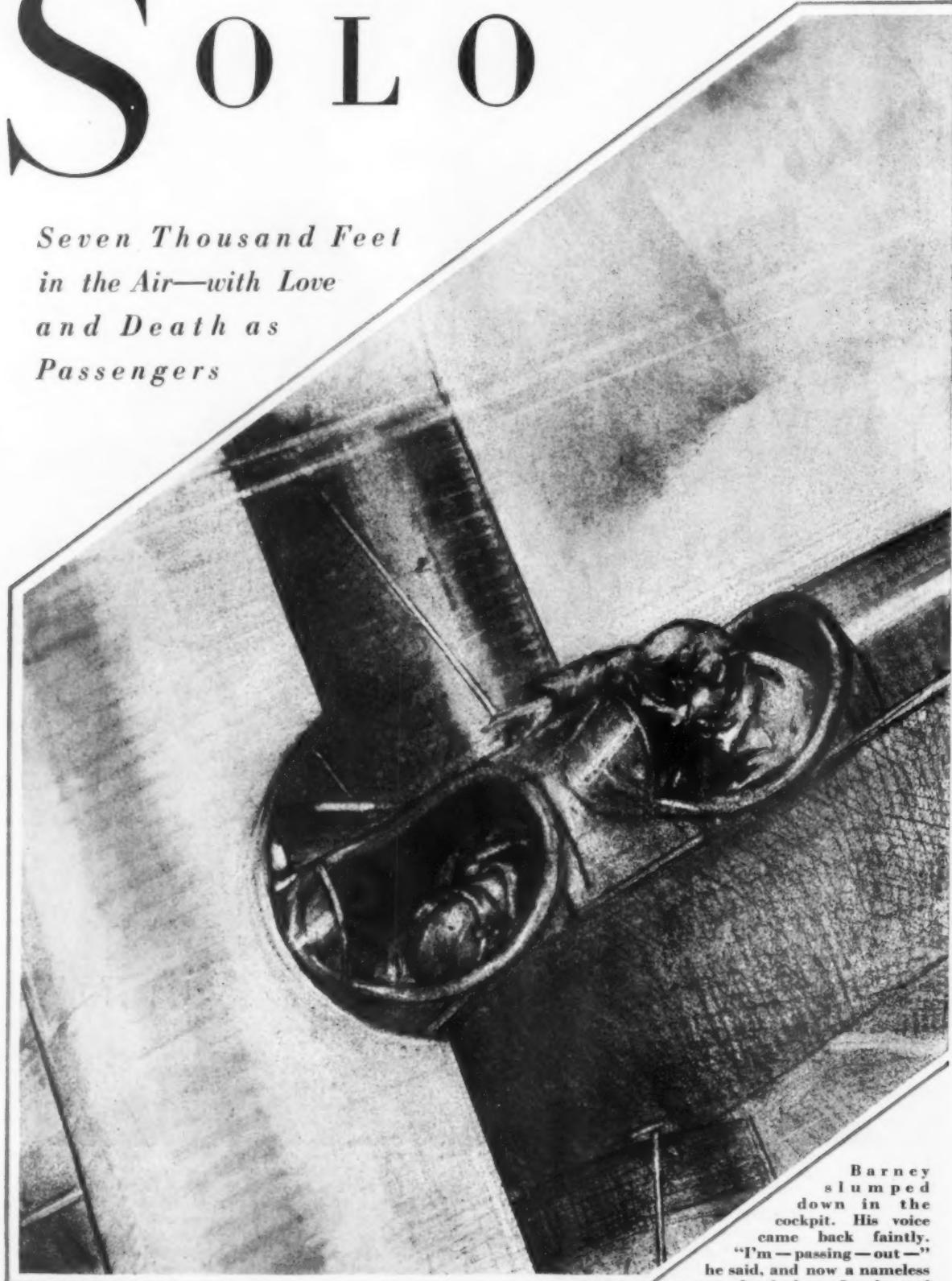
"I know my duty, Mr. Bouton— [Continued on page 94]



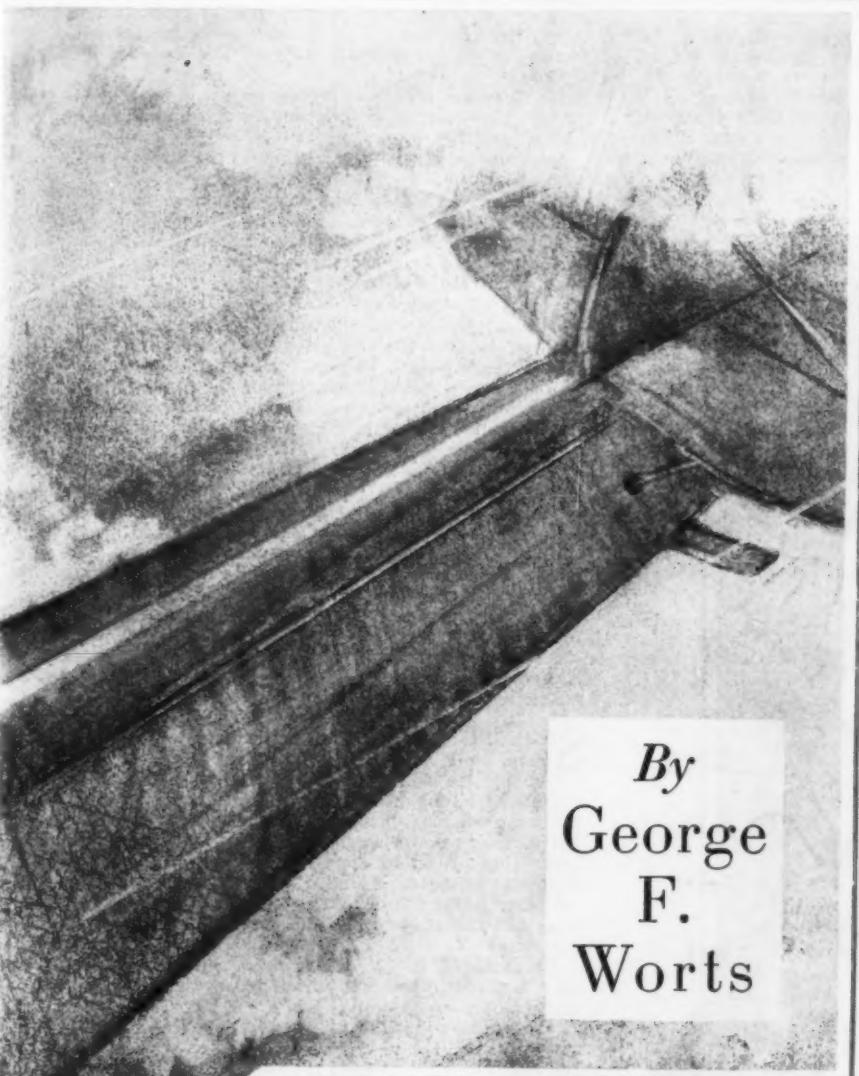
PETER got up and faced the psychoanalyst. "I suppose you mean well, Dr. Zahn," he said, "but I don't mind saying that you're talking like a fool!"

S O L O

*Seven Thousand Feet
in the Air—with Love
and Death as
Passengers*



Barney slumped down in the cockpit. His voice came back faintly. "I'm — passing — out —" he said, and now a nameless terror clutched at Joan's soul



cheeks blazed, but—for the benefit of the group across the veranda—she succeeded in enacting the part of a lovely girl, breathless and disheveled from over-popularity on the dance floor.

How she hated being pawed!

It dawned on Joan that she was being looked at by the last man in the world she wanted to see. With his back to the rail, Barney Tobin was surrounded by a group of attentive men and girls. Strutting his stuff! Over their heads he was looking at Joan with vague, dark eyes.

Joan busied herself with a scarlet lipstick and quelled the impulse to run away from this tall, dark-skinned, crisply blond man. She was tired of running away. But why had he selected this inopportune time to reappear? Why couldn't he have let her work out her problem?

With two years to cool off, two years of separation and silence, it should not have distressed Joan to see Barney again. But she had realized when she glimpsed him across the veranda, to-night, that things were just the same. Joan had been nineteen at the time, just out of school, and she had met the crisis with a determined realism. It was nothing, she had convinced herself, but a young girl's infatuation for a man romantically magnetic; it wasn't love. But it had been a narrow squeak, that June night. She would have married this lean, dark-skinned

By
George
F.
Worts

IT WAS not fear that made Joan Potter escape from the ballroom and out onto the eastern veranda. It

was merely that she wished to keep up the pretence of being pursued.

Rummy Waters had been cutting in on her relentlessly all evening, and every time he cut in, his step was unsteadier, his manner of clasping her was rougher and his compliments were less and less inhibited.

Squeezing her until she was breathless and in pain, he had asserted in a strident voice that she was his rumpled little moonbeam and that before the night was over he was going to kiss her in a way that would leave no doubt in her mind that she was a kissed woman, and that, if need be, he would break every bone in her beautiful body to accomplish it.

He had been kissed by Rummy before. His lips were thick and hard; his mustache, short and spiny. There was nothing charming about his kisses. There was nothing charming about Rummy. His kisses left her cold.

Joan was aware that her dress was rumpled, that one silver stocking was wrinkled, that her hair was a sight and that her

man then, despite her father's ridicule, if he had asked her. But he hadn't asked her. He was too poor. He was still too poor.

JOAN'S father wanted her to fly. The blow had fallen at dinner last night. There were gleaming old candlesticks on the long table, Joan at one end, her father at the other.

"All the popular girls are taking it up," her father said with his air of saying only half; frightening her with implications. A girl must keep up—competition is so keen. If she didn't want to lose Rummy, she must fly. That's what it amounted to—and Diane Hibbard was capable of it. Joan and her father needed Rummy; they were so desperately poor, and so desperately clever at concealing it—with their decent country house with its English air of leisureliness, the right cars, a stable of polo ponies and hunters.

Her father wanted her to go through with it. He was, in his way, a good sport. Well, so was she.

Diane Hibbard was flying, so Joan must make her appearance here and there becomingly attired in flying gear, glittery-eyed with enthusiasm and airily technical about ground loops, lousy take-offs, forced landings in cornfields and all the rest.

She remembered the quick light that had flashed in Rummy's eyes when Diane had said, "My dear, I put that little ship of mine into a thousand-foot slip this morning. My instructor nearly had kittens!"

She was to make arrangements immediately for a flying course, including ground school, which was compulsory now. You had to mess around with greasy motors in order to fly.

Joan was convinced that flying was horribly dangerous. Not a week passed but the newspapers headlined some ghastly accident. Joan didn't want to fly and she didn't want Rummy. But she was afraid of life without his soothing quarter of a

million a year. Afraid, too, of life with it—and Rummy.

And then, like an electric contact, Barney's curiously vague, dark eyes meeting hers over the heads of the others; upsetting her plans, reminding her that her sense of proportion was all askew, that she was a little fool to think that life could be whipped as she was trying to whip it. Did she want Barney's approval?

The flyer was gravely answering questions.

"Yes. I generally know all about a student by the second or third lesson."

Jess Conway asked: "Do you like to teach girls?"

"No."

"Why not? Are they dumb?"

Diane Hibbard laughed: "Oh, we lack a sense of danger."

"They don't react properly to emergencies," suggested a pink, plump man in tortoise shells. "They haven't a mechanical sense, have they, Barney?"

A wavering, thick shadow fell from the doorway. Rummy came out. Joan joined him with a tender smile at her lips and monkey paws plucking along her spine.

"In a tight pinch," Barney Tobin was saying, "a girl will handle things properly if the emergency is over quickly. It's when she's placed under prolonged tension that she cracks."

Was there meaning in his glance? Would she ever care whether there was or wasn't in Rummy's glances?

"I've had enough fresh air," Joan said. "Let's dance."

"No." Rummy was stubborn. He took her arm and led her across the veranda.

"Here's one girl who won't crack," he announced belligerently.

Barney Tobin looked at Rummy and then at Joan. She was furious at Rummy for dragging her into this. Barney's mouth quirked up at the corners.

"That's so," he agreed. "Joan won't crack. I understand you're going into it, Joan."

Smiling up into Barney Tobin's dark, lean face, Joan met his eyes with bright defiance—only no one but he knew that it was defiance.

SOMEONE asked Barney a question, and he answered in his deep, gentle voice.

"No, not the kind that make good telling. Being lost in fog and almost hitting mountain tops—that happens to everybody. But I can tell you a thriller about Randy Enslow. It happened last summer up near Rochester. Randy was climbing a tail-heavy ship. A fellow came gliding down on the same angle. Each was in the other's blind spot. At twelve hundred feet, the other fellow smashed down on Randy, wiped off his upper wing and carried away his tail surfaces. No controls. No parachute. Twelve hundred feet up."

Joan's mouth felt dry. The flyer's eyes were fixed darkly upon her. She knew that he was telling this story purposely, trying to get her goat. Well, he had it!

"There was nothing to control what was left of the ship but the motor and the cockpit door. By speeding up and cutting the motor, and by swinging the door in and out, Randy could control her—after a fashion. He picked a big apple tree—and landed in it!"

Joan involuntarily gasped. She had seen Barney at the controls of that helpless ship.

"Hurt?" Diane Hibbard asked casually.

"Not a scratch."

"How about the other fellow?"

"He made a dead stick landing in a potato field."

And Rummy said, sourly: "You say that's authentic?"

"It's a true story."

Rummy grunted and left his heavy skepticism in the air.

With a woman's inconsistency, because she was furious at Rummy, Joan said the unkind words to Barney, "I suppose you're here to-night to drum up trade," and enjoyed the darkened color that burned under his tan.

But, to her amazement, he continued smiling and said:

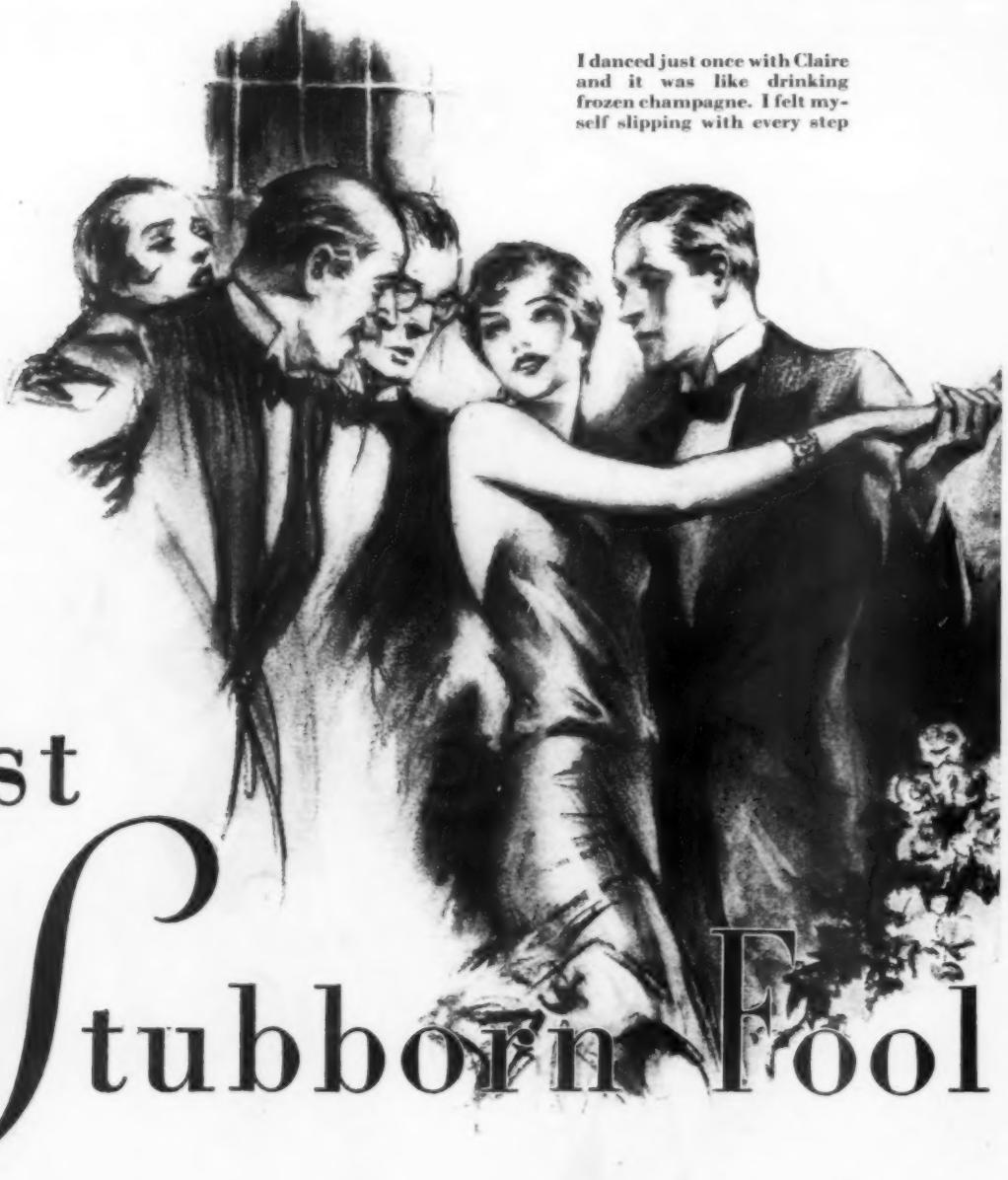
"How would you like to [Continued on page 120]



Joan turned her back on Rummy. His kisses left her cold and she hated to be pawed . . . But, after all, Rummy was a millionaire



Alleoop—He's the King of the May!



Just A Stubborn Fool

I danced just once with Claire and it was like drinking frozen champagne. I felt myself slipping with every step

By

Joseph Hilton Smyth

I WAS just about dropping off to sleep when there was an awful racket, and a door slammed, and somebody fell over a chair, and a light snapped on, and I opened my eyes to find Tubby standing over me.

He said, "Did I wake you up?"

I said, "No! You put me to sleep. For weeks I've been suffering from insomnia, and there wasn't any cure until you breezed in. Thanks. And get out."

I turned over.

He said, "I want some money."

I grunted.

He said, "Hey, snap out of it!" Then he gave me a poke with his stick, and repeated, "Money. I need some money."

I opened one eye and glared at him. "I'm not John D.," I suggested, "and even if I were, I've run out of dimes. Good night!"

Tubby turned on all the lights in the bedroom, and gave me another prod with his malacca. He said, "This is a matter of life and death."

"Sure," I said, "it always is."

He said, "I'm taking a girl out." As if that explained it! "At this hour," I murmured. "Do you think that's nice? Take her home; take her home to mama and say I sent you there. And don't come back."

Tubby said, "I am taking her home. But I'm taking her out, first. Somewhere to eat, I mean. Only they're using money in restaurants these days."

"That's why I'm keeping mine," I answered. "I thought you were off women, anyway."

"This one is different."

"Sure," I said, "they all are."

"She really is though, Pete." He started waving his cigarette around. "She's got a figure like nobody's business, and eyes



Illustrations
by
T. D. SKIDMORE

—why, man, you ought to see those eyes!—and lips. . . . “And an appetite,” I said. “Don’t forget the appetite!”

“Listen,” Tubby begged. “Don’t get her wrong. She’s one in a million.”

“Ye-ah? Run along then and say bye-bye to little Luella for me.”

Tubby was busy fishing around on the top of my dressing table.

“Her name’s not Luella,” he threw over his shoulder. “It’s Claire. Claire Harton.”

*He Thought He
Knew All About
Women—But
She Knew
More About Men!*

I said. “Who?”
“Claire. Claire Harton. But I’m going to change all that. I’m going to. . . .”

I sat up in bed. “Look here,” I interrupted, “do you by any chance know whom you’re talking about?”

“Huh?”

“Do you know who this Claire Harton is?” I demanded impatiently. “Sure,” he said. “She’s the girl I’ve been trying to tell you about, the one who’s waiting out in the taxi. . . .”

I said, “She’s old Hardshell Harton’s one and only.”

Tubby said, “What’s the answer?”

I SAID, “Nothing. Only I’m speaking of J. J. Harton. The J. J. Harton. And the little lady waiting for you now, if you’re not kidding me, rates about forty million.”

“Yeah,” said Tubby. “Even so, she’s in a taxi, with a meter that’s ticking away. And I need. . . .”

“Where’d you run into her?” I asked.

“At Tex Avery’s studio brawl,” Tubby told me, still pawing among my things on the dresser top. “It was pretty bad, and we both decided so at the same time, so we left together. Now, as friend to friend—”

“In my pants’ pocket,” I said, “there’s sixteen dollars.

Leave me one for breakfast and I'll be jake. Now get going."

Tubby said, "Thanks."

I watched him go through my trousers and drop them on the floor. He turned to go. I said, "What's she think you're doing up here, anyway?"

He said, "I'm glad you reminded me. I told her this was my private bootlegger. I'll have to take some of your gin, too."

So I said several things, and by the time I had finished the lights were out and Tubby had gone.

IT WAS three days before I saw Tubby again. It was usually longer when he owed me money, but this time it was only three days. He came around to the office one noon and said, "I'm taking you out to luncheon."

I said, "No, you're not. I'm broke."

He looked at me sadly and said, "You're a mercenary monk. That's what's the trouble with you. And you distrust me." He took out his wallet, and handed me a five and a ten. "Now, how about luncheon?"

So we went over to Pirelli's, where the hors d'oeuvres were so-so and the wine a little better, and Tubby speared a stuffed egg and asked, "Were you ever in love, Pete?"

"When I was sixteen," I said, "and then I had my adenoids out and my voice changed. Lay off."

He said, "I'm sorry. I forgot. But Pete, isn't she wonderful?"

"Who?"

"Claire."

I said, "Hasn't she ditched you yet?"

"You've got her all wrong," Tubby said. "You don't know her."

I said, "I know her type. Birds like you and me," I said. "They pick us up and lay us down . . . then they're through. I know."

Tubby said, "Just because you made a bad bet once you don't need to get sour on the rest."

I said, "All right. Have it your own way. I'm wrong." And I tackled the salad. "What have I got to do with it, anyway?"

"You can help me."

I said, "What's the idea? You want the fifteen back?"

Tubby said, "No. I'm bringing her up to your apartment for tea to-morrow."

I said, "Are you?"

"Be a sport, Pete. If I had a place—"

I said, "New York is full of restaurants."

"And they're full of people. Besides, she wants to meet you."

I said, "Me?"

Tubby said, "You. She read your book, and she liked it."

I said, "I hope she bought one."

"She did. Five, and gave them away."

"That leaves two hundred and sixty-one unaccounted for," I said. "You can have the place, but I won't be in."

"You wouldn't turn down an old pal, now, would you?" Tubby insisted.

"Like nothing at all!"

"All you have to do," he pleaded, "is just come out of your shell for half an hour. I promised her."

I said, "I'm not responsible for your promises. Come on, I'll match you for the check."

"If you're really a sport," Tubby said, "you'll match me for tea to-morrow."

So I did, and lost. I knew I would, anyway.

THE next afternoon, while I was busy squeezing out orange juice and arranging ash trays, and putting on some water to boil—in case maybe after all the Harton girl figured on getting tea when she went anywhere for tea—I decided that there was an off chance that Tubby might be right. There wasn't any need to shut myself off from the rest of the tribe just because I'd been wrong once. So I put on a new necktie, and then changed it for another, and then the bell rang and I opened the door.

Tubby said, "This is Peter Ames, Miss Harton."

I started to bow, and then I saw that her hand was stretched out, so I took it, and stood there, half bowing and holding it in mine. There was a pause, and then she laughed a little and said, "You might ask us in."

Tubby just grinned and said, "It takes the hermit time to

"I'll find it hard to explain to dad," said Claire, "that it was all right for us to spend a night together. Dad, you see, is so old-fashioned."



re-
cover
f r o m
the shock,
C l a i r e .
Pete's a celi-
bate."

I said, "It was the
horrible example of
Tubby, here, that made me
one."

She strolled into the room, and Tubby helped her off with her coat, and I saw that she had on some kind of silver green frock. And while Tubby was putting his own coat away, I looked at her again, and her eyes were a sort of sherry color, and when they caught mine they smiled lazily.

She said, "It was awfully nice of you to have us up."
I said, "It was nice of you to come."



She said, "Oh, I wanted to." He kicked like a steer." Tubby said, sprawling out in his chair, "I had to hog-tie and rope him, nearly."

I gave him a heavy look which he ignored and asked, "Would you rather have tea or cocktails, Miss Harton? They're both ready."

"Tea," she said, "would be a pleasant change." "I shall speak for myself," Tubby protested. "An orange-blossom. That's me. My life is a succession of orange-blossoms, with never a bride. An orange-blossom—not too sweet." Claire said, "Can I help?"

Tubby grinned foolishly and said, "Me? This is so sudden." She said, "I meant Mr. Ames—or Pete, rather." Her eyelashes fluttered over her eyes. "Don't you think that's better, just to call you Pete? We really should be good friends, you know."

"Sure," I said. I went into the kitchenette, and put ice cubes in the shaker, and hot water in the tea pot, and told myself not to be a fool, and picked up the tray.

When I got back in the living room Tubby had drawn his chair nearer Claire's, and was sitting there, with his elbows on his knees and his hands propping up his chin, giving a pretty good imitation of a collie pup with the colic, and saying things in a low tone of voice.

So I set the tray down on the table, and Claire said, "Don't be foolish, Tubby," and turned to me and added, "How did you know I was simply ga-ga over lobster pâté?"

"Feminine intuition," I said. "I inherited it. Half my ancestors were women."

I manipulated the shaker while she poured out tea, and then she said how much she liked the book I had written the year before, and why hadn't I done another. And all the time I was conscious of the something there in the depths of her eyes; even though I kept mine away, looking instead at her ankles, and her lips, and the good-natured grin on Tubby's fat face.

And then suddenly it was seven o'clock, and she stood up, and Tubby stood up, and I stood up, and then her hand was in mine again and she said, "I did so enjoy it."

I said, "What?" stupidly.

She said, "This afternoon."

I said, "But it's only been a minute, really."

"The minute that seemed a year," Tubby said, "yet fifteen seconds a day with the Book of Etiquette, and the waiter wouldn't have laughed—"

Claire stood there, not paying any attention to him, smiling up at me out of the eyes I had been trying to avoid.

"You'll invite me again, won't you?" she asked.

I said, "Of course. I'll do it now."

Tubby said, "The latch string's always out. Ring and walk in."

Her fingers trailed slowly away from mine, and her eyelashes fluttered, and she said, "Sometime soon," and then she was gone.

Afterward I told myself a lot of things. I reminded myself that I knew all about Claire Harton's type. Girls with too much money and too much attraction and too much everything. Girls who had had the world handed to them on a silver platter, and thought it was just something to play with. I'd been in love with one once, just as I'd written a book once, and both affairs had been flops. Besides, Claire was Tubby's discovery.

Then I reminded myself that I was just a hack advertising writer, pounding out pretty punk copy for a hundred dollars a week, and that there wasn't much danger of her bothering any about me and that I might as well quit worrying.

I didn't, but finally I fell asleep.

The next evening Tubby blew in, and helped himself to a cigarette and a glass and some ice and something to go with it, and said, "Well, what's the verdict?"

I said, "Has there been a murder?"

He said, "You know what I mean. How'd you like her?"

I said, "She's all right," and got up and went out to get a glass for myself.

"You might be more enthusiastic," Tubby suggested, when I came back.

"What for?"

"Don't be a cold smack all your life," he said.

I said, "I'm not a cold smack. I said she was all right. What more do you want?"

"She liked you a lot."

"She doesn't know me."

"Snap out of it," Tubby advised. "Get human. You can't be this way forever."

"All right," I said, "What do you want me to do? Elope with her? I thought she was your find."

"She is," he agreed, "but you might give me a little moral support."

"What you need," I said, "is financial support. You hanker to be supported in the manner to [Continued on page 114]

Untold Tales of Hollywood

BY HARRY CARR



That prodigal genius, Eric Von Stroheim, who cannot be poured into the Hollywood mold. The author describes him as lovable and charming, but a spoiled child who frequently needs disciplining. He is shown above in the rôle of "The Great Gabbo", eccentric ventriloquist

LOOKING back over my long years in the film colony, these seem to be the high spots:

The best picture I have ever seen was "The Birth of a Nation." It had the best theme, the most stirring action, the greatest dramatic situations.

The best single scene I have ever seen done by a man was the return of the "Little Colonel" (Henry Walthall) in that picture.

The best one by a woman was Lillian Gish in the closet scene in "Broken Blossoms." This because her terror was always that of a child.

The best single moment I have seen on the screen, by a woman, was Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise"—where the Czarina gives that deadly look at the officers who are bursting with laughter because a green young lieutenant has toasted her as a pure woman.

The best single moment I have seen a man do was when Sessue Hayakawa gave Fannie Ward the dirty look in "The Cheat."

The greatest artist I have seen in Hollywood is Charlie Chaplin; he is by long odds the greatest satirist in any of the seven arts of his generation.

The one star who has preserved his head and kept his Lindbergh modesty is Harold Lloyd.

The most consistently good actor in Hollywood is Jean Hersholt.

The most striking personality is Von Stroheim.

The luckiest—and sweetest—is Colleen Moore.

The wittiest is Dorothy Mackaill.

The soundest mentality is Louise Fazenda.

The most beautiful is Florence Vidor.

The most temperamental is Jetta Goudal.

The most thoroughly disillusioned is—the writer.

NOTHING short of a world revolution will ever again bring so much wealth and such sweeping power into the hands of so many men of humble origin as the movies have.

Napoleon was a piker by comparison. He changed the boundaries of Europe; but he did not set the pattern for the thoughts, words and actions of the world—from flappers' clothes to farm methods and table manners. The movie magnates alone have done that.

I have come into intimate contact with all the men of this amazing group.

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, of the great Universal Film Co., is an amiable little fellow who watches the world go by with inquisitive interest. He thinks of his millions of film fans as cash customers and figuratively chucks all the children

We Regard This Final Article of the Series by Mr. Carr as One of the Most Significant Stories Ever Written About Motion Pictures

The Editor



Temperamental Jetta Goudal sat up all night making herself a white dress, because the director ordered her to wear a blue one next day. But Mr. Carr calls her a keen-minded artist

Lupe Velez was a belle of the cafés before her limitless vitality set the screen afire. When she and Jetta played in the same picture they were like rival tigers put into one cage



under the chin and takes an interest in all the family quarrels. Joe Schenck, of United Artists, is dictatorial and tender-hearted, ruthless and affectionate. He can wreck a rival film company without mercy—and yet be really distressed because little Camilla Horn hadn't a fur coat to wear to her first Hollywood party. Schenck started as a drug clerk.

Louis B. Mayer is brilliant, violent and soft-hearted. He rose by sheer force and brains. He gets a kick out of seeing actors cringe before him—and admires those who don't.

Irving Thalberg, "the young Napoleon of the films," was the head of a cotton exporting firm at twenty. He is hard-boiled and a brilliant analyst; motion pictures are just cotton bales to him.

The Warner Brothers do not take themselves very seriously, in spite of their millions. They play with life as though it were a roulette wheel.

I once had an unusual opportunity to "get" the psychology of three of the film giants.

IT WAS in Washington, during the summer of 1925. I was browsing around the Division of Archives and Records in the Navy Department, while waiting to go on a yachting trip with the Secretary of the Navy who was an old friend of mine. One of the officers brought me a little old weather-beaten, water-stained volume about the size of a ten-cent memorandum book. It was the log book of the U. S. frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides." The navy was at that time planning

to send out an appeal to the school children of the United States for money to save the old hulk that was then rotting in the Boston Navy Yard.

Later, on returning to New York, I found that the Paramount Company was trying to find an epic story to follow "The Covered Wagon." I suggested "Old Ironsides."

Sidney R. Kent stopped me before I was through telling him about it. He said, "Any picture that has twenty million school children financially interested in the chief 'prop' is good enough for me."

Adolph Zukor's eyes filled when I told him about the gallantry of Stephen Decatur. "It is a very affecting story," he said, in his gentle abashed way.

Jesse L. Lasky was about equally impressed by the fact that I had told the whole story on half a sheet of paper and by the toast of Stephen Decatur: "My country—may she always be right; but, right or wrong—my country." Which, by the way, is some philosophy!

As a picture, "Old Ironsides" was a financial failure. This was partly due to a weak story; partly to bad luck with the weather—twenty-one days without sunshine at an expense of



The best single moment contributed to the screen by a woman, says Mr. Carr. Pola Negri, the Czarina in "Forbidden Paradise," warns her officers with a look as the lieutenant toasts her



In "Foolish Wives" Maude George got her big break. Hers was a rare artistic triumph. But what did it avail her? She had her moment and sank back into obscurity, as so many others have done

\$25,000 a day, and with a fleet of fourteen ships loafing around Catalina.

I had nothing to do with the production. About that time, Von Stroheim began working on "The Wedding March." At his request I was detailed to help him finish the story and to supervise the production.

It was a wild experience. Von and I began to write the story at La Jolla in a summer cottage; we finished it in Pat Powers' mansion at Flint Ridge. If there was any variety of heebjeebees to which I was not a witness, then somebody forgot to put it in the book. Von is a lovable and charming fellow; but with all his great genius, he is spoiled child.

There came a certain Saturday. We had to deliver the story on the following Wednesday. It was not half done. Von suddenly discovered that his life was ruined; that he couldn't write plays anyhow. He swore he wouldn't write another line. He was going back to Lake Tahoe and be a boatman again. Nothing that I could say would dissuade him.

Finally I said: "Von, if you're through with this play, can I have it?" "Certainly," he answered, with a stiff Austrian army bow, clicking his heels. "All right then; sign this." I wrote out a formal assignment of all the rights to his play. He signed it without the slightest hesitation and his secretary signed it as a witness.

I then retired to my room and began banging on the typewriter. Presently Von came wandering in like a lonely little boy and lay on my bed. He always carried a big cavalry sabre when writing, and now he lay there on my bed making cuts with his snicker-snack: "Right cut!" "Left Cut!" "Right cut against Infantry!"

Presently he inquired in a small, meek voice, "What are you doing?"

"Writing my play," I replied with a very large accent on



Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., young romantics of the screen, who provided their fans with a real life romance. Doug, the dreamer, writes poetry which Joan copies into a locked diary, away from scoffing eyes

Eric Von Stroheim had seen only a photograph of Fay Wray. Yet he chose her to play the exacting role opposite him in "The Wedding March." Like all his players, she paid in tears and weariness for the chance

the "my". As a matter of fact, I was industriously and furiously writing "X.Y.Z.X.Y.Z.X.Y.Z."

After a while he asked with an embarrassed cough, "What scene are you doing now?"

"Von," I snapped, "how can I write this play if you keep interrupting me?"

"Excuse me," he said faintly.

Finally I relented and let him come in on it.

Von Stroheim is a slow worker. He has a regular pace at which he writes—so many scenes a day. That night—between five o'clock in the afternoon and seven o'clock the next morning—I made him do fourteen days' work. We finished the story.

When we had breakfast that afternoon, he glared at his plate of ham and eggs sourly and observed: "It's a pity that America ever had a civil war."

"Why?"

"Because," he growled, "I know who would have been a better slave-driver than Simon Legree!"

I have worked with a lot of people in the movies. Some of them were fourflushers; some were brilliant. But I have never known any other with the prodigal genius of Von Stroheim. That is what wrecked his career. He couldn't be poured into the movie mold.

When he was making "Greed" I saw him waste a whole day calling an actor names because the Thespian objected to standing up in front of a wall while a professional knife-thrower tossed a razor-sharp Bowie within half an inch of his neck. To show him how safe it was, Von pinned up an ace of spades and had the knife-thrower use it as a target. The knife artist missed by half a mile. But that didn't convince Von that the actor wasn't an ungrateful dog.

"The Wedding March" produced a new star. Von wanted to use Mary Philbin for the part of Mitzi, but he couldn't get her. He tried Mary Brian, but was not enthusiastic. Finally he picked Fay Wray from a photograph and gave her the part without seeing her.

[Continued on page 106]

Fifteen Years in Hollywood Studios Spell Disillusion

Mabel Barber walked in where women feared to tread—and walked right away with a man-sized business



The Lumber Lady

By
Edmund Leamy

IMAGINE a woman—a charming woman—young, merry-eyed—a woman who would grace a drawing room, a woman whose manner and grace personify "smart", and then imagine such a woman answering a telephone call from timber merchants and saying: "You want to speak to Mr. M. E. Barber, the lumber man? This is she."

But the picture does not have to be imagined. It's fact. Miss Mabel E. Barber is a lumber broker with offices of her own in New York. As the only woman lumber dealer, she is competing, and competing successfully, with men in the same business.

Her desk holds a telephone and voluminous correspondence. On her walls are pictures of great trees, forests and lakes. In an outside room are secretaries and employees to take care of the details of the business she has built up in two years.

Miss Barber buys and sells lumber. On the far Pacific coast and in the snowy fastnesses of Canadian forests are great deal-

ers with lumber to sell. In the nearness of her immediate surroundings are men ready to buy—if they can buy right. And because she knows lumber, because she knows the market, because she knows how to sell, she is forging ahead in her own profession.

She is very modest about her success. She will tell you—with a deprecatory smile—that it was due to "courage and hard work."

And it was hard work for Miss Barber—and courage, unlimited courage.

Her beginning was no different from that of thousands of eager, shining-eyed girls. She wanted a job. She went to business school and graduated as a stenographer.

She answered an "ad" a lumber man had inserted in a newspaper. She wasn't interested in lumber at the time. She was interested only in being given a chance to work. She was hired at twelve dollars a week.

And she worked, worked, worked. It wasn't easy. At first there were discouragements but her job appealed to her. She stuck to her post. Something about lumber had begun to intrigue her. The romance of forests and trees and wood—the fascination of seeing these transformed into buildings and houses and homes.

She can talk fluently of such things as mouldings, and trim, white pine and yellow pine, shingles and red cedar sidings, fir dimensions and uppers, and a [Continued on page 125]

MADE in



"Oh, say!" exclaimed David. "You're lovely in that cloak, Connie! Move back so I can see you!" Connie, stark misery in her eyes, obeyed

IF YOU had told Connie Cooper that she was living in sin, she would probably have stared at you with childlike gravity and thought you quite mad. And by the same token (the token, as it were, being Connie's own complete ingenuousness), if anyone had shown you Connie at the markets, or in the little studio which she shared with David Hunt, and told you that here was a fallen woman, you would have laughed loudly.

Yet the fact remains that Connie and David were not married, and that the home which they shared through a long, cold Paris winter consisted—despite its multiplicity of purposes—of exactly one room.

Connie had met David first with her father, just as it was with her father that she met Alan Kendrick, the composer, and Laurence Gerard, the sculptor, and John Yost, whose painting even the intolerant David could not but admire.

Charley Cooper was Paris correspondent for a New York newspaper, and he knew almost every one of the American colony in Paris. When he died, it seemed to his daughter that the floor boards of their apartment would splinter and crack beneath the weight of his friends asking her what she was going to do, offering assistance all the way from return tickets to America to proposals of marriage.

Marriage and America struck Connie as equally alien. She had been born in the States, but after her mother's death, when she was eleven, she had been shipped to Paris and had lived there ever since. Paris was her home. And marriage. . . .

"It's ever so nice of you, Alan," she told the young musician who offered her his name and protection, "but I don't believe I want to get married."

He was such a nice boy that she hated to disappoint him. She could see that he wasn't merely being helpful, that he really wanted to marry her.

"But what are you going to do, Connie?" He leaned against the mantel and frowned miserably.

"I'll be all right." Her black dress, which she had worn to Charley Cooper's funeral, was strangely foreign to that colorful full room with its brilliant cushions, the riot of walls thickly covered with canvases presented to Cooper by youthful artists who had found it impossible to return certain loans in the coinage in which they had been made. "I have an income, you know."

"An income!" He glowered more darkly. "How much?" She smiled and her hands fluttered whitely against her frock. "Oh about fifteen thousand francs a year."

Alan Kendrick looked at her hopelessly. "Fifteen thousand—Connie, do you realize that that's only about six hundred dollars?"

"Oh, I know it isn't a lot! I can't keep this place, of course. But I'll find some work." She smiled gently, because she was sorry for him. She knew that he was going to worry about her, and she regretted that.

"I wonder why that nice Hunt boy hasn't been up," she said, not because she wondered especially, but because Alan and David Hunt were friends and she wanted to change the subject.

"He's sick," said Alan. "Gripe or something."

Her brown eyes softened. "Oh, I'm sorry! Where does he live, Alan? Maybe I could take him some of the flowers that people keep bringing me."

Afterward, Alan Kendrick felt that he would have given ten years of his life, if he had not told her David's address.

Connie dined with John Yost and his wife, and afterward the three wandered through the cold, autumn rain, down the Boulevard Montparnasse to the *Select*, where, like hardened Parisians, they chose a table outside in the lilac-colored damp

PARIS

Illustrations by
FRANK GODWIN



of the autumn evening.
"I'm going to run around the corner for a while," Connie told them. "There's a boy father knew who's sick."

She had to ask her way before she found the little alley in which he lived. She stumbled over ash cans and boxes of rubbish as she peered for some indication of the numbers on the sagging buildings.

"Mademoiselle is looking for someone?" The concierge, in felt slippers and a worn shawl, stopped her.

"For Monsieur Hunt, the young American painter who lives somewhere here, madame."

The concierge made a cluck of distress with her tongue. The young American was very ill. The young American needed friends and apparently he had not one.

Connie's face, in the filmy light of the gas lamp, grew more and more sympathetic. She hurried on to the door and knocked. When there was no answer, she pushed it open and entered the room which she was hardly to leave for more than six months.

There was no light within, but through the broad north window a sickly glow seeped downward, outlining the sharp frames of canvases, piled in jagged heaps against the walls.

"Hello?" Connie demanded softly.

There was no reply, and she stood quite still, accustoming her eyes to the darkness, until, through it, she saw a candle on a table. She moved carefully across the littered floor and

*Which Goes to
Prove That Sin is
Only a State of
Mind, After All*

By

Phyllis
Duganne

struck a match. The wick sputtered damply for an instant, then shot upward in a steady yellow flame.

As she turned her eyes to the man on the bed, she thought that he was dead. He lay quite still, his face turned toward her, eyes shut and lips slightly parted.

Then the boy on the bed—David Hunt was not yet twenty-one—turned slightly and moaned, but his eyes did not open. Connie put her hand on his forehead, pushing away the thick, fair hair, and she winced at the heat of the fever that was consuming him.

She knew nothing about David Hunt, further than that he was a young and promising painter who had come twice to see her father, but she knew that she was in the presence of a dangerously sick man. A doctor would be the first thing, and she hurried out into the night and across the street to a tobacco shop, where she telephoned the American doctor who had tended her father.

The Yosts were waiting for her only a few blocks up the Boulevard, but it never occurred to Connie to appeal to them. People had their own troubles, and even John Yost, with a picture in the Luxembourg, was not without them.

Dr. Burgess looked at her sternly when she opened the door. "Would you mind telling me, Connie Cooper, what you're doing here?"

She gestured toward the bed. "He's sick," she said, simply.

The doctor forgot her, in his examination of the boy. "Pretty—oh, very pretty!" he muttered, bitterly. "If he escapes pneumonia, he's lucky. Doesn't look as if he'd eaten for a week." He turned and stared sharply at Connie. "See here, what's this lad to you?"

Connie looked from the doctor to the unconscious figure of David Hunt. If she told the truth—

"He's a very dear friend," she lied softly. "I want to take care of him, Dr. Burgess."

The doctor's eyes searched her face, then he shrugged.

Together, they undressed him and laid him back on the smoothed sheets. There was a sink in the corner of the studio and a two-plate gas stove. Connie heated water and washed

David Hunt's face and hands. When she had finished, he opened his eyes and looked at her vaguely.

Dr. Burgess was making a list of things she would need. "And get some food into him as often as you can. Broth and dry toast, for now. Isn't there any way of heating this place?"

She looked about the disorder of the studio. Apparently there was not, but a stove-pipe dangled suggestively from one wall. "I'll get a stove," she said.

So far as she knew, she had made no decision, yet the next afternoon while the concierge watched by the sick bed, Connie returned to her father's apartment and packed her things. She had spent the night in a chair beside the boy's bed. The logical thing now was to bring a couch to his studio. She couldn't leave him alone, and there seemed to be no one else. A man like Alan couldn't nurse him.

And, anyway, she had nothing else to do. She was grateful to escape the bitter loneliness of the rooms she had shared with her father.

IT WAS two days before David Hunt had more than a vague idea that he was not still alone in his delirium. A pleasing and unbelievable odor of broth was his first conscious sensation—that he had been drinking such broth for two days and nights never entered his head. He opened his eyes and stared at his studio.

Against the whitewashed brick wall a small tiled stove radiated a red glow, and a fat and homely cat was curled on an oval rug before it. The bench below the studio window was cleared of papers and sketches, and a blue jug, filled with yellow mimosa, caught the morning sunlight. In the farthest corner, a girl in a red woolen dress was bending over the sink.

"Hello?" he asked faintly.

She turned, a slim young thing, with short brown hair and wide brown eyes. "Hello, there!" she said, and came to his side. "You're feeling better! I knew it before you did!" She smiled, gaily.

He stared at her. "Why—you're Charley Cooper's kid, aren't you?"

"Yes." She put cool fingers upon his forehead.

"What are you doing here?"

"Taking care of you. Do you mind?"

"Mind!" His eyes moved past her, fell on the other cot, neatly made up. "Does your father know—are you staying here?"

"My father's dead." Her voice was steady. "Alan Kendrick told me that you were sick. I found you all alone and out of your head, so I brought my things. Is there anyone else you'd rather have?"

He laughed, and then winced at the pain that shot through his chest. "I haven't any friends," he said. "Don't want any."

"Well, you've got me," said Connie. "Here—drink this." She put her arm competently about his shoulders and lifted him up. Leaning against her, he bent back his head and looked up into her face questioningly. Then he drank the broth.

"You're a funny kid," he said. His eyes left her face abruptly and a look of alarm came into his blue eyes.

"Look here," he demanded excitedly, "what have you gone and done with my things?"

"They're all right—I just tidied up."

"Shouldn't fool with 'em. What do you know about—" He fell back against the pillows, scowling at her. "I'm sleepy!" he said, irritably.

"Go to sleep, then." She smiled at him tolerantly, as she went over and tucked him in.

He was still sleeping when Alan Kendrick opened the door and paused, rather dramatically, upon the threshold.

"Connie!" he exclaimed.

She was sitting beside the little stove, mending one of David's socks. "Hello," she whispered. "Don't wake him, Alan—he's been so terribly sick."

Alan Kendrick's eyes held a mixture of indignation and horror. "Connie Cooper, what are you doing here?"

Connie frowned. A lot of people had been asking her that, and it was, after all, so obvious.

"Taking care of him," she answered.

"But you—" Alan Kendrick stepped into the room, and perhaps it was the swift, gentle flash of her eyes toward David that set off the fuse of his temper. He spoke rapidly. She was either, he told her, a little fool, without the slightest idea of the conclusions which people would draw, or else—

Either, Connie interrupted him sharply, he would lower his voice or he would leave the studio at once. And as she was not a fool, he could draw any conclusions he chose! Her voice, the expression of her face, were startlingly like Charley Cooper's.

DAVID HUNT'S strength returned with the rapidity of youth. Connie had been with him for ten days when the doctor permitted him to get up.

"Naturally you'll go home now, Connie," the doctor said, severely.

David, his eyes intensely blue in his thin white face, stared belligerently at Dr. Burgess.

"Naturally," assented Connie.

The doctor shook hands with David. "I'll be in again, of course, but you're safely out of the woods now, my boy."

Connie sat thinking. Home? She had had an opportunity to sell the lease of the apartment and had done so. Temporarily she was storing the few personal belongings for which she cared in this overcrowded little studio. Home?

David Hunt looked crossly at her, as the doctor closed the door.

"Look here," he demanded, gruffly. "Have you got any money?"

"Not much," said Connie. "Have you?"

He laughed. "Do I look as if I had? Rent on this place is due next week—a hundred and thirty francs. God knows where I'll get 'em."

"I can give you that much, all right," she said.

"Say, what's the matter with Miss Stetson's nose?" asked David. Connie tried to be impersonal as she studied Barbara's perfect face



They looked at each other, taking mental stock.

For two weeks, she had bought his food, his medicine, his coal. For two weeks she had taken care of him as though he were her child.

"Gee!" he said, and ran his fingers wildly through his thick hair, "I've got to get to work!"

"So have I," said Connie.

The tea kettle was boiling. She got up to turn down the gas, and he rose and took both her hands in his.

"Say—I like you an awful lot!" he said, huskily.

Connie did not look at him. Her open, childlike eyes were confused; she felt a strange, helpless feeling, almost a dizziness.

"I'm going to make a lot of money some day!" said David Hunt, still holding her hands tightly. "I'm a good painter. Gee—I'm awful good!"

Her eyes met his steadily, now. "I know you are," she told him. She had examined his canvases closely, thrilled by what she saw upon them.

He laughed, exultantly, at that.

"Say—why don't you just stay here with me?" he demanded. "You haven't any other place to go, anyway, have you?"

Stay here—with him! Connie looked about the square room. If she stayed,

she could keep it clean and bright for him. He needed taking care of, even when he was well. One could see that.

His eyes had not wavered from her face; there was an excitement, an eagerness burning deep in them.

"All right," said Connie, as she released her hands swiftly, and walked a little dizzily to the stove.

"Want some tea?"

"All right," David echoed. He had not moved, but now abruptly, he turned his back upon her and began looking through his canvases, scattering them about.

Connie's heart was pounding and she was glad that he had turned away. He had never, in the slightest degree, thanked her for what she had done. He had accepted it all, as he accepted, now, the fact that she was going to stay. And she liked him like that! She adored him! She made the tea, setting out cups and saucers with fingers that trembled.

"Tea's ready," she said.

Tea and brioche, set on a table for two.

He stared at it; then he looked up at her and laughed.

"God, I've been lonely!" he said. "I didn't know it!" He put out his arms and folded her into them. "Gee, I'm crazy about you, Connie!"

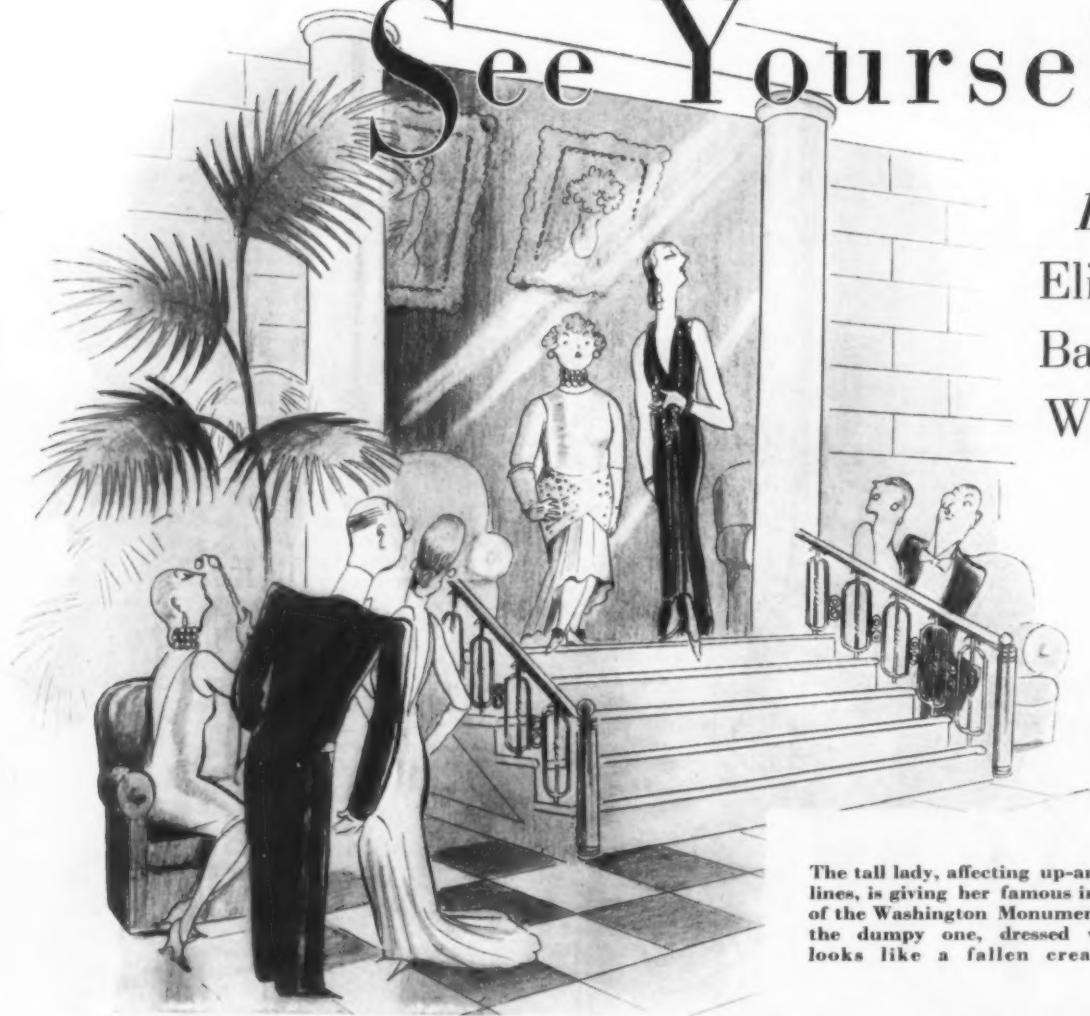
She looked up into his face, bent close to hers, and she had never been so happy in all her life. Her mouth quivered, and as her eyes misted with tears, he bent over and kissed her lips. For a long time they stood so, clinging to each other. Then he held her off from him, at arm's length, and looked at her intently.

"To-morrow morning I'm going to [Continued on page 130]



See Yourself

By
Elinor
Bailey
Ward



The tall lady, affecting up-and-down lines, is giving her famous imitation of the Washington Monument, while the dumpy one, dressed wrongly, looks like a fallen cream puff

If Clothes Lines, to You, Are Only Ropes to Hang Things On, Then Heed This Timely Warning Before It's Too Late

SOMETIMES, in spite of all my sympathy, I lose all patience with women. Every girl and every woman in the world wants to be attractive, and yet I think that when some of them look into their mirrors they must be struck with a strange kind of blindness.

Just the other night I went to a very smart supper dance at a magnificent Park Avenue hotel, one of the favorite rendezvous of New York's dancing *haut monde*.

In the grand ballroom, with its hundreds of mirrors, its glittering chandeliers softly shaded in rose, there were lovely women in ravishing gowns, handsome men, seductive music, gay laughter, perfume and flowers.

My escort was a charming and talented young artist and I should have been in the very gayest of moods. Yet when I looked about me, when I saw what some of these lovely ladies, many of them my friends, had done to themselves, I became so impatient that I wanted to take them out into the dressing rooms, one by one, and box their ears.

Tall women who looked taller, short women who looked shorter, fat women and thin women, nice round homely women—all dancing, it is true, but all looking just exactly what they were and nothing else. If they could only have seen themselves as others saw them!

IT WAS all so tragic and so useless that I determined then and there to tell you how to avoid the same mistakes that were so inexcusably made by my friends in that gathering of the socially élite.

I took my young artist escort into my confidence, and the sketches which illustrate this article were made right there, in a secluded corner of that brilliant, crowded room. And, judging from what we saw there, we knew just how these same mirror-blind ladies would appear in their street clothes; so we have sketched those for you too.

Now every woman knows, or ought to know, that by the use of certain lines and certain angles, by the deliberate use of materials in the right way and the proper choice of colors and of fabrics, she can so change the contours of her figure that it will appear to have a certain symmetry and grace, even if, in actuality, it be—as the French say—an *haricot vert* or a *champignon*—a “string bean” or a “mushroom.”

By the same token a woman can exaggerate her worst features and distort her best ones, merely by the unwise choice of line in garments.

So I am going to tell you what these magic lines are, where to find them and what to do with them. With just a little study of lines as they appear in clothes you can do about any-

as Others See You

The proper lines for a stunted lady, who began smoking at 12. The vertical line will help her look less like a midget and more like a voter



Avoid this round-the-torso type of thing, short women! You are very apt to be mistaken for a Pomeranian in its winter jacket



The horizontal line will help this lofty sister get away from the Woolworth Tower motif and become just part of the scenery roundabout her



How the tall woman should not dress, if she does not wish to be greeted by small boys with the cheery cry of "Hello, High Pockets!"



thing you wish to in the way of altering and improving the appearance of your figure.

A LINE is anything—any detail of draping, design, stitching, fold, pleat or trimming—that arrests the eye and that the eye will follow. For our eyes are lazy things, really, and nine times out of ten they will follow a line without ever bothering about what is underneath it or where it is going.

Lines from top to bottom, straight vertical lines that run from your hat down to your feet, are those which lengthen the figure to the eye and make you appear taller and thinner. These are the very lines you must avoid if you are tall and thin, and the ones that you should cultivate if you are short and plump.

Lines that go across the body, horizontal lines, are those which cut the figure into halves or quarters and consequently make it look much shorter and stouter. These, then, are the lines to be sought by those who are tall and thin—and avoided like the plague by those who are short and fat.

But lines are not confined alone to frocks and gowns. Far more important, in some cases, are those which frame the

GIRLS, get a line on yourselves! And if you can't figure out what's wrong with your picture, let Mrs. Ward be your mirror. Address her at SMART SET enclosing return postage and a full-length photograph, if possible, and she'll be only too glad to start your lines going in the right direction

head and face—the lines of your hat, the way you dress your hair, the cut of your neckline.

The shape of the crown, the direction of the trimming, the width and sweep of the brim—all these determine whether a hat has a side-to-side movement of line which shortens and broadens, or an up-and-down movement which has the opposite effect.

The cut of the neckline, too, either broadens your throat and face or slendersizes them; and whether you wear your hair high on your forehead and flat at the ears or low on the forehead and fluffy at the sides will also determine the short or long appearance of your face.

I saw at that dinner dance a dear little auburn-haired thing, not more than five feet three—which by the way is the exact height of Gloria Swanson who, by the careful choice of her clothes, always looks so tall and queenly on the screen. But this plump, red-haired child not only wore a dress quite short in the front and trailing on the floor in the back, but in her anxiety to look tall she leaned quite definitely backward. I could think of nothing so much as a proud little golden bantam weighted down with a peacock's [Continued on page 125]

ROMANCE IS COMING

*So Says HELEN ROWLAND, And
What She Knows About Men,
Women and Love Has Given
Her the Right To Call Herself
“MRS. SOLOMON”*

*By
Charles B. Driscoll*

ONCE again, I believe in Romance. I have had my faith renewed. It has been my fortunate privilege to spend an afternoon with Helen Rowland.

She has written about men and women, about love and marriage and divorce for years and years, for an audience that never was small, and now numbers millions. She has written sympathetically, yet often with a light touch and a mocking smile. She has put her finger on the weaknesses of men, and has not spared the foibles of women.

Helen Rowland has written of love and kisses and marriage and plighted vows for a cynical generation. She has written millions of words on these ever-interesting subjects in the daily and Sunday newspapers, in magazines, and in books.

I was prepared to find Helen Rowland cynical.

She lives in New York, and New York is said to be a cynical city. Many of my friends in the big city speak lightly of love and marriage, and not a few speak bitterly. You know the tone. The import of it is that love is a biological fever that rises in youth and is cured by marriage, and that there is no true love and no marital felicity outside the old-fashioned novels.

I thought the writer of "The Sayings of Mrs. Solomon" would surely tell me that the world has outgrown love; that Romance is dead, and that the World War opened the eyes of the world to the flummery of it all.

This is what she said:

"Romance is coming back. The hard cynicism of the post-war days is melting away. Young people once more know that they are hungry for real love, and they are not afraid to admit it."

To say that I was a bit taken aback is to put it mildly.

"The flapper," Miss Rowland continued, in answer to my questions, "made a great to-do about the facts of life, the breaking down of barriers and the right of women to be as free and as coarse as any man. That was a phase of post-war psychology. It happens after every great war. It leads to a rather sad state of affairs. It takes much beauty out of life."

"But those days are definitely past. The world is fed up with vulgarity and the steely defiance of decent conventions.

"The boys, I believe, were the first to miss the delicate flavor of Romance. They grew tired of flapper manners and bored by that indelicacy that so many girls used to consider smart.

"So we are getting back to decency and good breeding and to a normal state of affairs, where the man and woman who believe in love and marriage may live serenely and happily."

Back

HELEN ROWLAND is herself essentially a serene woman. She comes of old Virginia stock, and though she has lived long in New York, the Virginia heritage is still dominant in her personality. Behind the exterior gentle manner, you sense a calm spirit and an intelligence that is cognizant of the world's ignoble aspects, but refuses to exaggerate their importance.

She loves to write, and to writing she has given most of her days and much of her energy. Her articles have been syndicated all over the country. She has written six or seven books, and now conducts a newspaper column daily, besides a good-sized feature for the Sunday section. She still does other writing, and has plenty of time to enjoy an interesting circle of friends.

When in town Miss Rowland occupies a sunny apartment in a residential hotel that towers above its neighbors on lower Fifth Avenue. Her summers are spent at her country home, a twelve-room house, facing Long Island Sound. This estate is one of her most absorbing hobbies.

Her voice is subdued, and her conversation quietly humorous.

WE TALKED about marriage, of course. Helen Rowland knows marriage through personal experience and through years of keen observation.

"We all need the companionship that should come with marriage," she said. "We need it all the time, and the older we grow, the more we need it."

"It isn't altogether a matter of sex need or biological craving, as the post-war iconoclasts would have had us believe.

"We need someone to share life with. Someone to run and tell things to.

"It is human to crave the society of someone before whom and to whom we can talk freely about ourselves.

"We want a sympathetic companion of the opposite sex to whom we may tell in perfect confidence all our joys and sorrows, all our little triumphs and all our failures. This is a most important aspect of married life.

"What does it matter what we achieve in the eyes of strangers? A very little achievement will do if we have an understanding mate who will be proud of us or sympathetic with us, according to our needs. You can't get much satisfaction out of telling your troubles and your triumphs to a cat or a dog or the postman.

"I believe in the old-fashioned marriage, for better or for worse, for life. Of course, it is a help to know that two people who hate each other are not compelled to live together. But if a boy and a girl are taught that marriage is for life, and that they will be expected to make a success of it in spite of little disagreements and unpleasant interludes, I believe they will pause and consider sensibly before marrying. Much marital unhappiness and divorce are the natural consequences of the feeling on the part of boys and girls that marriage isn't much of an institution anyway, but that it is all right to try for a while."

"The first years of married life are not the best, by any means. I believe that marriage is most sweet after it ripens. After the years of mutual adjustment come the years of mutual understanding and trust and comfortable contentment. Those are the years when happily married people reap the richest harvest of life."



THE secret of HELEN ROWLAND'S phenomenal success as a writer lies in the light touch and often mocking smile with which she cloaks a deep seriousness. She has charmed a cynical generation, but her knowledge of men and women goes too deep for cynicism

Quite naturally we fell into a discussion about unhappiness among married women of mature years. There was mention of the strained, tense look that is observable upon the faces of so many American women, especially in the big cities. I asked Miss Rowland what, in her opinion, is the cause of this discontent, restlessness and apparent dissatisfaction with life. "I believe," she replied, "that the stepping husbands are the cause of much of it. Those middle-aged husbands who step out with the girls. They feel the years slipping past, and they suspect that they may be missing something. So they part the sparse hair over the most obvious bald spots, and go to it. They have, if they are successful business men, plenty of money to spend, and there are girls who can't pass up such expensive entertainment. Then, too, success is an asset to a man who is out after younger women.

"The husband, in many of these cases, has been keeping in touch with the world and its ways through his business contacts, while the wife at home has been putting on weight or accumulating wrinkles—and maybe a bit of temper.

"The poor wife suspects or knows that her husband is stepping out. She takes some exercises, cuts down her diet, and tries a henna rinse. Then she goes down the street trying to act like her husband. It does give her a strained look, a hard mouth and a rather pathetic appearance. Can you understand?

"Another reason for this nervous tension and wrinkle-producing anxiety in American women is the struggle to keep ahead of the neighbors or the women in a set. It's what we used to call 'Keeping Up with the Joneses'.

"Women who have no other standards of excellence than such as are furnished by the monthly bank statement are dismayed when families in the same social or business set as themselves blossom out with bigger and better motor cars, more expensive furs or more tiresome trips around the world. They quarrel with their husbands, or at least are dissatisfied with their marriages, because other husbands make more money or permit their wives to show off more splendidly.

"This, of course, is worst in the cities, where women often make home unpleasant for husbands on account of the Joneses; and so the harried husbands go out to enjoy the society of

younger and pleasanter girls. And there you have the vicious circle that makes the divorce mills go 'round."

I ASKED her how she came to write so much about men.

"Well," she replied, with a happily reminiscent smile, "I was writing about women. I was working for a New York newspaper, writing in the office every day, and turning out millions of words about women. Mostly a light sort of fun-poking at the ladies.

"I took an armful of this stuff to a book publisher. Yes, he would make a book of it.

"But one day I went in with a stack of copy for the book, and a young man behind the counter said, 'Oh, some more stuff about women! Why doesn't anybody write about men? Does nobody know that there's a fortune waiting for some clever person who will poke fun at the men?'

"I went right back to the office and started writing about men. My first contributions on this wholly new subject were printed next day. I accumulated another armful and went back to the publisher. Sure enough, he took it. And that young man who was pained by so much copy about women started me off on a career of writing about men. I've been at it ever since."

Helen Rowland was reared in Washington, and all her girlhood was spent in the social world of an Army Headquarters. She knew and observed a great many army officers, their wives and friends. A good deal of her essential knowledge of men is attributable to her keen observation during those years of girlhood.

BEFORE I left, we switched back to Romance and the youth of to-day. "Oh yes," she assured me, "I know from the letters I receive, and from the confidences of girls and boys and men and women of all ages. Romance of the old-fashioned sort is blossoming again.

"Perhaps the news hasn't been noised abroad, but even here in New York there are thousands of girls who appreciate the company of decent young men who can ride for miles with a girl in a taxicab without moving their arms from a natural, restful posture!"

Always try to be the "guiding star" of a man's life, but never make the mistake of fancying that you are his whole planetary system.

Many a man has started out to "string" a girl, and gotten so tangled up, that the string ended in a marriage tie.

"Intuition" is what a man calls a girl's ability to see through him, before marriage; "suspicion" is what he calls it, after marriage.

If a man and a diamond are big and brilliant enough, one doesn't mind a few flaws in them; but, for some reason, Heaven knows why, a woman and a pearl are expected to be absolutely perfect.

E p i g r a m s A b o u t M e n

By

HELEN ROWLAND

There are only two kinds of perfectly faultless men—the dead and the deadly.

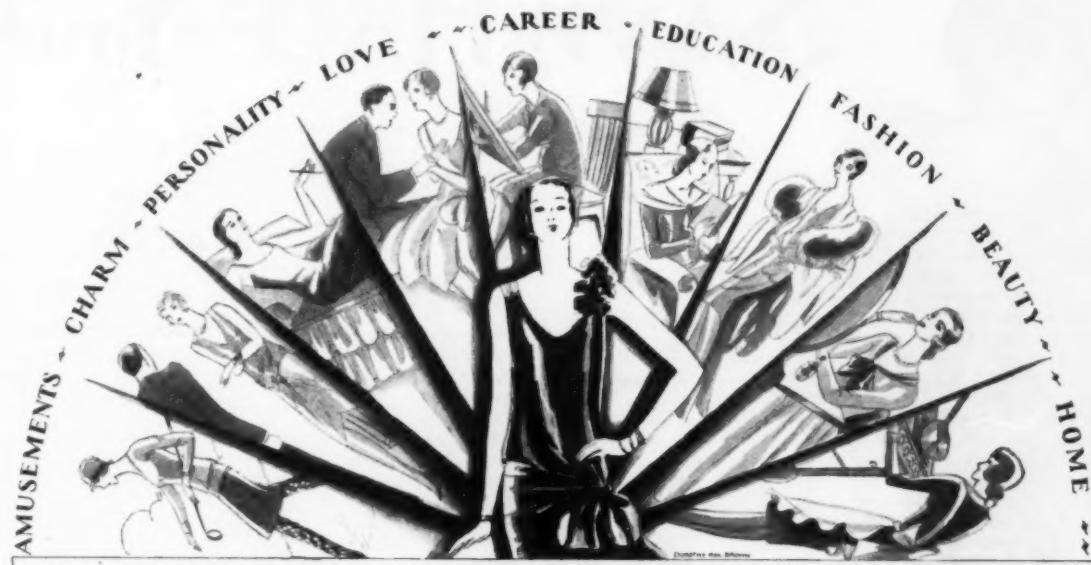
To be happy with a man you must understand him a lot and love him a little; to be happy with a woman you must love her a lot and not try to understand her at all.

Changing husbands is about as satisfactory as changing a bundle from one hand to the other; it gives you only temporary relief.

A woman flees from temptation, but a man just crawls away from it in the cheerful hope that it may overtake him.

Every man wants a woman to appeal to his better side, his nobler instincts and his higher nature—and another woman to help him forget them.

It seems so unreasonable of man to expect a woman to think straight, walk straight, or talk straight, considering that she was made from his rib—the crookedest bone in his body.



Smart Set's Service Section

WHEN SMART SET first advocated the idea, everyone said it couldn't be done.

"Find smart gowns priced under fifty dollars?" the fashion experts hooted. "Such clothes aren't produced."

Our girl friend, Georgia Mason, thought differently. Being young, she was quite confident she knew the kind of styles you liked. Gay, peppy things.

She spent hundreds of hours shopping. She thought she could get you advance models directly from the wholesale manufacturers.

That didn't quite work. She did get the models. Smart, inexpensive ones. But the wholesalers couldn't keep them in stock long enough for this magazine to make the newsstands. (When the calendar reads May to you it shouts July at us.) This quick turnover proved Georgia's fashion judgment but not much else.

But—and this saved the whole thing—you, our readers, began responding to these moderate-priced fashions. And the New York shops soon heard about your overwhelming response from their manufacturers. Result, they begged Miss Mason to work with them. They promised her they'd keep any model she chose in stock for at least three weeks after our publication date.

Thus, behold a new SMART SET service. Beginning this month, Miss Mason will purchase for you from Manhattan's finest stores any of the models she shows.

But may we, please, ask you to write early?

It wasn't alone a wish to be of more service that made us change our fashions. It was just SMART SET's aim to click with the tempo of the modern girl.

Girls buy clothes to-day to wear to-morrow and throw

Edited by

Ruth

Waterbury

away next week. Father buys the car with the same spirit. Uncle Ezra no longer plows the back meadow behind a team of oxen. Nor does mother still make her own soap. Thrift can be attained in wiser ways.

One of the oldest and smartest cosmetic firms recently repriced its whole line. Creams that had sold at ten dollars, lip sticks that had gone at five, suddenly appeared at two-fifty and one dollar respectively. Not quite so much, naturally, but the same high quality.

The firm admitted they had been forced to make that change or go bankrupt. Equally frankly they admitted that the young girl purchaser had dictated that course.

The American girl buys tons of cream and millions of lip sticks. But she uses them quickly and generously so that she may get the thrill of buying more.

EVEN such conservative firms as the silversmiths are feeling this trend. One of the most firmly entrenched is abandoning most of its old patterns to sponsor a new one called "orchid".

It's a beautiful design, but can you fancy an old dowager going in for flat silver so stylized or with so exotic an appeal? You can not. But you know immediately how youth will love it.

And one of the largest advertising agencies is about to get behind the real orchid industry to publicize these exquisite blossoms—which used to be the exclusive joy of the rich—so that they may be retailed at fifty cents to one dollar. Which tells its own story.

It's young women who wear orchids.



The trickiest evening dress of the season. Of crisp taffeta and tulle with jeweled straps and long lines, its bouffant overskirt can be detached and become a shoulder evening cape. Smart? Well, rather! In white, black or green, \$59.50

Courtesy James McCreery



I'M WORN out—really ragged—trying to be sensible for you. But it really was worthwhile, I think.

For with all the printed silks and springy taffetas, the doggy tweeds and the snippy, nipped-in coats, the dozens of darling blouses and gilets, the flattering new hats—what is a girl to do? You know how it is—you want everything you see in the windows in the spring, just because you're so doggoned tired of your dull, heavy winter things. Your "young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of love," but yours turns first to these charming new spring clothes.

This is where Georgia slips in and saves you a lot of agony. Reminding you that "fashion spring" is a short and fickle season, bursting full-blown into summer in a few weeks and then—where are you with your doggy tweeds and your spring coats and all your money gone? Just in no shape at all to face a long, hot summer!

But don't worry, I found the answer—in a few dresses and suits that are versatile—oh, very versatile. Two or three of

SAVE HALF Your

By GEORGIA
MASON

SMART SET'S Shopping Service

Georgia Mason has proved that smartness is no longer a matter of money. It's a matter of buying wisely. Because she knows how to find the best bargains in New York, and in response to hundreds of your requests, she will, beginning this month, purchase for you any models published here. For Miss Mason's Shopping Service, or for her advice on any fashion problem, write her, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St. N. Y.

them, and you have a really huge wardrobe, because they all do tricks and look like another new dress with no effort at all. Most of them are sensible for another reason, too; they will be good "in spots" all summer.

These are just tricks of wise buying, but tricks that put girls like you in trans-Atlantic news cables. I hope you didn't miss those headlines which announced to the world that the American stenographers on the Stimson Commission to England were unbelievably smart, well-groomed and charmingly mannered.

Even the staid editorial columns of our newspapers gave you their serious attention, saying, "The American girl knows what she can wear to the best advantage and she also possesses that inestimable feminine secret of how to wear clothes."

The nicest thing, though, he didn't mention—that we are learning more and more about these secrets all the time, and are learning economy, too! It does seem to be a feminine secret, for as one of our girls said in a letter, "Miss Mason, don't you think that clothes are awfully near to heart throbs?"



Usual Cost of Clothes

Smart Tips That Spare Your Purse and Double Your Personality

The answer to the thrifty maiden's prayer for a smart suit at a moderate price. Of very fine knitted wool, it has many style features—the bolero, the tailored pleats, the tuck-in blouse. Blue, green, red, purple or beige. \$19.50

Courtesy Stern Bros.

I turn that question over to you. And see if you don't agree with her when she adds later on, "Queer too, isn't it, what a superior feeling the right kind of clothes give the dumbest girls? You find them in every office and they seem to get along, simply because they feel that they look right and know it."

Evidently then, England and America unite in asserting that business girls can and do look charming, which settles the old debate—"Shall a girl suppress all feminine appeal in business hours?"

Unconditionally I answer—No. I never *could* see any reason why a girl should not carry into business hours that natural tact and graciousness which are truly feminine and are expressed as much in clothes as in manners.

Charming clothes, in perfect taste, with a dash of the feminine. Why not?

It honestly seems to me that the hitch lies in those two words—"perfect taste." The one big test for clothes for any occasion or any pocketbook. The Park Avenue "deb" does not shop in the morning in a transparent velvet dress, or lunch in a frilly, much too thin voile. Neither does the business girl of sense and taste appear at her job in any but the smartest daytime clothes—smart and right.

It's one way to get along in the world, whether your aim is a husband or a better job! Really, there isn't much difference between the appearance of girls these days, anyway! With magazines, shop-windows and newspapers to study, the busiest girl can know as much about clothes these days as a "deb" with all her leisure. And with inexpensive clothes so well "stylized" for us, there need not be much difference between your wardrobes—except in size!

Women and girls, even those with enviable incomes, are changing their buying ways—purchasing several dresses at



No hooks, no buttons, no collars to soil, a material that's wrinkle proof. Isn't this an ideal dress for a busy girl? Very chic, too, in "broque", a new knitted fabric. All pastel shades. \$19.50

Courtesy Stern Bros.

pleasant prices instead of a few at painful ones.

A business acquaintance, head of an important manufacturing firm, told me a joke on himself. His wife came home one day after the stock market crash had led him to suggest a little immediate economy, and said—"Jack dear, I've just bought six new dresses." Being Irish, he went up in the air, but she only laughed. After he had cooled down, she boasted that the six had cost only \$150.00 and that she was crazy about them all! Thus proving all over again that, "It is smart to be thrifty." Besides, you see, Jack likes it! Any Jack likes it!



Now here is an ensemble! Wear it simply as a one-piece dress, or tie on a skirt, or don a bolero, or both. Or drop the dress, add an extra blouse and evolve a plain suit. Fancy all that—for \$29.50. Black, blue or brown, dotted with white; dusty pink or angel blue dotted in black

Courtesy Stern Bros.

Granted, then, that purses and personalities are both important, what do you think of the little knitted bolero suit on page 69 that I have picked for you? It has lots of "style features"—the bolero, the tailored pleats, the tricky tuck-in blouse. As springy as possible, too, since it comes in grand colors—blue, green, red, purple and the ubiquitous beige. All this for a mere \$19.50.

And for the days when you want to "change your personality," all you have to do is to buy a few inexpensive gilets and blouses—frills for the day when you're gay and come-hither-ish, piqué for the day when you're full of pep and ambition, bows at waist and sleeve when you're feeling a little wistful and very feminine and perhaps thinking of the future in terms of something outside the office! Good under a top coat on cool April days, good by itself on warmer days, and

really good all summer for traveling and chilly spells, if you wear it with frills and linens.

Don't you feel exciting differences in yourself like that? Waking up one morning full of thrills, ambitions, animation—all the dynamic things! Choosing a dress that goes with that mood so that all day you feel "right"! These are the days when you get loads of work done, or make a new friend, or take a swell idea to the boss. Another morning, slowed-down, thoughtful, perhaps a bit worried about this difficult world. Taking down a different sort of dress, finding yourself another "Me".

Don't worry about these latter days—they're just as valuable. The kind when you think through some of your major problems, and appraise yourself and your friends, your clothes and your work. Take it to heart, girls. I'm talking sense



Are you purse proud? You can be, if you carry any one of these three models, and they'll save you cash. Note the braided handles. They're very new. The patent leather pouch, left, is \$2.95; the center bag with the ring, \$4.95; the black calf purse, right, \$2.95

Courtesy Lord & Taylor

when I say that personality doesn't mean just vivacity, exciting dates, lots of girl friends, and a way with the boy friends. It's more than that—and if you're a wise girl you know it. And you show it in your manners, your attitudes and your clothes!

Here is another dress to test our theory. The three-piece silk suit on page 70. This is a suit—one that will make it easy for you to be all things on all occasions. The smart polka dot dress is thoroughly right for town or country wear, spring or summer, office or home—and polka dots are very good this season. Paris says so. And what Paris says really seems to go, doesn't it? For here we are, wearing longer skirts, in spite of all the squabbling about them!

To the polka dot dress, add the bolero alone, and you've a little more snap and warmth. Add the overskirt and you'll have more sophisticated ways with you, I'll wager—and, incidentally, be very well-dressed for traveling or street wear. There is something in the idea that a coat of sorts stamps the smartest travel ensemble. Or—add a black petticoat and a delicately embroidered, frilly batiste blouse to the overskirt and bolero, drop the dotted dress, and you've a more dressy ensemble—with an added allure.

These fine, embroidered, frilled blouses have come back with a wallop—the "dressmaker's touch," the "feminine touch"—whatever you want to call it. There's some reason why "frills" and "feminine," "furbelows" and "frivolous," line



Right, a blouse for afternoon. Blue or white muslin with a soft, flattering frill. \$1.95

Courtesy Stern Bros.



An outline of blouses, to make one suit appear like a whole wardrobe. At left, a blouse for your frivolous mood. Of cotton mesh in eggshell, peach, maize, green, blue or white. Tied at sleeve and waistline with perky bows. \$5.95

Courtesy Stern Bros.

themselves up with their initial "f's," tempting the fashion writer to use them together! Such a fine blouse is expensive, but it's an extravagance upon which I shouldn't frown. And I'll even connive to let you know where you can buy one if you are interested.

PETTICOATS! Have you ever heard the word before? I'll bet you haven't worn one since you were "grown-up." For in the days of the boyish bob and the boyish figure, slim slips or sketchy bloomers were all you needed. Now you have to put a little more thought and material on yourself! For suits with light blouses demand petticoats. There is nothing less aesthetic or less practical than a light slip under a dark dress or suit. Bloomers alone just won't give the proper swing to these new skirts; they must swing and swish and not hang limp.

So I recommend a petticoat, cut on wrap-round or circular lines, very smooth around the hips. I have found four for you—a wrap-around of crêpe de Chine for heavy suits or skirts; a slightly flared one with a yoke and scalloped edge; a ducky two-in-one, just the most convenient garment imaginable—panties and petticoat in one. Any of these for \$3.98 in black, white, beige, or pastel. And for \$2.98 a very good buy, with a double hem [Continued on page 92]

Taffeta belongs in your spring wardrobe. It wears beautifully. This frock with its quaint collar and skirt ruffles and little cap sleeves, in black or blue, is an excellent investment. \$39.50

Courtesy Lord & Taylor



Tailored white piqué blouse, \$1.95 from Lord & Taylor. Three hats shown, imports of wool and straw and very chic. \$12.50

Courtesy Saks—34th St.

A polo blouse for sports in white, light blue, yellow or violet jersey. \$2.50

Courtesy Stern Bros.



SMART
SET
SERVICE



Organize Your Cosmetic

LAST month I wrote an article announcing that I was going to review cosmetics as they appeared on the market—going to tell you what I liked and didn't like, and whether or not I thought the various brands on display were good buys for you.

Well, I thought I'd get some response from you all, but I certainly never expected as much as I got! You just made it a little old field day in my life, proving that I had been right, and that you did want that kind of information.

But one thing I did notice—the same sort of thing I noticed months ago, really, when I wrote on make-up—and that was that so many of you haven't much idea of just what things a girl should have to always appear well-groomed.

So, being nothing but a girl who aims to please, here I am making out for you an inventory of the things you need to look your loveliest at all times.

Wherever you go there's always some girl who starts you thinking, "How lovely she is! I wonder how she does it!" She may not be your type of person at all; yet you catch your breath and watch her with admiration and envy. She may be a tall, fragile, willowy creature, dancing under soft lights at the Biltmore; or she may be the healthy, ruddy-cheeked tennis player who has about her a subtle aura of sweet cleanliness and the faint perfume of an exquisite powder. She may represent any degree of wealth or social position, this especially lovely person—but it is her grooming and her well-cared-for skin that command your attention.

The world is apt to wax romantic about beauty, believing that a chosen few girls have the gift of good grooming. That is not true. Every last one of you can, on occasion, appear with a lovely complexion and sleekly dressed hair. If, for a dance, a tea, a bridge or a special date, you are not satisfied with your appearance, you can chase off to a beauty shop or a hairdresser. That is all very fine, a splendid idea. But if you *always* depend on someone beside yourself to keep you looking your best, you are bound to lose out.

The girl who is always a marvel of daintiness and beauty, as I have written so many times, does a great many things *for herself*. It is so easy for her—and for you—in this day and age, when every drug store and department store is filled with the simple things that bring loveliness within your reach. But since so many of you are a little confused about where to begin, when to begin and what to begin with, I am going to make this article a rulebook of beauty care. I'm going to describe for you just what the cosmetic shelves of the lovely, well-groomed girl should hold. It will be a little tour of the

*An Inventory of Beauty
Indispensables for the Girl
Who Makes her Personal
Loveliness a Fine Art*

dressing tables and bathrooms of young women who have achieved exquisite grooming.

Cleansing is so important that I'm sure all of you have experimented with soaps and found just the kind that suits you best. Perhaps you'll want two or three kinds of soap, especially if you're fussy when you're tired and want a warm bath that is really luxurious. Then, of course, you'll use bath salts, too; if not every day, at least on special occasions. If you like a shower bath add a touch of mild perfume by using a dash of toilet water.

Some of you whose skins tend to be oily may prefer soap and water alone for daily cleansing. This is just dandy if you can get away with it. But a good cleansing cream is indispensable to most of us, particularly if the skin is dry. Cleansing cream, and cleansing tissues give the skin such a smooth and pleasant feeling, especially if the cleansing cream is followed with a patting on of a skin-freshening lotion. This dissolves any of the cream and dirt on the surface and leaves

Beauty and Brains

Modern beauty is no longer a secret. It's a system. Do you know the best method of keeping yourself perpetually fair? Mary Lee can help you. She has a free booklet on Care of the Skin, another on Diet and Reducing. Or she will be glad to send you personal advice on any beauty problem. Address Miss Lee at SMART SET, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply



A wisely stocked cabinet of cosmetic aids can do more for a girl than the best profile in the world. For beauty is no longer a matter of arbitrary rule but the product of individual creation

and Toilet Article Shelves

BY

MARY LEE

the face tingling. These lotions are mildly astringent.

Of course, you will want your favorite shampoo, too. So let's say that the well-stocked cosmetic shelf contains in the way of cleansing preparations: soap, cleansing cream, cleansing tissues, skin freshener, bath salts or toilet water, and a shampoo and tonic for your hair.

When it comes to make-up, there are so many lovely things to choose from that I suggest a really complete assortment of rouge, powder and lipstick. For daytime you will want merely a rouge which seems to bring a perfectly natural flush to cheeks and lips that need color. But for evening parties, especially if you are an exotic type, I think a little brighter rouge is desirable. Any shade you choose should be used with discretion, so that the effect is never pronounced. The same general rule applies to eye make-up. Use it if you like the effect, but don't overdo it.

Many girls use some sort of foundation cream or lotion. If your skin is oily a good vanishing cream holds powder perfectly. Some types of foundation are adapted to all sorts of skins, but it is always best to try several types until you get the best effect.

There are so many shades of face powder that your own special preference should be quite easy to find anywhere. Liquid powder, by the way, is one of the handiest things on a dressing table. It covers little temporary blemishes and is indispensable for evening. It doesn't rub off on your clothes and should be used on neck, arms and back when you wear a low-cut frock.

The girl who is always beautifully groomed must have a number of powder puffs—and she must keep them clean. If there is anything that tends to clog pores, keep the face grimy and oily, it is a powder puff that is not clean. If you must economize on your beauty things, don't choose powder puffs. It's bad beauty economy.

A well-kept skin is only one part of beauty. There is, for instance, the care of the teeth. America has for many years been noted for the clean white teeth of its people. The dentists and dentifrice manufacturers have pretty well con-

vinced us that neglect of the mouth and teeth leads, not only to unsightly appearance, but to unpleasant breath, local pain and actual illness.

For beauty and health, then, every girl must have her toothpaste or toothpowder. She should also have a good mouthwash and use it regularly. She should have several toothbrushes, good ones, and they should be replaced as soon as they begin to wear out. Rubber massage brushes for the gums are beneficial and stimulating.

The well-stocked cosmetic shelf, as we have found, contains a great many *little* things. Perfection in small details depends on the use of every one of them.

The care of the hands requires thoroughness and good taste in selecting manicuring essentials. Of course, you must have little nail scissors and cuticle scissors—but, paradoxically, you shouldn't have to use them much. Filing nails with inexpensive emery boards specially made for the purpose is about the best way to keep them at the proper length. Have plenty of orange sticks and cotton for cleaning nail tips and applying liquids.

I've found that a few orange sticks near the bathtub are handy for cleaning nails and pushing back cuticle at a time when it is easiest to do. The nails are more pliable when freshly wet. Cuticle remover should be used daily to keep cuticle from getting ragged. As for polish, you'll have to make your own selection. Think of your hands as part of your personality and polish your nails with liquid, paste or powder, scented and colored as best suits you.

A good nail brush, like a toothbrush, should always be at hand. If you like to use a buffer rather than buffing your nails in the palm of the hand, there are beautiful little buffers in toilet sets or simple ones made for usefulness.

The nails, like the hair, are an outgrowth of the skin and respond to treatment in an amazing way. Lovely nails are impossible without daily attention and a thorough manicure at least once a week. In much the same way, daily brushing of your hair, with a good shampooing as often as every week or ten days, if your hair is a little oily, adds ever so much to beauty.

So far I've tried to enumerate standard equipment, without which no cosmetic shelves are wholly complete. The cleansing things, the make-up things, the manicure things, the dentifrices. In the cleansing things I included your shampoo.

Now, if your skin is always in perfect condition and you have no interest in exquisite perfumes and such like, you may be able to keep yourself well-groomed [Continued on page 126]

A Four Hundred



That Paris touch
—a dress of white
with a black stripe,
topped with a
sleeveless jacket
of red flannel



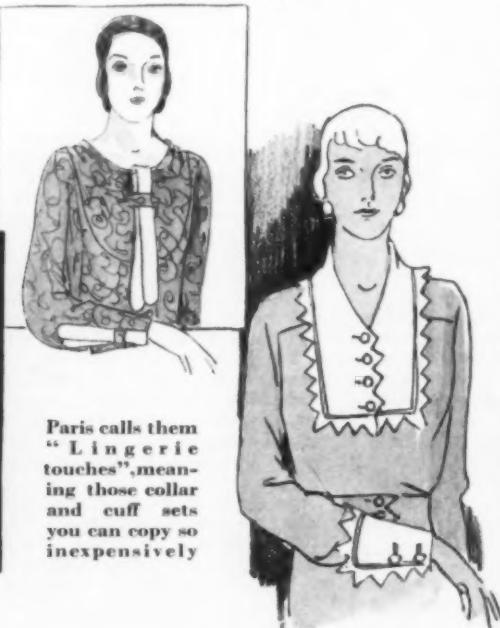
Only linen, but
how smart!
Dark blue linen
makes the coat
and skirt, while
light blue makes
the jumper

SMART
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The French excel
in little things.
Who else would
design a detached
bertha to slip
over the head?



Paris calls them
"Lingerie
touches", mean-
ing those collar
and cuff sets
you can copy so
inexpensively



By

DORA LOUES MILLER

Sketches by

FANNY FERN FITZWATER

THE other day I had a call from one of our SMART SET readers who was here in Paris, and remembering that the Service Section had a Paris branch came to me with her problem. I am going to let her tell you about it, just as she told me.

"I haven't any clothes. For two years I have been too busy to think about what I was going to wear, and have just sort of made anything do. Now, while I am in the center of all style making, it seems to me the logical time to really get together the clothes that I should have. There is nothing left over to consider. I want to give away everything I have and start fresh with new ones when I get off the boat.

"You see, I have discovered that it doesn't pay to be too busy to think about my clothes. I have found that other girls, who somehow managed to have time to do their work and still think about their clothes, have been promoted ahead of me, though I am sure that my work was just as efficient as theirs. Just before I left on this trip—indeed, that is why I am now in Paris—I had a long talk with our personnel director. I hadn't started to make a complaint but just asked her why I wasn't showing as much progress in the firm as I should.

"And she told me. She said that I was apparently devoted to my work. But that I was so buried in details that I didn't seem to have any vision beyond them. She spoke of my appearance, which she described as 'neat, but not style-conscious.' And between us, we decided that my brain needed a whole stock of new ideas, just as my closet needed a new supply of clothes. And since I haven't been thinking about clothes for so long, I feel just a little lost. Will you help me?"

Of course, I don't need to tell you my answer, or with what enthusiasm we both went at the job. And this is what we finally decided on. One very good tailored suit and two others, one in silk and one in jersey. A dinner dress, a separate silk dress that could be worn in the daytime, hats, shoes, underwear, bags and the little frills that helped her to make a change in her frocks that made them seem like two or three different ones—and a respectable

Dollar Paris Wardrobe

Directions from France for the Girl Who Has Nothing to Wear

amount of powder and rouge and cold cream. The only promise I exacted from her was that she would remember, each season, to plan her new purchases to amplify the original wardrobe, which had been planned as a whole, with the idea of the addition of things that belonged and were not extraneous.

The best part of the story, and the one that I think will interest you, was that the outlay for all we got was less than four hundred dollars. And I am sure that there are not many other of our SMART SET girls who must have everything—from the skin out.

Yet there is some similarity in your case and that of the girl who came to Paris, because the decided change in silhouette has made you feel that last year's things just oughtn't to be worn, that they are too definitely "left overs" and so are inclined to make you look out of the picture when you have them on.

Before you start in to get your spring clothes, look over these left-overs very carefully. Very often there is a way of bringing them into the picture. If there isn't a hem, see if a yoke can't be introduced in the skirt that is too short. If it's a coat suit, very often you can have a blouse with the new normal waistline and a peplum below that will give you the length you want. Printed dresses can often be combined with a plain material that matches one of the shades and a little cape, which is the newest wrinkle, or tiny matching coat, added.

Now for the new things that are illustrated here this month. Some of them belong to the wardrobe I told you about. Others are not the same design but serve the same purpose, and are from the new summer collections. Let's look at the pictures.

The stunning new suit from Patou is in marocain in tilleul green with the short jacket that all 1930 suits should have. The tucks around the bottom of the coat and the cuffs make it definitely part of the skirt with its inverted pleat in the center and the shallow box pleats all around. There is a blouse of the same shade with a double strapping around the neck. M. Patou suggests for a change [Continued on page 128]

What's a wardrobe without a black and white dress? For originality, Ardanse combines white crêpe with black print



Suits are back, front and all around the mode this spring. Patou designed this green marocain ensemble

Dresses do double duty this year. Example, a georgette dress to be worn with or without a coat, with its skirt panel either front or back



Simplifying Marriage

HERE'S altogether too much flub-dub published about marriage ceremonies.

Too many girls think they must be married in an aura of white satin, ancestral lace, old diamonds, bridesmaids, picture hats, flower-banked altars and million-dollar grooms.

This is all very well for the girl born with a platinum spoon in her mouth and trundled from childhood in a Rolls-Royce. She may have this kind of a wedding, if she wants to. It will cost thousands, but what matter? Father foots the bill.

But for the girl who hasn't a rich Dad, or even has to pay her own bills, it's tremendous nonsense. Worse than that, it is really an absurd, pretentious gesture that spoils the spirit of a day in which material considerations should never intrude.

A wedding should express romance and beauty and tenderness. Too often we make it the mere expression of one desperate dollar after another.

I know the girl about to be married grows suddenly etiquette-conscious. Up to this most important occasion of her life she may have pooh-poohed etiquette rules and have looked upon etiquette books as jokes. But as a bride she wants everything absolutely correct.

I blame no girl for this attitude. It's charming and it's right. Yet the most successful wedding ceremony is not the elaborate one or the inexpensive one but the ceremony that is a real expression of the bride herself.

I am an inveterate wedding-goer.

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During the last year or two I have seen weddings of every description—from one in a Cathedral where two bishops officiated and the bride, groom and everyone in the wedding party had titles, to the one in a dusty courtroom before a justice of the peace, with myself and the janitor of the building acting as witnesses and sole guests.

Between these two extremes were scores of others—one of the very opulent Park Avenue type; one an army wedding where the bride and groom marched out beneath crossed swords; one on shipboard with the bride suffering from seasickness; one in Vermont, near the Coolidge birthplace, with a bride of eighty and a groom of eighty-three, and the wedding of an aviator where Lindbergh himself dropped flowers on the bridal pair.

In addition to all the weddings I have attended in person, each year I attend hundreds by proxy, through the advice I give by mail to prospective brides. During April and May the letters pour in.

"I'm going to be a June bride. Tell me how to plan everything."

From northern Wisconsin comes this urgent plea: "I'm going to be married next month and I have never seen a wedding. Please help me."

Another girl writes, "I am the daughter of a clergyman, so of course I will be married in church. I want to walk up the aisle with my father. [Continued on page 129]

By HELEN HATHAWAY

who will send you information regarding any point of etiquette which may puzzle you. Address Miss Hathaway at SMART SET, enclosing that inevitable stamped, self-addressed envelope without which none of our department heads can function

*Fame and Favor
Await the Girl
Who Learns How
to Serve a
Whole Meal on
a Single Dish*



One Plate Dinners

A VERY efficient young newspaper woman of my acquaintance recently invited one of her fellow reporters to her apartment for supper. They had been friends for years, but this was the first time she had ever thought to serve him food.

"Who cooked this heavenly meal?" the reporter asked. He'd consumed it down to the last crumb.

The girl blushed. She had always talked exclusively of her work and books and plays.

"I did," she confessed.

"But, my dear," he said, "you never let me know about this domestic side of yours. Why it's—it's—well, for once in my life, I'm out of words."

"I've always been ashamed of it," the girl said. "Don't hold it against me, Bobby."

"Hold it against you? Why I want to marry you," Bobby said. And three months later he did.

This being a true story, which I personally watched happen, it makes me wonder how many otherwise intelligent girls are hiding their love of food, their interest in cooking, and their pleasure in hospitality under a lot of silly chatter.

Don't be ashamed of being interested in food. Everybody's interested in it and the more educated and cultured you become, the more the small delights of flavor and taste please you. And of course that old, old adage about food and men's hearts still holds good.

Yet, despite all of this, I'm per-

SMART SET SERVICE

fectly aware that many a girl, when she thinks of the dishes that must be washed up after a meal, feels social success and even a possible husband hardly make up for all the kitchen work.

So just to prove it can be done, I've devised some meals for you this month that, with the exception of the dessert and the preliminary appetizer, can be served on one—count it—one plate.

You know what that means. Time saved. Temper spared. Space conserved. Oh, all sorts of virtues. And maybe a home run in the end!

Try this menu:

Caviar Canapes on Caviarettes	Tomato Juice Cocktail
New Potatoes with Peas	
Broiled Lamp Chops with Kidney	Asparagus Salad
Poppy Seed Rolls	Orange Mint Sauce
Strawberry Shortcake made at the table on Waffle Iron. Served with Ice Cream	
Nuts	Candy

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

This tomato juice cocktail may be purchased in a container shaped like a real glass cocktail shaker. Some people like it plain. Others add a shaking of celery salt together with one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Still others prefer a dash of worcestershire sauce or mushroom catsup, seasoned to [Continued on page 127]

By MABEL CLAIRE

who is a simply swell answer woman when it comes to helping you plan meals, work up recipes or give a new tang to the old hash. For first aid, write Miss Claire in care of SMART SET'S Service Section. Envelope, stamp, etc.

The Party of the Month

By Edward Longstreth



White Wigs and Whoopie

THIS month's party is the answer to a reader's prayer. One of our public devoted to the art of bigger and better whoopie, wrote in and asked for a Colonial Party.

Putting on our white powdered wig and plum-colored satin waistcoat, we went to the Early American wing of the Metropolitan Museum and sat gazing at pewter and mahogany furniture until we were touched lightly on the forehead by Dame Inspiration in a poke bonnet and farthingale.

It was she who told us that the decorations for a Colonial Party may appropriately take any one of several lines. For instance, there are the patriotic symbols—pine trees, serpents, and mottos like "No Income Taxation Without Misrepresentation."

The early colonial flags were often yellow and dark green, or red, white and blue, but *not* in equal proportions. These make good color schemes and the former would be quite novel and attractive.

Those who have an antiquarian interest may go in for bows and arrows, tomahawks, feathers (eagle, not horse), tiny log cabins, ship models, parchment place cards, pewter and sundry other rustic effects.

If the hostess is a regular bloodhound for tracking down appropriate detail, she can serve quite an original menu of refreshments. Some of them (alas! and hells bells) are no longer easy to procure. To be specific, the diet of the colonists was very simple though in some respects superior to our own. The stern Puritans, the pacific Quakers and the gallant Cavaliers, all shared with equal approbation this fascinating diet: tea, bread and molasses, Jamaica ginger and rum, smoked ham, bacon and vegetables,

to say nothing of fresh-killed venison and choicest wild fowl.

Unfortunately, most of these pioneer tidbits are practically unobtainable now, but the really ingenious hostess can find suitable substitutes for the ginger and rum. The venison and fowl can be faked by staining your problem to a sympathetic

butcher in the nearest chain store; the greens and such things we have always with us. Bacon-and-lettuce sandwiches on whole wheat bread, vegetable salad and fake venison sandwiches (thin slices of rare steak with a dash of mustard) would make an excellent colonial supper.

The fascinating thing about parties of this sort is that they are adjustable to several occasions. With a twist or two of a few details the whole thing can be turned into a Midway Carnival Party. When it comes time to serve supper, simply have at one end of the dining room a long, clean plank resting on two soap boxes.

Two boys in aprons stand behind the board and a good ballyhoo artist attracts the "patrons." The boys have handy stacks of bread—white, whole wheat, rye—and a bowl of butter, some mustard and dishes of sandwich ingredients, such as sliced ham, sliced cheese, lettuce and so on. Have the boys get the lunch counter lingo down pat so that when a guest orders a sandwich they can call out the signals for that kind of sandwich in the code really used in

the "quickies." There should be plenty of pickles, olives and hard candy about—perhaps some cider, and a pretty girl at the coffee urn.

But to return to our original Colonial scheme. The Colonial Party may be a costume party if the guests come dressed as Indians, Puritans, Quakers, Cavaliers, [Continued on page 105]

Can You Be Queen of the May?

If you can substitute a word ending in "Rain" for each word in the list below, and have your list complete and correct before anyone else in the crowd within 15 minutes, then you have the right to be crowned Queen of the May.

For example, for the word "showers" you could substitute "Rain".

Then what words ending in "rain" can you substitute for the following:

1 tension	7 intellect
2 seed	8 conduit
3 infiltrate	9 get aboard
4 wrench	10 stanza
5 condition	11 compel
6 desist	12 check

This makes a good game for your next party; or you can play it alone.

(The winning words will be found on page 105)

Copyright 1930 by Edward Longstreth

By
ETHEL LEWIS

Have you a yen to be your own interior decorator? Ethel Lewis will assist you with advice on anything from beds to burlap. Send a stamped, addressed envelope, please.

SMART
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HAVE you looked at your windows this spring? Do you think they are in need of new attire or a little freshening?

There are so many fascinating things that can be done to make windows more attractive. Selecting the right treatment for them can be as much fun as selecting a new frock.

There are many points to consider before you start to shop. Are the curtains to be formal or informal, long or short, with a valance or a cornice or plain, with or without glass curtains? Then come the questions of color, of texture and of pattern.

These things should be decided before you begin to look for materials. No longer do we rush out and buy "some curtains for the living room" or bedroom. They are such important parts of the decorative scheme that they require the greatest thought. They must be quite right for the room if it is to be a truly charming one.

The kind of room you have should determine the style of curtains you use. If it is formal and rather severe, then the windows must be treated in such a way as to harmonize.

Long curtains of rich fabrics are suited to the formal room, while gay flowery chintz,



A chintz shade, a matching valance, white drapes of dotted Swiss. What could be sweeter for a room with a view and you?

whether made long or short, is more in keeping with the small informal room.

If you want long curtains and a stiff stretched valance, then you must select the materials which are suited to that treatment. They may be damasks or satins, richly-colored hand-blocked English linens or certain heavy cretonnes. But if you want short curtains with a frill for a valance, then you must choose small patterns in chintz or light-weight taffetas and semi-glazed percales. You have any number to choose from.

There is a good bit of discussion right now as to whether a valance is correct or not.

Sometimes it is quite right. Then again there are places where it is cumbersome and quite unnecessary.

Fads and fancies should not influence you so much as the size and style of your own particular room.

If you have high windows, the horizontal lines of the valances will tend to lower that height and to make the room seem more unified. On the other hand the straight lines of colorful curtains hanging at either side of a group of windows tend to pull the eye up and give the room the appearance of being higher than it really is.

Each window is a different problem that must be worked out according to the conditions in [Continued on page 103]



Have you a little organdy in your room? Draped close to a bright window, it is chic and sunny.

Your Own Room

*Dressing
Windows
Smartly*

*Flora Learns, to Her
Sorrow, That There's
No Fool as Dangerous as An Old Fool*

MONEY!

MONEY!

FLORA TOWERS had always been rich until her father's sudden death—which occurred almost simultaneously with his second marriage to a member of the demi-monde. Annette, the second wife, hated Flora—and, as the result of this hatred, Flora was left stranded in Algiers. The first blow of poverty was followed by a second—for Andy Court, the penniless man of her choice—apparently deserted her. Her only friend, in her hour of need, seemed to be Haagen—a rich and unscrupulous bachelor. On his suggestion Flora went to America and entered on a career as dancing "hostess" in Dream Garden, a night club. Here she met an old roué named Oessler, and a rich young waster named Maston.

In the meanwhile, Andy Court became secretary to Annette Towers. Apparently he had joined the other camp—really he is finding a way to follow Flora to America.

* * *

Annette's was not the only letter handed to Haagen on the

"I suppose," said Oessler, "that I'm spoiling your effect. I suppose it's too early in the evening for kisses!"

Palazzo Capri at quarantine, before he set foot in New York. Among the pile was a respectful little note from Bettine, giving him Flora's address, with restrained comment on their mode of life, and the appalling squalor of the whole business. "If it were not that I know you are coming soon to help us, I could no longer endure," Bettine wrote.

Haagen smiled.

He had a decidedly tempting Newport invitation for the first few days after his arrival. He decided to accept it, but, first, to see Marcus. So he telephoned to the Pole. Marcus was somewhat inclined to archness.

"Oh yes, Mr. Haagen. My place is still going strong. Oh yes, your little friend is dancing here every night. She has



By

May Edginton

Illustrations by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

She said excitedly: "Come below and have a drink. Have some supper. Tell me the news." He was highly entertained by her competent metamorphosis into the commanding queen. Whereas, before, her thoughts had followed men's moods, now she dictated. She had her arm through his, was looking dazzlingly into his eyes.

THEN Haagen saw, approaching them among the other dancers, a high head, fair as tow. He saw burning gray eyes under thick fair brows, and a chin that seemed always set for fighting. He couldn't believe that this was Annette's yacht, in Newport harbor, and that on it—tailored as well as any man, arrogant as any man—danced that shabby, desperate pauper, Andy Court.

Annette made an imperious sign and the couple stopped. As soon as Haagen's eyes found him, Andy's eyes, down half the length of the deck, had found Haagen. Before he had brought his partner to a stop before them, he was looking over her polished head into Haagen's eyes.

They were like two enemies of the wild, sensing each other, and armed in a moment. Annette introduced them. The moment during which the men waited for each other's possible disclosure was infinitesimal. It passed. They nodded acknowledgment, and then Haagen and Annette went below.

"Isn't all this just de-vine?" said Annette on a hectic note of jubilation.

Haagen's mind was on Flora; he had come over for Flora primarily; for business secondarily, and not for Annette at all. But he enjoyed watching her owning the yacht, the staff, the company at large. He lifted his glass. "To your triumphant eyes, Annette."

Her answering laugh was full of deep excitement.

"Life's de-vine!"

He answered, according to custom, in a caressing undertone:

"So're you."

"No. You've never thought that, William." There was a tinge of resentment in her tone.

"You don't know what I've thought of you, Annette."

"Guess I've known. Well, who cares? There's at least one somebody who does think me everything that ever was wonderful."

He thought to himself that he had never seen Annette coy, coquettish, girlish, before. This mood in her amused him intensely. He waited for more.

"Didn't you see, when I stopped him dancing—"

"The fair fellow?"

"He didn't mind being stopped, did he? Oh, he just watches

made many—" a slight hesitation—"acquaintances. She is not used to the work, of course. May I have the pleasure of seeing you at my place for supper, to-night?"

Haagen wanted to give himself that pleasure very definitely, but put it away from him. If Flora should hear of his arrival first from Marcus, might she not wonder a little why he did not rush to see her? He answered coolly, "No, I am engaged. I have business. And I'm going down to Newport in the morning. You might mention to Miss Towers that I inquired about her."

Annette's frankly welcoming letter amused him. It was Flora on whom his thoughts were set, but it was to Annette he went the second evening after his arrival.

It was eleven o'clock when Haagen got out to the Mermaid. The yacht was lighted from stem to stern. He stood aside, until Annette, extravagant with vitality, came by on a wave of the perfume that she always over-emphasized, and caught at him.

"William!"

He regarded her.

"My dear, how wonderful you are."

me around everywhere! He's wild about me, you know!"

"Let me see," said Haagen, his surprise at seeing Andy Court followed now by an exquisite irony of appreciation of her abounding egotism, "his name is Court, did you say?"

She nodded.

"My secretary."

"Your secretary!"

"I found him in Naples."

"In Naples? Really?"

"Here, a crowd's coming down for champagne. Let's go in this corner. Yes, in Naples. He knew the yacht was there, and was trying to get Cecil to recommend him to a job he knew of, and then—when he found what had happened to my poor Cecil—he got at me."

"Very intrusive; tactless at such a time, wasn't it?"

"Oh, my dear! He's a marvel of tact! Of course he made some excuse about knowing the inside of some business about my stepdaughter's investments, and wanting to tell Cecil about it; but that was just an excuse to get at Cecil about this job, whatever it was. And when he came to me—he dropped all the camouflage about Flora pretty quick—then of course I said, 'Well, if my poor husband would have helped you, I naturally feel I ought to; and I want a secretary,' and here he is."

Haagen remained grave. "You haven't heard from your stepdaughter?"

"Not a word. Why should I? Is she my affair?"

"But certainly not! And if you want to locate her for any reason, possibly this Mr. Court knows where to reach her?"

"He does not! I've found that out."

HAAGEN had his theory of affairs provisionally complete. The young fortune hunter had been quick in ingratiating himself elsewhere—and "elsewhere" had actually meant Cecil's widow, Flora's own stepmother. The present Andy Court would not wish—unless such were pressed upon him by Haagen himself—to claim any previous acquaintance with him. That Sorrento story might come out, and then Annette's jealousy would indeed be roused. The young opportunist had been glad to avail himself of Haagen's careless generosity of forgetfulness when they were "introduced" just now.

But then Haagen's mind fastened for a brief second on this point: that Andy Court had really come near to killing him in that momentary madness at Sorrento. And his madness of rage had been on Flora's account. "Still," Haagen thought, "frustration would account for that, added to the way he had begun to hate me." And sardonically, "We're all murderers at times. Well, he wasn't long in blazing a new trail."

Presently Haagen watched Annette dancing with Andy. He decided to stay on here in Newport for a few days and carefully dissect this new situation. Here was Andy Court, untamed-looking as ever, and Annette adored the untamable man! Haagen told himself, "He can still marry the Towers money, if he has a mind to do it; and I suppose he has."

There was, though, another possibility that grew in Haagen's mind during the days that followed; days in which he saw Annette several times; met her at dinners, dancing at the Club, or swimming in the scantiest and most fragmentary of backless suits. Almost every time Andy Court was with her. On these occasions Haagen became definitely aware that,

just as he was watching the young man, so the young man was watching him.

The possibility was, Haagen thought, that young Court would like to know Flora's precise whereabouts.

Court tried to speak to him once about it, Haagen was sure. They were swimming, Haagen and Annette. Andy, diving from the yacht, followed them, overtaking them stroke by stroke. Annette thrived through with pleasure at the thought that he was jealous. She turned and swam away from them, inviting them to pursue her. The two men were side by side for a moment, and Andy had begun, "Look here, I've got to know," but he went no further, for Haagen was after Annette.

"You're not going into town till we do, are you, William?" Annette said meltingly, one day. "We're going to drive up some night, Billy and I—and Andy, of course. Come in with us."

Haagen parried this carefully. He grew more and more impatient for Flora; and at the end of the week he suddenly told his man to pack his bag. He left a letter of excuse and a sheaf of orchids for his hostess, and took an evening train back to New York.



Andy Court and Annette were together most of the time. It was hardly a business relationship. People said, "He could still marry the Towers money if he has a mind to . . . "

He had a keen feeling that he had given Court the slip. Haagen arrived in New York at midnight. Too late to find Flora at Dream Garden. Now a great desire for haste in finding her—no matter how considered, how calculated, his delay had been—caught at him. All his actions concerning her had been so considered, so calculated, that this headstrong desire was all the more overwhelming. He put up at a famous club, and in the morning telephoned to that little flat in the West Seventies whose address and number Bettine had so dutifully sent to him.

IT WAS Bettine's sleepy voice that answered him over the wire.

"Oh, M'sieu, it is you! Ah, M'sieu, we are having terrible life! When shall we see M'sieu?"

He asked shortly: "Is Miss Towers awake?"

"Oh, M'sieu, how can I say? Mademoiselle is away for the week-end."

"Away!"

"Away, M'sieu, in West-chest-ter. I am very glad you come, because I think mademoiselle need a good friend."

"I'll be round to see you, Bettine, about twelve o'clock."

Haagen smiled to himself ironically, but his irony did nothing to lighten or ridicule his imperative urge to see Flora. Had he been too slow in following her? Of course, he had known that there would be other men. He had counted on them. They were to have been so many arguments in his own favor. He had counted also on her aloofness, her inexperience of struggle, her habitual disdain of alien crudities. He had considered that three weeks—no, it was four, five, six—would

show her the specter which she had never before encountered, the specter of fear. But—was her aloofness already put aside, her disdain conquered?

He had wakened early, the idea of ringing up the apartment in the West Seventies persisting in his consciousness even through sleep. He dressed and after breakfast took a taxicab on to Bettine.

So, this was where she lived? The murky heaviness of his mind cleared a little. This was where she had to endure life? Good! The flat was near Columbus Avenue; the clang and roar of the overhead railway; the clang and rattle of street cars, must penetrate all day. The apartment was a very small ground floor portion of a shabby house. Bettine, looking incongruous there, opened the door to him.

He followed her into the bed-sitting room—the room of the convertible divan—and looked around.

"Very comfortable here," he said benevolently.

Bettine broke into a storm of protests.

She vowed that never, never in all her experience had she encountered conditions so terrible. Soon her heart would be broken. Soon her lady's heart would be broken too. She showed him the tiny place.

"Here mademoiselle sleeps, here on the divan that you now see. I—I am to content myself with a place where a lady would not keep her dog if she could avoid. I bear it only for you, M'sieu, because you promise me to come and save us."

"I did not exactly promise that, Bettine. I said I might come," he corrected her suavely.

"And I—I knew that you would come, M'sieu."

Haagen smiled at her. He liked the perspicacity of her black witch's eyes examining him from the round moon of her pale face.

"In the small ice-box, M'sieu, which is all our larder, all our stores, is the provision until to-morrow. I could show you. No? I assure M'sieu we starve ourselves. For you see—"

"What do I see?"

"Mademoiselle is saving money to pay back what she owes to M'sieu. An impossible task—but mademoiselle, she know nothing of money—she does not quite realize that yet. She will do', when I really explain to her how we are in debt."

"In debt?"

"I cannot manage on the amount mademoiselle give me."

Her round moon-face shone with a smile. Her clever eyes snapped.

"I daresay not, Bettine."

"I buy things on the instalment. I must have an electric vacuum cleaning machine, and other things. Me, I cannot scrub even for love of my lady."

He took out his note case, handed her a twenty dollar bill. "For yourself, Bettine. For your devotion to Miss Towers."

"And to M'sieu!"

He smiled again. She looked back at him demurely.

His tone changed as he came curtly to the imperative object of his visit.

"Where exactly is Miss Towers gone?"

"I tell you, M'sieu, to West-chest-ter."

"Well, but how? With whom?"

"Ah, M'sieu, with an elderly gentleman who appears to be very wealthy indeed. A Mr. Oessler. Does M'sieu know the name perhaps?"

Haagen's mind swept through: "Ferdinand Oessler. His cousin, the Chicago Oessler. And Elms Oessler." He said abruptly, "Oh yes. But which?"

"This gentleman [Continued on page 134]



By and About Women

"**T**HERE are so many things a woman can do that a man can't. Why not do them and let the men do what they can?"—*Mrs. Pearl Peden Oldfield, Representative from Arkansas.*

"**A**LL the overtones of life are from some piece of literature or other."—*Jane Cowl.*

"**A** woman can get all the experience she needs right in her own home if she is energetic and positive."—*Henry Ford.*



"**T**HE most beautiful sight in the world and one of the rarest these days is a woman doing up her back hair."—*Charles Webster Hawthorne, Artist.*

"**M**ANY working girls here (Moscow), where divorce is to be obtained almost for the asking, change their husbands three or four times a year . . . One young Moscow girl reported that she has been married sixteen times in a period of three and a half years—an average of one new husband about every twelve weeks."—*Boris Smolar in N. Y. World.*

"**A** WOMAN should carry her companionship with her husband even into sartorial domains. She should freely allow him to act as censor and select as well as pay for her clothing."—*Kathleen Norris.*

"**I**T IS a wonderful thing that so many children have been born since Prohibition became the law of the land."—*Mrs. Ella A. Boole.*

"**I** AM very modern except in one regard. I love to dance to American jazz. I love this 'mechanical age'. But when it comes to marriage I am old-fashioned."—*Amelita Galli-Curci.*

"**L**ET a man do as he likes and keep his stomach full. Never argue with a man because he is always wrong."—*Mrs. W. Walker, after 72 years of married life.*

"**T**HE love relationship is likely to be more stable if the couple are not too similar and not too different."—*Cavendish Moxon of Oxford University.*

"**I** AM not one who would warn girls away from Hollywood. I repeat that what we want is fewer of the kind we have been getting and more of the kind we should get."—*Cecil B. DeMille.*

"**T**HERE'S no more boyish form now, you know. Plump girls are coming back."—*Helen Kane.*

"**T**HE secret of getting on with a husband is to let him have his own way. Just let him do what he pleases and he will live long and happily."—*Mrs. O. A. Blackmer, after 78 years of married life.*

"**Y**OU may stone me if you will—but it's my conviction: As soon as man can again pay all the bills, we women will gladly give up our independence."—*Frau Kaethe Bruse, Famous Berlin Doll Maker.*

"**H**AVE you ever known a really practical woman? I have not."—*Benito Mussolini.*

"**T**HE life of an American business woman is the happiest life I have ever known."—*Grand Duchess Marie.*

"**W**OMAN'S greatest handicap to-day is man. The modern woman will soon be able to live her life independent of a man. A man is the millstone about the neck of the high-spirited woman of 1930."—*Miss Eldridge in Camden, N. J. Courier.*



"**W**OMEN must cease being so lady-like. They must learn to fight."—*Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

"**H**OW does Mussolini know that women legislators change their minds half a dozen times during the debate upon a bill? He knows nothing about it! His assumption is an ignorant one, born of prejudice."—*Mrs. Philip Snowden.*

"**T**HE powder compact is one of the foundations of the American home."—*Mary Day Winn.*

"**I** AM not a wit at all. Only a hard working woman, who writes for a living and hates writing more than anything else in the world."—*Dorothy Parker.*

"**E**VERY old-fashioned safeguard has been taken from the modern girl. Everything that surrounds her is emblematic of danger. Yet what are you women doing about it?"—*Former Judge Alfred J. Tally.*



"**I** REALLY never care for a man who has over ten dollars."—*Anita Loos.*

"**I** F I married Wales, I should have to love him a great deal, for I would have nothing else. England is a finished country. There is nothing there for a queen to do except open bazaars and hospitals and preside at formal functions. I shouldn't enjoy that. I want work."—*Princess Ileana of Rumania.*

"**I** BELIEVE that the theater is keeping away our best audience, because the wise seem to be the poor, who cannot afford to go."—*Eva Le Gallienne.*

"**P**RESENT at the royal wedding in Rome, the A. P. says, were 'three kings and two queens, two former kings and three former queens.' Gamblers will observe that the second full house was picked out of the discard."—*The New Yorker.*

"**E**IGHTY-THREE women out of a hundred dress to conceal some line or curve they do not admire in themselves."—*Elizabeth B. Hurlock, of Columbia University, after fashion research.*

"**I** F YOU are worried about the depravity of modern youth, just go off in a quiet corner and think about your own. And yet most of us are fairly decent citizens now."—*Representative Franklin W. Fort.*

How to be CAPTIVATING

BEBE DANIELS, one of the most fascinating of motion picture stars, says there's one essential charm . . .

HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—a beautiful skin—*clear, soft, smooth*.

How ALLURING in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential*!

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up."

"THAT is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

"Lux Toilet Soap," she concluded, "is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth."

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who give their skin regular care with Lux Toilet Soap. Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . .

Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky

smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap. Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

So enthusiastic are they that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with their many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. You will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.



Photo by E. Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in her luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom in Hollywood.

"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin, have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin *smooth and lovely!*"

Bebe Daniels



ANNA Q. NILSSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "Leaves my skin like velvet."



SALLY BLANE, Radio Pictures' star, says: "It's a wonderful soap."



BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star, says: "It keeps my skin superbly smooth."

LUX Toilet Soap

*First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢*

Working Wives

[Continued from page 21]

in the art. Fighting for her elementary school education, fighting for her personal freedom, fighting for the right to live her life the way it seemed life must be lived, fighting for her place in the world.

Yet now Harvey was asking her to give it up. Didn't he see that her work, and the philosophy she had about it, was the theme song of her whole existence? Harvey, with his understanding and sympathy—couldn't he understand?

He could not. As the days dragged into weeks, Marian knew he could not understand.

THEY had no conversation after he left the penthouse home, but Marian wrote Harvey one letter, asking him if he wanted to see his son. He replied, in a cool formal note, that he did not want to see little Harvey at present. He would inform her when, if ever, he did. Marian held little Harvey close to her, reading that letter. How Harvey must hate her, if his hatred swept the child in, also!

There were practical problems. Marian discussed them with Ethel in a lifeless voice, as if it mattered not at all which way they were decided. What should she tell little Harvey about his Father?

"Just say he has gone away and will come home," advised Ethel. "The boy is too young to remember long."

"He asks me every night," said Marian pitifully.

"He'll forget," Ethel predicted.

Whether he forgot or not, it did not spoil the contour of little Harvey's days. He was more interested in Gertrude, his nurse, than in either his father or his mother.

Marian debated giving up the penthouse apartment. When she came into it at night the vision of Harvey was too strong. Harvey used to get in before her—made it a point to arrive home at least ten minutes earlier than his wife, so he could tease her with the fact that she worked more slowly than he.

It was hard to have to come in now,

fling her hat on the table, swallow her accounts of the day's activities, go in to kiss little Harvey good night, sit down to the dinner table, alone with her memories of other dinners. It was expensive, anyhow, to live in this apartment which they had chosen for little Harvey because it was so sunny. If it had not been for Marian's foolish hope of Harvey's return, she would have given up the apartment at once.

Harvey settled the penthouse question himself. He sent her a letter saying he would continue to pay his share of the rent and the living expenses of the child. Marian and Harvey had had all their expenses tabulated, budgeted, and evenly divided, as soon as they were married. He knew what his part of the monthly bills would be. He enclosed his first check in his letter.

Marian's impulse was to send it back at once. She wanted no aid from him.

But, with Ethel as her mentor, Marian compromised with her impulse. She wrote—(How silly it seemed to write, when his office was three floors above hers at Smithton's!) that she had remade the budget, on the basis of her new salary, which was larger than the old one. Therefore his check could be reduced. She knew the remainder of her new salary would hurt Harvey. She told herself she did not care about his hurt, and her tears blotted the notepaper so she had to recopy the letter.

NEITHER she nor Harvey told anyone in the office about their separation. But Miss Martin, her secretary, who had always disapproved of Marian's use of her maiden name, when everyone knew she was really Mrs. Harvey Bunner, suspected that something had gone wrong. Miss Martin came into the office, one day, while Marian was refusing a dinner engagement.

"I'm sorry," Marian was saying, "but I don't make engagements for Harvey any more. You will have to call him yourself."

Miss Martin gasped audibly, and across Marian's face surged a wave of color. Of course Miss Martin talked. She talked

in the retiring room at the noon hour.

"I think my young lady and her husband have run into trouble," Miss Martin said. "I knew she'd stumble into a stone wall one of these days. No man can stand a wife who is over-ambitious. You can't get away from that. It's a law of nature."

"Will they get a divorce?" chorused the stenographers.

Miss Martin shrugged.

"They'll get something or other," she promised vaguely. Then leaning forward confidentially, she added: "She'd better watch out, that's all I can say."

"Watch out?"

Miss Martin nodded wisely. "It don't do to let success go to your head. Many's the one who's been up, only to go down."

Oddly enough, it was Miss Martin's veiled references to a future disaster, rather than a past one, which traveled through the store.

Into the attitude of her associates there crept an almost solicitous strain. For a long time Marian did not notice it. She marched down halls, walked through salons, talked with her girls, oblivious to everything but the ache in her heart. She watched out of the corner of her eye for Harvey. She wondered if ever again she would have the old zest in her work.

THIS has been a popular number, but the tailored model with the flat bows sold better last season."

The girl who said it almost patted Marian on the back, consolingly. No regret about a new model could have put the note of pity into her voice. Why was this girl sorry for her? How dare she be? But anger would not rise out of Marian's numb emotions. She regarded the girl's vapid face calmly. So her girls were pitying her! Why? But it did not matter.

One day, in the executives' lunchroom, Marian met Harvey. He was sitting at a table with two other men. One she knew was in the advertising department, but the other was a stranger. They were laughing as she entered. The sound of Harvey's mirth was like a swallow of brandy. Her ears tingled with it.

Harvey caught sight of her almost immediately. She was alone. The advertising man greeted her effusively. Once upon a time they would have pushed their chairs around and asked her to sit down. To-day Harvey's face became grave in a flash.

"How do you do," he said.

"Hello."

She walked past his table to one off in a corner, where her face was hidden from Harvey and his friends. Her cheeks burned. She was so dizzy she could hardly sit down.

Then, for the first time since Harvey left, she questioned what she had done. Sipping clam broth with an effort, for her appetite had fled with the sound of Harvey's masculine laughter, she said to herself: "Marian, would you be happier with Harvey and without your job?"

Happier, she reminded herself—not happy, for she knew to be happy she must have them both. Only, how obvious it was to her now that she could not be happy with her job, without Harvey!

Yet what could she do? If she went to Harvey and offered to resign now, he would say politely, "It is too late. You have chosen my successor."

Besides, how awful if she made this new choice, only to find it worse than what she had now.

Marian went to Lakewood, at Ethel's suggestion, when she discovered she had



Today's Virtue

*to read this amazing
story of a girl who,
gallantly and alone,
faced the greatest
crisis in a woman's life*

**START
Now**

dandruff is inexcusable!



Note to Medical and Dental profession:

When prescribing a mouth wash for germicidal purposes, please make certain that it is a germicide; and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

a pleasant way to get rid of it

Annoying, unsightly, unhealthy—dandruff! How it repels others. How quickly it betrays you as a careless person.

Why put up with loose dandruff when full strength Listerine will rid you of it? Thousands of women are enthusiastic about Listerine used this way.

Simply douse Listerine on the scalp full strength and massage vigorously. Within a day or two, you ought to see marked improvement. Of course, if you have a stubborn case, it will be necessary to keep the treatment up several days. If your hair and scalp are excessively dry, use a little



olive oil in conjunction with the shampoo.

Listerine first removes and dissolves loose dandruff. Then it cools and heals the scalp. And since it kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, Listerine automatically checks any infection that may be present. This is important in connection with dandruff since many dermatologists declare dandruff to be of germ origin.

Get a bottle of Listerine today and use it. See how much better your hair looks, how much better your scalp feels tomorrow. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

shampoo with **LISTERINE**

lost twelve pounds in a month. She strolled in the pine forests. She breathed fresh, clear air. She thought how lucky she was to have little Harvey, anyhow. Her cheeks turned pink. Then she came back to Smithton's and Harvey's proximity, and despair seeped into her heart again.

She found herself recalling the early days of their romance, memories she had stored away for years! The automobile rides on Long Island, when they were getting acquainted and had talked of their childhoods, their struggles, their dreams for the future; the picnic lunches out on Fire Island, when Marian was a slim sunburned flapper in a daring red swimming suit, and Harvey, big and lazy, watched her play on the sands like a fond parent with his favorite child. The boat trip to West Point, when Harvey kissed her while the orchestra played, "Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl." Then the first night before their own fireplace.

Ethel tried to prod her into interest in her work, unhappy Ethel, who could not rid herself of the notion that in some way she was responsible for Marian's misery because she had not persuaded her friend to resign from Smithton's.

"Nonsense," scoffed Marian. "No use resigning until you have to."

It was the next day she passed Harvey in the corridor without seeing him.

Like a figure in one of her own painful dreams, Marian had walked close to him and, detached from her world, had not even been conscious of his presence. Her white face, above a dull blue gown, was heavily touched with shadows. She walked unsteadily, not briskly, as Harvey had seen her first march across the main floor of Smithton's. The confidence, the power, the "zip" had gone out of Marian.

When she entered her office a few minutes later, a voice followed her.

"MAY I come in?" it asked, and Harvey stood there, his brown eyes almost hidden under downcast lids, one shoulder raised higher than the other, his mouth wryly smiling.

But he said: "I have not come as your husband."

She sat down in her chair at the desk, almost cringing behind its familiarity.

"I have come," continued Harvey, talking stiffly as if against his will, "as a fellow worker."

"Won't you," asked Marian ridiculously, "sit down?"

He was here, in her office. He had come to her. That meant he still loved her. Now she would not let him go!

He shook his head. "I am not staying. I came only to warn you."

If he did not love her, why was he suffering? How could he be hurt by someone he did not love? Marian's heart pounded.

"A fellow can't sit by," said Harvey, "and see good material wasted. You know I have always given you credit for being a good business woman. I have admired you because you knew your job. In fact," and his expression now was openly hostile, "I know your job rather intimately myself. It succeeded me in your affections."

"Oh, no!" breathed Marian.

"Let's not be dramatic." His voice was so strained. He did care! "I am a good loser. I thought I was more important than the job, but I wasn't, and I can take it, in my own way. I should have known better in the first place, I suppose. But now, having lost, I hate to see you lose my successor."

"What do you mean?"

"I have heard rumors for weeks about how you have changed. I have heard the big bosses say you were not up to scratch. I thought at first the rumors were lies, told

to please me. But when I saw you to-day I knew. And I felt that I could not watch as you ruined your future. As one ambitious person to another, I had to come and tell you that you are headed in the direction of failure. Failure! For you!"

He stepped toward her, almost boyishly.

"Buck up, won't you, old girl? Get down to earth. Certainly you don't want to lose your job?"

Marian looked up at her husband through tears. "Yes," she said simply.

His astonishment was real. "Yes?"

"Yes!" repeated Marian. "I want to lose my job. I want to lose everything, anything, but you."

In silence they looked at each other, each afraid to speak.

"But your job?" asked Harvey, and his voice was thick.

"It's not enough without you."

"Do you mean—" he held back his joy with difficulty—"do you mean I really am more important than your job?"

With her arms around his shoulders, Marian tried to explain.

"Nothing, nothing is important without you. But the job, dear, was you. It was your faith in me that made me do whatever I did do. Did you imagine I could succeed without that faith? Don't you know I need you in everything I do?"

She ran her hand through his hair.

"I'll resign to-morrow."

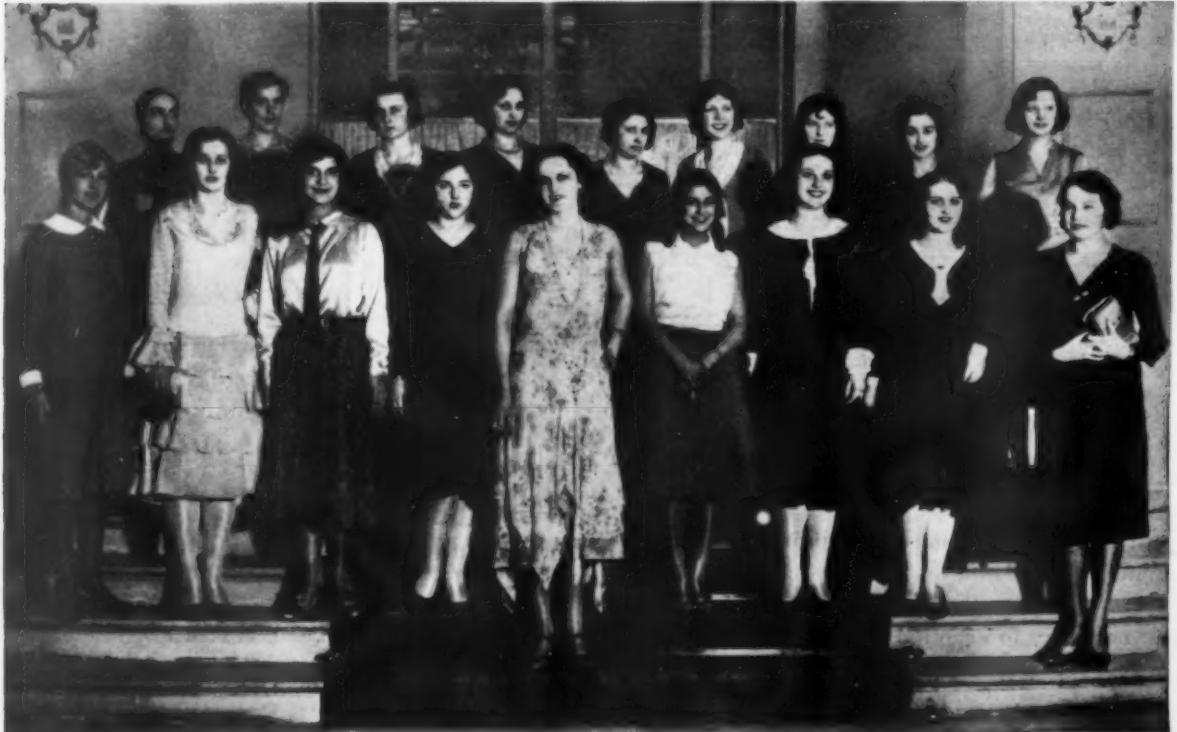
Harvey shook his head.

"You'll never resign," he told her, brokenly. "I didn't understand, Marian."

"You forget," she sighed, "I may be asked to resign, after the fizzle I've made without you."

Harvey's arms tightened around her, made her strong. He said:

"Oh, no! We'll move ahead now, dearest, in time, together!"



Puzzle Picture: Find the most beautiful girl in Europe. No, not that one. Note the lass in the front row, third from the left. She's Alice Diplaracos, eighteen, of Greece, and she was chosen as "Miss Europe" from among these prize winners of the various Continental countries, when the girls met in Paris recently



April Showers
by
CHERAMY
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PARIS

Paris brings you three after-bathing necessities that preserve the vitality, energy and exhilaration of your morning shower

*Eau de Cologne 30¢ to 13.75 the flacon
 Talc 25¢...Dusting Powder \$1.00*

Pat a few drops of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your just-bathed body. Thrill to its shock, its vigor, its stimulation. Your skin, your nerves, your very being are awakened, refreshed, revitalized—and prepared for the soothing, cooling touch of Cheramy's Talc or Dusting Powder, as you prefer—both of velvet texture, softly protective, petal smooth, and delicately fragrant with the seductive spell of Springtime in Paris—April Showers (Ondées d'Avril).

The Business of Sex in Business

[Continued from page 35]

these in the offices of old? They just weren't. Thus far women have bettered business and secured their independence in dress. They are not nearly as secure in acting as they like, or in being what they choose to be. The fear that animated Hattie twenty years ago, of so offending a man that he will stop giving her business, makes many a young woman accept advances she does not like or want.

The end of that little story is illuminating. Pin-pricked by Elizabeth the prim, Gray still sent for her regularly, although he never tried again to draw her to his lap. And Elizabeth knew the answer to that problem—the answer that in almost every case is correct:

RARELY IF EVER DOES A MAN LET A SEX REBUFF STOP HIS BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH A COMPETENT WOMAN.

Yet, if my confidences from young women are a criterion, she often runs away from him, foolishly. Foolishly, because in any event she can handle him; and in many cases he is merely using what he considers his male prerogative of "testing her out."

The "testing out" process is a masculine invention, and is used by men alone. Can you for one moment conceive of a woman heading a great concern, who would deliberately invite a man in her employ to dinner and theatre and then to try her wiles upon him—simply to see if he could be trusted not to succumb to the wiles of other women workers?

A FEW months ago one of my friends, a handsome statuette blonde with undoubtedly business ability and very little faith in men, came to me for advice.

"When I applied for a job," she said, "I was sent to Mr. Weston. He has always implied that it was his good word that got me my chance. He asks me to dinner often. I have gone twice. I don't like him, and I want to stop. But there is an excellent chance for me here and I want to stay. What can I do?"

"Turn the next two invitations down flat," I advised, "on the score of anything you can invent. Lie cheerfully but pleasantly about your own affairs—doctors, dentists, sick mother, anything. Then accept the third invitation.

"Just before the date call him up and explain that you can't keep it. Be profusely apologetic. If it is possible, make it something in the work that keeps you—if not, something outside; a study class would be good. If, as I suspect, he is not particularly interested in you as *you*, but only as an attractive young woman, he will stop pretty soon."

He stopped after the second emergency broke the engagement, and shortly after the incident my friend was promoted. She and I both feel that the invitations and advances were but tests.

Any woman in business can afford to rebuff an objectionable advance—but the manner of the rebuff will repay study.

A girl who is asked out to dinner by a superior officer (male) cannot get on a pedestal and preach to the perhaps merely lonely man who innocently asks her. But she can safely decline with tact.

She must learn not to see the hand that rests on hers, not to feel the shoulder that comes right in back of hers, the fingers that caress her arm.

If she is of emotionally inflammable material, either because of temperament or, as the scientists tell us, because of glandular

functioning, she will have a hard time of it.

NINETY per cent of the sex advances in business are made by men. The other ten per cent are made by two kinds of women who regard business as their happy hunting ground; both are seeking support, one via a marriage ceremony, and the other at any price.

The girls on the legal hunt are usually careful to at least let the male *think* he makes the advances.

Seldom do these ten per cent of legal and illegal man hunters achieve any success whatever in business, but sometimes a woman who has arrived at success falls from her high estate via the sex route.

One of the most noted pioneers among business women, a charming creature with rare ability, worked to the pinnacle of success in a manufacturing company of national reputation. Then she brought into the business, as a manager, a man who either was or became her lover.

Amid the difficulties that followed she found it wise to disappear, her career cut short and never to be resumed.

If it was worth the price to her, that is her affair; but no ambitious woman can afford to bring her lover, or her husband either—in my opinion—into her business.

As I was talking this matter over with a friend of mine who employs a large number of women in a high-class selling organization she objected, "Oh, I don't think girls have much trouble; they know how to take care of themselves."

I cannot agree. They know how to defend themselves, perhaps, against an assault upon their virtue or against the wiles of a seducer; but that is not the point.

The first is almost unthinkable in the business of to-day, although unquestionably it did occasionally happen a score of years ago. But as business is conducted to-day, surrender means an obstacle to advancement. Any girl who gives in to a man can bid farewell to a great business success. In the professions, particularly in the stage and screen work, I have known the chance for success to come time and time again through sex surrender to someone high in the field of direction. If success was finally achieved, ability was always present; but the chance to win success was gained in this way.

In no case that I ever knew or heard of have I found that true in business. Promotion in that field seems to depend upon ability and opportunity—and ability without sex complication is far more prized than ability with complications.

OCCASIONALLY I have found an executive who made his "sweetie"—selected from the attractive girls in his office—his private secretary, but invariably she remained his secretary. She never became an officer of the company; some other woman passed right over her head!

At a conference of professional women held last week about a luncheon table, someone voiced the opinion that many women were not working for themselves but for the *good will of the boss*—the old sex instinct of laboring for the approval of the male.

No one can visit business after business and see those pillars of modern commercialism—the expert women secretaries famed in play and story—and not give a reluctant assent to this truth.

Only too often the perfect secretary is a virginal devotee to a sentimental regard for her boss. She adores dusting his desk, keeping his personal affairs straight, order-

ing and selecting his Christmas gifts. Her sacrificial devotion is intense and often pitiful.

Fortunately, she and her type are passing. The secretary of the future will leave the dusting of the desks to the office boy, and when she finds that in the absence of the boss she can run the works, she will step out with confidence and secure a job where she does run the works, with the cash and credit thereto attached! Then her sentimental regard will, I hope, be transferred to an actual husband.

THIS brings up the question of marriage and business. It is a question that is beyond theoretic discussion. The past five years have seen a steady increase in the number of married women who work, and the next five will see a greater one. Twenty-four per cent of all married women now work in full-time jobs, and probably another twenty-four per cent work at part-time jobs not registered, or work at home on something sold outside.

The rapid influx of married women is regarded with something akin to terror by old-time employers. They are desperately afraid that every married woman employed may have a baby—and what then?

I know of one organization that openly meets this question.

Says Mary Dillon, President of the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, the only woman President of a public utility, "If any woman in my employ wants to take time off to have a baby, she can, and get her position back when she returns."

Here is direct recognition of the fact that a trained worker is worth more than an untrained one, even if absent from the job for a time.

But who is to take care of the baby when she returns? Probably those natural mothers who, whether they have children of their own or not, are the kind of people to whom children should be entrusted. Rich women who have the courage to be honest, quite frequently turn over the entire care of the child to such foster-mothers, to the eternal benefit of the child. All women who bear children are not ideal mothers, as we have discovered, but they usually refuse to recognize the fact.

ARE there then to be no romances in business, no normal attractions ending in happy marriages? There always will be, just as long as men and women spend eight hours of every day together.

Such romances may be good for life, but they are seldom good for business, and the participating parties are apt to find that they impede progress.

One of the prettiest love stories I have seen was enacted under my eyes last year. A young managing head promoted a charmingly pretty girl from a clerkship to be his secretary.

It was quite obvious that they were strongly attracted to each other, and it was very lovely to see that attraction grow. But before long tongues had begun to wag fast and the young man, realizing that his business was suffering, cut this delectable courtship short, married the girl and took her out of the business, thereby restoring peace.

Let me now quote a leader of business: "The woman who goes out to win because she is a woman, because she believes she is going to be able to influence men because of that fact, will fail. But the woman who lets her sex play its own part, never denying it but never misplacing it, has, I believe, a great asset in her sex."

From Paris
a new odeur
 of the Mode
 and for the Mode

WHEN Paris acclaims a new odeur, it is usually for a reason of Mode.

That is how *REVE D'OR*, newest of French fragrances, newly come to America, became the fashion-sensation of Paris. Truly of and for the new Mode—*REVE D'OR* has the same fragile loveliness, the same quiet charm, the same tantalizing softness that mark your new silhouette.

REVE D'OR created by the famous Piver, oldest of French parfumeurs, is expressed throughout the toiletry-ensemble of *Face Powder*, *Perfume*, *Toilet Water*, *Talc* and *Bath Powder*.

REVE D'OR Face Powder, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (an "after sun-tan tint") is \$1. *REVE D'OR Perfume*, \$10 - \$4. Also a purse size at \$1. *REVE D'OR Toilet Water*, \$2.50. *Talc* and *Bath Powder* \$1 each. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

PRODUCT OF PIVER... PARIS



Save Half Your Usual Cost of Clothes

[Continued from page 71]

edged with Alençon lace. Write me if you want any of them.

Just a word about slips, too. Don't you see that these new princess-type dresses and flared skirts cry for slips designed on the same lines? Think once at least before you buy a straight line one this year.

EVEN the evening dress follows our multiple personality plan! Honestly, did you ever see a more intriguing dress than the tulle and taffeta model on Page 68? All slim and slinky for the nights when you feel sort of princessy or Cleopatra-ish—aloof, elusive, glamorous! And bouffant as well, for the gay, radiant nights. Equally devastating in either mood.

And then to find such a brilliant idea also such an utterly practical one! For the little cape, which is the secret of the transformation effect, can also be worn all summer as an evening wrap, even with other dresses if you choose them carefully. The darling embroidered net, quaint and demure but not too "picturesque," is just right!

I hope you won't hate me for scattering practical "warnings" all through these talks—but I just can't help it. Now that we are having such a joyous variety of dresses, there's lots of danger. Be as quaint and as

simply picturesque as you want to—but don't be "arty." Be sure it is a dress, not a stage costume that you're buying, when you indulge in the bouffant Victorian or the simple Empire. The little net dress is very smart and there are other types which would look well with the taffeta cape. Think of buying two evening dresses and a summer evening wrap for \$59.50!

Haven't I really saved you money by all these convertible dresses? And now I'll save you more by a "bread-and-butter" frock. There's one in every wardrobe. A stand-by, right there when something seems to be wrong with everything else. Easily slipped on. Nothing to adjust. Nothing to get out of order. This is a knitted dress with a flattering molded waist line, a whirly skirt, a graceful neckline, and oh-so-very 1930-ish cap sleeves!

This nipped-at-the-waistline, the high style note of the season, is gained in so many ways, all bringing out the charming, natural lines of the figure—nipped in by little up and down, crosswise or radiating tucks; tightened by darts cleverly taken; tied in by bows; pulled in by belts; draped in by folds. Can't you find most of them in the models illustrated?

Can't you see with half an eye, too, that this "nipped waist" is 1930's boon to you? That the "hip-waistline" and the overblouse which you have known "nothing else but" until now, were the joy of the middle-aged who couldn't stand the test of a definite line around hips or tummy? And that this new nipped effect sends the average woman into Turkish baths, exercise courses, molding corsets and nervous prostration! When you can breeze into any little old shop on any little old day, pick up a model and walk off with it. Blessed be youth!

BEFORE we leave this little \$19.50 dress, I must say sternly again—look at the sleeve, look at the skirt, look at the bodice. All these versions of the sleeve, by the way—cap, cape, elbow-length, three-quarter—are another 1930 boon to the business girl, allowing her to be as feminine and as comfortable as she likes and still be in good taste. For while I hope that you did not wear last year's sleeveless dresses to the office, there's nothing to scold about this year, since there are so many comfortable apologies for sleeves.

The little beret worn with this dress is a joy—a real imported hat in blue, beige, or rose for \$12.75. Just non-mussable. Made of wool—and you know how that is, just made to be sat upon—and jute, and you know how that is; it springs back into shape no matter how you misuse it.

The taffeta dress I insisted upon because there must be a taffeta dress for every spring. It belongs, because it is crisper and fresher than any other spring material. So when I asked for one, the stylist in one of our big stores selected this as a model that they would feature for you. Do you like it?

It's very sad but very true—gloves are in the mode again! I say sad, because they must be longish in most cases. I say sad, because longish ones are expensive when they are good—and they ought to be good. Perhaps you can get along without gloves. Perhaps you will just have to have one pair—and that will mean economies for a month. Black gloves are smart for dark dresses and most practical. Off-whites and beiges are generally good—but they will be a trial to you. Nice and democratic, though, are the short white fabric ones worn with the sport dress. The same on Palm Beach, Broadway, or in St. Louis. A dollar a pair. You'll read by now that spring 1930 in



Another double-dealer, this delightful pastel wool crêpe sports dress. Unbutton the skirt tab and wear its blouse inside or out, or wear the skirt separately with sweaters. \$25.00

Courtesy Saks-34th St.



Boudoir chic. Here are sleeping pajamas printed in red and white for \$1.95 and the smartest of toweling bathrobes in all pastel shades, \$4.95

Courtesy Best & Co.

hats means lots of brims with graceful manipulations of the straw or fabrics. Brims that hug the face on both sides in poke bonnet fashion, or flare off on one side so that you can cast an eye to windward. But invariably turned off the face in front and twisting themselves or curving into folds. Not in the scalped-looking, off-the-face mode of the winter—but very engaging! "Letting the eyes have IT"—if you know what I mean.

IMUST edge some words in about clips. I Masquerading clips. These are jeweled pins which clip instead of pin, just like the little fasteners which bind your papers together—you know. In rhinestones and colored stones—patterned after French creations, of course. Cheap, and ready for almost anything. A pert decoration on a hat. A dash of interest on a shoulder, or at the edge of a cap sleeve. A provocative touch on the back of an evening slipper. An inspired punctuation on the V point of a decolletage. Or what will you? Think of some other uses. With an investment of \$1.95 or \$2.95 you can do lots of experimenting.

Now haven't we been economical this month? And won't you be glad next month when summer springs its surprises on you?

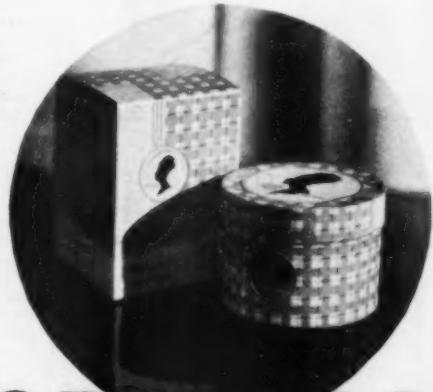
*Black net gown by Bonwit Teller & Co.
Huge tulle fan by Lord & Taylor.
Complexion by Armand!*



**clothes are more
alluring now....**

complexions must be too!

*Armand Cold Cream Powder, your choice of
becoming new shades, \$1. Armand Cleansing
Cream, 50c and \$1.25.*



ARMAND
CLEANSING CREAM COLD CREAM POWDER

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BACK to feminine fashions! Back to luscious curves and alluring outlines. Never have women had greater opportunities to make themselves utterly irresistible! But with the new clothes, come the new complexions—

Today the skin must be ALIVE

—warmly, vividly, lusciously alive, with soft, tempting texture. And a new tone is in vogue—rich, mellow, like real pearls. All this demands a new kind of skin care, of course . . . deep, thorough cleansing with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love this dainty application that wipes away so freely, leaving such refreshing cleanliness.

Then that soft, pearly finish

And here's the magic of the New Complexion. Armand Cold Cream Powder! You use it in a different way—and get amazingly different results! Rub it first into a clean puff—then smooth it, blend it well into the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and then behold the soft, fair finish! Best of all, this powder holds. Your lovely looks are lasting!

Try these two today—Armand Cleansing Cream and Armand Cold Cream Powder—and let your skin keep step with style! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.

Manhattan Nights

[Continued from page 44]

and so do you. None better. You'd have held me responsible for doing it in your time, just as Mr. Barclay does now."

"Of course! But my point is that since Mrs. Thayer is not able to talk, your duty won't be neglected if you wait twelve hours to perform it. Mrs. Thayer is my client, but I haven't seen her yet myself."

"Your client, sir? Why? Mrs. Thayer doesn't need a lawyer like yourself."

"No? That may be a matter of opinion, Connolly. At any rate, I'm acting for her. And you can't see her to-night."

"I can if I choose," said Connolly. "She may not be able to speak, but I can put an officer in her room after I've satisfied myself that she can't talk."

"Possibly," Bouton agreed. "Assuming that you get a warrant. But I don't think you'll do that. Where's the fire? You say you've found Ross? And that he's made a statement? What sort of statement? A confession?"

"That's my business, Mr. Bouton."

"Quite. Is Ross under arrest? Is he being detained?"

"I don't have to answer that, either."

"As you please. You know that I can find out in five minutes."

Connolly looked at Bouton, aggrieved.

"Ross isn't under arrest—yet," he said. "He's talking to Mr. Barclay, over in Fifty-first street. The chances are he won't be held to-night. He's a material witness, but—"

"He can't get away. No material witness ever gets away in New York unless it suits the police that he should." Bouton laughed dryly. "You rather annoy me, Connolly. Well, will you wait?"

"I'll wait until ten o'clock in the morning," Connolly decided abruptly.

Bouton glanced at Watson, who nodded.

"That's entirely satisfactory," said the lawyer. "There's no need for us to quarrel, Connolly. I'm as anxious to find out who shot Mrs. Thayer's husband as you are. We'll go farther if we work together on that understanding."

"Maybe," said Connolly darkly. "There's things you haven't found out yet, Mr. Bouton. Well, I'll be back in the morning."

And, with what dignity he could muster, he took his leave. Peter was inclined to smile, but a look at Bouton sobered him.

"I DON'T like it," the lawyer said, with a scowl. "I'd give a good deal to know what Ross said—and I won't find out till Connolly's ready to let me. Is the girl really asleep, Jimmy?"

"Not a bit of it," said Watson, unabashed. "If he'd tried to push his bluff I'd have given her a hypo, before he got in."

"I'll talk to her, then," said Bouton.

"I'll get hold of Carol," said Wentworth, and went out. Watson, after a glance at his watch, followed him.

"Connolly's almost sure of his facts—my guess is that he only needs one piece of evidence to complete his case," said Bouton. He turned to Peter, suddenly.

"Look here," he said. "You're absolutely certain that Mrs. Thayer is clear?"

"Absolutely," said Peter. Bouton frowned.

"In theory, your opinion is worthless," he said. "In practice, I don't think it is. What I'm afraid of is that Connolly will use the fact that he's got some sort of statement out of Ross to get some damaging admission from Mrs. Thayer. It's the first card the police play in every case of this sort. We've got to work fast."

"All right, she's ready to see you," said Wentworth, coming in.

Bouton wasn't gone long, however. He

came back, looking relieved.

"That girl's innocent," he said. "I'll stake my professional reputation on that, and I've had some experience in deciding that question. She's psychologically incapable of a crime of this sort. She might kill her husband, in a fit of rage, but she wouldn't be able to cover it up afterward."

He stopped, scowling thoughtfully.

"You'd better go back and find out what you can from her, Wayne, and then get busy, if she gives you a lead. I'm going to try to find out about Ross' statement. There are leaks, sometimes, and it's vitally important for us to know what Ross has said before Connolly gets at Mrs. Thayer."

SO, ONCE more, Peter found himself sitting beside Martha as she lay in bed.

"They've found Evan?" she said. "Mr. Bouton says he's made a statement, and he seems to be worried about it. But why, Peter? Evan can't have told them anything about how Tack was killed. He doesn't know. Mr. Bouton's afraid they'll use something Evan has said, or that they'll pretend he has said, to trap me into saying something foolish. But he needn't be. I wouldn't believe anything like that."

"Martha—" Peter didn't find it easy to go on. "You know, there's something you ought to take into account. There was an hour last night, after I went home from Sanborn's, when Ross wasn't with you!"

"Yes," she said. "There was."

"Well—Mitchell says Ross might have gone to your house then."

"I see," said Martha, slowly. Then she lifted her eyes to Peter's. "He didn't," she

said. "He was with Sunya Zeitzoff."

"Do you know that, Martha?"

"I couldn't prove it," she said, "if that's what you mean. But I'm sure of it. I'm as sure as I am that you're sitting beside me now." Suddenly, as she went on, there was an extraordinary bitterness in her voice. "Oh, Peter, yes—yes, I know it! You—you must have seen how I looked when Evan and I came in, at Sanborn's!"

Peter remembered. It was true. Martha had been radiant.

"You see, Peter—oh, I hate to tell you these things—I hate so to hurt you! But I think it was the first time in weeks that I'd been sure of Evan. Sure that he really did care for me, sure that, somehow, sooner or later, things would come right. And then he made some excuse—he went off. And I knew why. I mean, I knew where he was going."

"Yes," said Peter. "Yes, you'd know. I see. Well, he can account for that hour, then, I suppose, with her to back him up."

"Yes," said Martha. She sighed, wearily. "I don't understand, Peter—"

"What, Martha, dear?"

"Anything," she said. "Everything. Why Evan should have lied to me. Why he tried to make me think he cared when all the time—"

"Hold on," said Peter. "Martha, I don't like the chap, God knows! But you're fond of him. I'm with you about one thing—I'm sure he had nothing to do with Tack's death. And this Sunya Zeitzoff—well, that sort of thing's queer. A woman like that gets hold of a chap."

Martha shook her head.



"No thanks, old dear. I like your modernistic bar but not your modernistic liquor"

"It was love at first sight"

says MARION NIXON

"Or ought I say at first meeting?

"Anyway, we met... by pure chance... Wouldn't you know it would happen that way? And we knew each other instantly!

"'Seventeen, you are mine', I said rapturously... 'All my days, I've wanted a perfume that was just bubbling youth and happiness and laughter... and... bless my heart!... here you are, made for me!'

"But seriously... did you ever know anything that was so plainly mine... just fated... for me"?



Enter . . . a new being . . . and
SEVENTEEN... a new perfume!

Half sophistication... half dryad shyness... No other age could have produced you... nor this expression of your very self... in whispered fragrance...

You are the breath of a new age... and Seventeen is the breath of you. It is young, with your own eternal youth... It is provocative as you are... mixing daring with demurety... It has caught your spirit, and translated it into fragrance that will seem... to all who know you... the essence of your own true self... yes... a very part of you!

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you
will find it wherever fine
toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every
rite of the dressing table can be fragranced
with *Seventeen*! The *Perfume*, in such ex-
quisite little French flacons... the *Powder*,
so new and smart in shadings... the *Toilet
Water*, like a caress... the fairy-fine *Dust-
ing Powder* for after-bathing luxury... the
Talc... the *Sachet*... two kinds of *Brilliantine*... and the *Compact*, gleaming black
and gold... like no other compact you've
seen. You will adore them all!

"I don't understand," she said again. "I know what you're trying to tell me, Peter. But I just don't understand."

PETER let that go. There was nothing more that he could say. He didn't, after all, understand it all so well himself. "Martha, I think you'll have to tell me, now, about that business with Benny, at Teckla's. About the bracelet you wanted me to give him, I mean."

"That hasn't anything to do with all this, Peter," she said, quietly.

"We can't be sure of that, Martha. Don't you see that there must be something we don't understand? There's a clue to this thing, somewhere." He hesitated.

"Oh. All right," she said, "I'll tell you."

Peter leaned forward.

"Benny knew something about Tack," said Martha. Peter started. He'd been sure that whatever Benny knew had involved either Ross or Martha herself. "Tack got tight, one night," she continued, "and got into a crap game, and lost a lot of money. He didn't have enough to pay, and they turned ugly; they wouldn't take his check. If he hadn't been drunk he wouldn't have done it, but he let them have a certified check he happened to have with him—something he was supposed to have turned in at the office.

"He got the money the next day from his mother. But when he gave them the money they wouldn't give up the check. I think they lied at first, and pretended it was lost—but, of course, they kept it so that they'd have something on him. Benny was in that—Ross was in the game, too, and lost some money, but not as much as Tack. It was before Tack began hating

Evan so, you know. He didn't at first.

"Well, Tack didn't take that very seriously, apparently. He'd paid the money, and he got payment stopped on the check—he put in the money, at the office, first, to cover it, and then explained that it was lost, and he had to put up a bond of some sort, it seems to me, because the check had been certified. I don't know just how all that was, but Tack seemed to think it was all right."

"He told you all about it, did he?"

"Oh, yes! Tack and I were always good friends, Peter, really. We'd started rowing a lot about Evan by the time you came along, but in between we were all right. Well, Tack seemed to forget it, and so did I, until Benny got hold of me, one night, at Teckla's, and said Tack still owed money for that crap game, and the men he owed it to were tired of waiting, and if they didn't get it they were going to the firm, take the check and tell the whole story.

"By that time Tack was in very wrong with his mother, and they didn't like him at the office. You see, Tack was tight all the time, and he wasn't doing any work. It would have made a frightful mess. Benny said he liked Tack, and he'd tried to help him—he pretended, you see, that he was just acting for these other men. And he said he was afraid that if he put it up to Tack, Tack would do something silly.

"I was, too, Peter. You got to know a lot about us, but I don't think you ever realized what a frightful temper Tack had. He was perfectly capable of killing someone. That was why I was always so careful about keeping him and Evan apart late at night, when Tack was tight. And I was terribly afraid that if he thought anyone

was trying to blackmail him he'd shoot him. So I agreed to find the money myself, somehow.

"And, of course, once I'd started, there wasn't any end to it. That night I'd promised to pay five hundred dollars. They insisted on cash, always, of course. I knew I was going to have it the next day, but Benny wouldn't wait. He was the one who suggested that I should give him the bracelet. He said he'd give it back as soon as I gave him the money, but he wouldn't have, I suppose."

"Not a chance," said Peter. "He was disappointed when I gave him the cash."

"So that's the story, Peter. You can see it hasn't anything to do with Tack's being killed."

"I'm not so sure," said Peter. "I'm going to tell Mitchell and Bouton, anyway. It can't do Tack any harm, now."

PETER went out, after a dinner eaten hurriedly.

He couldn't fit what Martha had told him into the crazy pattern of this crime. Nor could he see why Connolly was so viciously sure of his case against Martha.

Peter wanted to talk to Charley. He cursed his stupidity when he remembered that he hadn't asked the detective how to reach him. It wouldn't do, he supposed, to call up Headquarters and ask for him. But that problem solved itself; he had hardly gone a block when heavy feet fell into step with his.

Charley chuckled at Peter's report. But he didn't know what Ross had said.

"I'm not in on that," he said. "They picked him up, walkin' into his place as cool as you please, about four o'clock. Said he'd been in the country all day, I heard."

He walked along, thoughtfully silent.

"And the madam thinks he was with this red-headed Jane? What else did you find out from her?"

Peter told him about the bracelet and Martha's explanation of that episode.

"Benny Rufano, eh! Now, how'd he come to be sittin' in, I wonder? It's good dope, Pete. I hand it to you for digging that up."

Peter felt distinctly flattered.

"I don't fit it in just yet, but it belongs, all right," said Charley. "Guess I'll look Benny over."

"What can I do, Charley?"

"I dunno, Pete. Not yet. Guess I'll do some 'phonin' an' get the low down on Ross, if I can."

They'd turned across from Park Avenue, now, and walking down Vanderbilt Avenue, Charley turned in at the Roosevelt and went to the slot telephones in the long corridor. Peter watched him, noting, with interest, Charley's utterly expressionless face.

"They turned him loose, all right," Charley said when he came out. "Took him over to the house, and Barclay and the boss worked on him for two—three hours. No line on what he said; they didn't have a stenographer, even. He's being trailed—not that I needed anyone to tell me that. But say, how about you and Ross? Any chance he'd open up to you?"

"I doubt it."

"No. I suppose you and he'd get along like a couple of strange cats. You're too simple about your feelings, Pete—that's one of your troubles. Well—I'll tell you what. You show up at Teckla's along about one a. m. If you see me, act like you didn't know me! But watch me, and for Gawd's sake try and get it if I slip you a sign."

"What are you driving at?"

"I don't know. Wish'd I did. I just got a hunch somethin' might break around there. Don't ask me why. I wouldn't tell you if I knew. S'long."

Peter, disappointed, discouraged, went home and dressed.



"I'd join you, darling, only my new book comes out next week"



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In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whatever your complexion. It is the one lipstick which gives Nature's warm, lovely color to blonde, brunette or titian.

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is permanent and leaves no unnatural coating or greasy smear.

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MARTHA was beset by hatreds, by veiled and open enmities, it seemed to Peter. Connolly was her enemy—impersonally, perhaps, and only because she had presented herself to him as the most available means of adding to his own reputation; but, none the less, her enemy, and a formidable, a terrible one. Tack's mother hated her already, and was sure, now, to hold her responsible for Tack's death. Sunya Zeitzoff was another of her enemies. Ross? He wondered about Ross; wondered if, in some subtle fashion, Ross, too, didn't hate her.

Friends she had, to be sure. Himself, and Steve and Carol; Bouton, too, a hired retainer, but a powerful one. Charley, too, by grace of Charley's jealousy of Connolly.

He loathed the idea of going to Teckla's to-night; of going to any place where he had been wont to see Martha and Tack, any place where gayety and good cheer and laughter prevailed. But he went, doggedly, getting there soon after one o'clock.

Benny had been lounging opposite the elevator when Peter came up. He glanced at Peter, momentarily, through his half-closed eyes, which were like a pig's, but only nodded, indifferently.

Peter took a stool at the almost deserted bar and ordered a whiskey sour; he didn't want a drink, but he had to have some excuse for being there. Zach roused himself—from a half-sleep—to mix it.

"Tha's good stuff, in that drink, Mr. Wayne," he said. "We been gettin' pretty good rye lately. Right from Canada. I can get you a case, if you're interested."

"I don't believe I am, Zach," said Peter, "I wouldn't get rid of a case in a year."

"You got the right idea, Mr. Wayne. Me, I'm off the stuff. I've tended bar for twenty-five years, and you don't catch me hittin' it. That poor kid that got his last night—why, say, he'd be up and around now if he'd known when to quit."

"What makes you say that, Zach?"

"Stands to reason, Mr. Wayne. You ever see him get sore when he was lit? Wasn't anythin' he wouldn't do. Many's the time I've been ready with my bung starter under the bar here when he was all set to start somethin'. And now the bulls are tryin' to make out that his wife did it!"

"Why do you think that?" said Peter, startled.

"Say, I can tell, Mr. Wayne; wasn't they drillin' me for two hours here last night? Askin' me did they ever have a fight that I heard, an' about Mrs. Thayer and this Ross? I don't have to read the papers to know what Connolly's after. They've been a dick around here to-night—Charley Mitchell. Say, I guess you must have seen him. You was over there last night, wasn't you?"

"I may have. It seems to me I saw the whole Police Department!"

RATHER to Peter's relief, some people he knew came in just then. The bar began to fill up. Dr. Zahn appeared; he nodded to Peter, who had met him two or three times. As usual, Zahn sat alone. Madame Teckla sat at his table, when she was free, and they talked, in low tones. There was still no sign of Charley, and Peter grew more and more restless and impatient. He felt Zahn's eyes upon him, and at last, when Peter happened to have been left alone at his table, Zahn got up and came over.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Wayne?" he said. "Will you come over and join me in a drink?"

Peter, distinctly surprised, accepted.

"I have been shocked by this murder, young Thayer's killing last night," said Zahn. "I understand that you were there soon afterward. I have tried to reach Mrs. Thayer today. She has, as I suppose you know, been a patient of mine for a year or so. Can you tell me how she is?"

"I think she's as well as you could ex-

pect," said Peter. "It was a frightful shock."

"Naturally. She is with your sister, is she not, Mr. Wayne?"

Peter stared, and Zahn laughed.

"I know the papers have made a mystery of her whereabouts," he said. "I merely drew a natural inference from the fact that she had sent for you when she discovered the tragedy, and that she went off in a cab with you."

"You're perfectly right," Peter admitted, "that's where she is."

"Will you tell her that I am at her service, if she needs me? I make it a rule not to make professional calls, but this is, of course, an exceptional case."

"Yes, I'll get word to her," said Peter. He hesitated. "My sister sent for Dr. Watson this morning; she thought someone might be needed in a hurry."

"Oh!" Zahn laughed again, and made a deprecating gesture. "I am not her physician. Watson's an excellent man. I suppose I could still prescribe, in an emergency, for ordinary physical ailments, but the mind is my province, not the body." He sighed. "It is a pity, is it not, Mr. Wayne, that it is so much easier to know what people should do than to find a way of implanting that knowledge in their minds?"

"You mean that your patients don't take your advice?" said Peter, rather bluntly.

"Advice?" Zahn raised his eyebrows. "I never give advice, Mr. Wayne. That is decidedly not my province. My task is to help my patients to discover for themselves the nature of their real wishes and, perhaps to help them, also, to find the courage to act in accordance with them."

Peter nodded, thoughtfully.

"TO KNOW one's own mind," Zahn was going on, and his voice, now, was detached and remote, as if he were not so much speaking to Peter as thinking aloud. "To know one's own inmost thoughts, to

have no secrets from one's own consciousness, to face one's most shameful wishes as well as the nobler ones. To have both the courage and the strength to be true to one's self, to act in accordance with one's nature. That is to live fully."

"That's a dangerous doctrine, Dr. Zahn," said Peter.

"Dangerous?" Zahn's eyes came back to him. "But life has always been dangerous, Mr. Wayne, and it always will be. What is the supreme danger? Death! Annihilation. Destruction. Obliteration of the body and spirit. And that is a danger no one living can finally evade. As a scientist you will agree with me, surely?"

"I don't know," said Peter, "I'm not a scientist in your sense of the word, perhaps, Dr. Zahn. I'm a specialist in a narrow and limited field of research."

Zahn waved his hand, deprecatingly.

"You are too modest," he said. "I like to be informed, moreover." He smiled. "I know more about you than you think, perhaps, Mr. Wayne. Just for one thing—I have no wish to be mysterious—you have had a considerable place in Mrs. Thayer's thoughts lately. And you know our technique well enough to know that our patients talk to us, at random, of what passes through their minds."

"I see," said Peter. His voice was rather curt. He was still puzzled, and he was beginning, now, to be vaguely annoyed, too.

"You don't like me very well, Mr. Wayne," said Zahn. "I'm sorry. Our points of view are radically different. I am not talking to you idly. It may be difficult, even impossible, for me to see Mrs. Thayer, while you have full access to her.

"Urge her, I beg you, to be strong. To have the courage of her own thoughts, her own deeds. Tell her that her worst danger now lies in her own fears, in a remorse that is not real, but arises from her unconscious tendency to surrender to standards of con-



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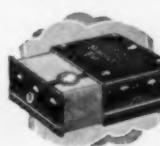
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duct imposed upon her by tradition."

"What do you mean?" said Peter, harshly.

Zahn shrugged his shoulders delicately.

"I think you understand me very well, Mr. Wayne," he said.

"If you're daring to suggest—" Peter's anger was rising swiftly.

"I suggest nothing," said Zahn. "If you did not share my—shall we say, my opinion?—you would not so readily understand what it is. I have nothing more to say."

"I have," said Peter, in a low voice. "Mrs. Thayer had nothing to do with her husband's death. That isn't a matter of opinion, but of definite, exact knowledge."

Again Zahn shrugged his shoulders.

"If you really believe that, I am sorry for you, my young friend. And for Mrs. Thayer. For she needs help not from chivalrous and quixotic morons, but from keen-witted friends who can face, and accept, facts as they are."

Peter got up.

"I suppose you mean well," he said. "But I can't help telling you that you're talking like a fool."

"Oh, no," said Zahn, gently.

PETER stared at him a moment longer; he was moved to answer him; changed his mind, and walked away. Charley, it was plain, wasn't coming. He went out toward the elevator. Benny was there.

"Mr. Wayne," he said, his lips scarcely moving, "I want to see you." He jerked his hand toward a door. "Go in there."

Peter hesitated. But here, obviously, was a lead of just the sort Charley had hoped he might find at Teckla's. Reluctantly, but with curiosity and interest stirring within him, he obeyed. After a minute Benny came in.

"I guess we can talk, Mr. Wayne, you and me," said Benny. His English was almost perfect, though not without a trace of an Italian accent. "You'll remember that you handed me half a grand one night for a certain party—no need to mention names."

Peter nodded, grimly.

"Yes," he said. "I remember very well."

"I guess you can get a message to her now," Benny went on. "Tell her the same parties she knows about want five grand before midnight to-morrow—or else Connolly'll find out how Thayer was croaked."

"I think you'd better be a little plainer," said Peter, after a moment.

"She'll understand," said Benny, sullenly.

"Perhaps," said Peter. "Perhaps she would. But, you see, I don't."

"Oh, you be damned!" said Benny. "You don't want her to go to the chair, do you?"

"No," said Peter. "And she isn't going."

"She is, unless she comes through," said Benny. The threat in his voice was the ugliest thing Peter had ever heard. "Oh, I don't mind telling you! You think you know it all, but you don't. You don't know anything. You know about the fight at the Fantomas Club? Yes? Well, do you know that she got Thayer calmed down by promising to meet him at home at 2:30? That's why he went home alone?"

"I hear you say so," said Peter.

"Someone else'll hear it if you and she don't watch your step, and that's Connolly," said Benny. "And I'll tell you something else he'll hear, too, and that's where he can find the gun that killed Thayer. Ask her where that is. She can tell you if she will! And then try and get it, with Connolly's bulls on the job on that roof!"

"You're lying," said Peter deliberately. "They've searched every inch of that roof."

Benny laughed.

"Oh, sure. I know that. They haven't found it, yet. But they can keep anyone else from getting it."

Peter considered Benny for a moment without speaking. The Italian's eyes

shifted. But his voice, when he went on, was as menacingly sure as ever.

"Connolly knows how Thayer was killed," he said. "He knows who did it—and, within five minutes, when. And how. And why. Five minutes after midnight to-morrow he'll have the rest of the proof, unless we get the five grand. That's all."

"IT DON'T fit in, Pete, and it don't add up right," said Charley.

Peter, leaving Teckla's, had walked east, and, between Sixth Avenue and Fifth, Charley had loomed up beside him.

"You think Benny was bluffing?" asked Peter. He had, after a moment's hesitation, told Charley of his talk with Benny. "Not bluffing, no; lying," said Charley. He scowled. "I don't get it yet, Pete. But I will. What was you and the doc gabbing about?"

"Zahn?" said Peter. "How did you know I'd been talking to him at all?"

Charley chuckled.

"Told you I'd be at Teckla's, didn't I?" he said. "You don't want to think I'm not around just because you can't see me, Pete. I could tell you things about the dive that'd surprise you." He chuckled.

"What'd the doc have to say, eh?"

Peter tried to remember, and, as well as he could, to translate Zahn's remarks.

Charley took the message Zahn had told Peter to give Martha seriously.

"Thinks she done it, does he?" he said, thoughtfully. "He gets a hundred dollars an hour for knowin' all about people, and I'm just a bull that's apt to be back in harness to-morrow pounding a pavement if I don't watch my step—and still, I'd bet a year's pay the madam didn't kill Thayer."

Peter was oddly relieved. He'd been afraid of the effect of Zahn's belief in Martha's guilt on Charley.

"Did you find anything out yourself, in Teckla's?" he asked.

"Maybe yes—maybe no," said Charley. "I'm not tellin' anythin' yet, anyway. Not till I got it figured out better than I have now."

So Peter reluctantly had to part company with the detective. But, though he went home, and went to bed, what sleep he got was broken and restless. He was sunk in a profound slumber, however, at eight o'clock when Manuel roused him. He got into his clothes, and went to Carol's.

Bouton arrived soon after he did, and they both talked to Martha. She was wide awake, and extremely nervous. Bouton

had failed, completely, the night before, to learn what Ross had said.

Connolly turned up at ten o'clock. Peter was excluded from his interview with Martha, although Bouton was present. So, and this seemed ominous to Peter, was a police stenographer. It seemed plain to Peter that the net was closing more and more tightly about Martha.

Connolly, when he came from Martha's room, had nothing to say to Peter; he gave him a curt nod, and then took himself off.

"He knows all about the business at the Fantomas Club," Bouton said. "Mrs. Thayer admits that she promised her husband to be home at half past two, to meet him there. And she was, in fact, an hour later getting back, because she waited for Ross. He got nothing else out of her—nothing damaging, I mean. But that's bad—in the light of what we know."

"YOU agree with Mitchell that paying Benny the five thousand would be a mistake?" Peter asked.

"It would be suicidal!" Bouton snapped. "Do that and I drop the case instantly."

"I'm not afraid of a conviction—yet," he said. "But, with Connolly in the mood he's in—and the newspapers calling for an arrest—"

They were talking in the living room. Carol was with Martha. A maid came in and spoke to Peter.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Wayne," she said.

He went out into the hall and took the call on the extension there, in a closet.

"Pete?" It was Charley. "I got to see you right away. Come down to the Biltmore. I'll be waitin' in the long corridor downstairs. Make it snappy."

"All right, go ahead. And do whatever he tells you," said Bouton. "I'll be in my office all day if I'm needed."

Peter found Charley waiting in a leather chair, but the detective rose and led him outside. He didn't start talking until they were walking up Vanderbilt avenue.

"Connolly hasn't got anyone on you," he said, chuckling. "That's a bit of luck, Pete. Listen, now—Connolly's ready to make his pinch. He's down at the D. A.'s now; he's after a warrant for the madam."

Peter swallowed hard. He'd been expecting it, but the actual news was a shock.

"And that don't suit my book, see? I want her loose a bit longer. And, the chances are if Connolly doesn't make the pinch to-day it won't be made."



"Now listen, Gran'ma—whether YOU like it or not skirts ARE coming down!"

"What do you mean?" Peter's voice rose excitedly.

"Wait and see," said Charley. "How about you? Ready to take a chance?"

"Yes!"

"Good! That's what you'll be doing. If anything slips up you'll be in mighty bad—and I'll be the first to go after you. I want you to get the madam away from your sister's."

"Right. But how?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you. It wouldn't work for long—but it don't have to. If I can't swing what I'm tryin' in that time she'll have to take it and it'll be up to Bouton to beat the trial. You listen with both ears, and I'll tell you what to do—"

PETER stood restlessly at the Madison Avenue entrance of the Ritz. He was in an agony of nervousness. He'd obeyed Charley to the letter—but the least slip would be fatal.

How long would it take Connolly to go through the formalities, get his warrant, turn up, armed with it at Carol's? Could Carol do her part? She seemed to understand, over the telephone.

The actual plan had been simple enough. Carol often wore a costume that included a hat with a little half veil; a rather conspicuous costume, as it happened. And, if all had gone well, she had gone out, openly, wearing it, a few minutes ago, taken a cab, and then returned, almost at once, as if she'd forgotten something, leaving the cab waiting downstairs. And Martha was to come down in her place.

Cab after cab came down Madison avenue; dozens of them, it seemed to Peter, drew up before the Ritz. Then, suddenly, he caught a glimpse, through a window, of a familiar dress. He hurried across the pavement and stepped into the cab.

"Go south, over to Park and south," he ordered.

It was Martha, white and trembling, but free!

"I don't understand, Peter," she said. "But it's all right, I suppose."

"It's going to be!" said Peter, elated. Even this temporary triumph over Connolly delighted him; it represented action, at least. Now, if Connolly held his hand for another hour, and, according to Charley, there was every chance in the world that he would, since he could hardly have anticipated any need for special haste, they might bring it off!

The cab turned east at Fortieth Street, went south, then, down Park Avenue, and turned, in the tangled traffic above Cooper Square, to go west on Ninth Street to Peter's door. The veil hid Martha's eyes; Peter's doorman nodded respectfully.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wentworth!" he said.

There was a witness—and one who, since he wouldn't know he was lying, would be a hard one for Connolly to confound. Then up to Peter's floor. Even Manuel took Martha for Carol. He looked amazed, and his white teeth gleamed when Martha raised her veil and he recognized her. Martha and Tack had dined at Peter's often.

"Into my room with you and get into bed," said Peter. "Carol'll be here any minute, and take your clothes."

Alone with Manuel, he explained. Manuel's smile was wider than ever. He was a quick-witted little devil, and he would have committed a murder if Peter had asked it. He and Peter stood behind the door, which was left ajar; within five minutes Carol, a little out of breath, pushed it open and came in. She was laughing.

"It worked!" she said. "Wasn't it lucky this suit had just come? I've never worn it before! I just sailed in, downstairs, and said 'Mrs. Porter—I'm expected!' and they never even thought of announcing me."

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said Peter. "Martha's in my room."

Excitedly he watched his sister disappearing through the door of his room. Luck had been with them, so far. If it held, Carol would be home again, in the clothes in which Martha had gone out, before Connally arrived. If they should come here, he could let Martha out the back way . . .

Carol had gone within ten minutes, and Peter knocked on his own door and went in, at Martha's assenting word.

"Has anything happened since last night—anything I don't know about?" she asked.

"Plenty's happened," said Peter, grimly. Choppily, because so much of it was still vague and confused in his own mind, he told Martha what he had learned at Teckla's the night before. About his talk with Meyer Zahn, first of all. That made her furious.

"That's disgusting!" she said. "Oh, I've gone to him, I know, but how dare he think I did it?"

"I wanted to paste him in the jaw, myself," said Peter.

"I don't understand, though," said Martha, puzzled. "He knows better, Peter, he must! He knows I didn't do it. He knows I couldn't. He knew how fond I was of Tack. He never let me forget it myself."

"How much did you tell him, Martha?"

"Oh, everything!" she said. "You just think aloud, you know. You lie there, and say whatever comes into your head, whether it makes sense or not, and he sorts it all out. It would be rather frightful if you couldn't trust a man like that, Peter."

"I've thought that myself," said Peter.

"Oh, yes, he knows as much about me as I do about myself," Martha went on. "I told him all about Benny, for instance."

"What did he think about that business? I'd have expected him to tell you to refuse to let Benny hold you up."

"He didn't. He thought it was better to pay him."

"I see," said Peter. "Well, that's where I go on record as disagreeing with one high-priced psychoanalyst! If you'd come to me—! Benny got after me last night, too. That—I guess that's the most important thing I've got to tell you, Martha."

And, leaving nothing out, he told her of Benny's demand and of his threats.

"It's out, though," he said. "I told Charley, and I told Bouton, and they won't stand for it. Any idea of what he's driving at about the gun?"

"Only this," said Martha, her eyes drawn together in a puzzled frown. "There is a place in the apartment where something could be hidden—a gun or anything."

"Where is it?"

"In the fireplace, in the living room. At the side. If you push in the fourth tile from the left and the third from the floor, the whole tiled part opens into a safe."

"Queer!" said Peter. "Looks as if Benny knew about it, all right. And did you tell Tack you'd be home at half past two?"

"I think I did. I'd have said anything to quiet him just then."

"I'll have to let Charley know about the safe. I can't figure out where Benny comes in, and how he got to know about—"

The doorbell rang and they both started.

"Up with you!" said Peter, instantly. "May be nothing—may be Connolly." He glanced around. "Nothing of yours here—good! Out the service door; we'll have to take a chance on their having a cop there."

TO BE CONCLUDED



"Goodness gracious, what
will they have next!"

Your Room

[Continued from page 79]

that particular room. Many a gay valance of colorful chintz across the top of a group of windows has added a touch of distinction.

It is a very popular fashion now to use wide curtains, pleated across the top and brought together in the center of the window so they can be looped back at the sides. It is a pretty fashion and one that is well suited to any fabric which looks well when held in long sweeping folds.

The cornice board topping curtains is a revival of an old fashion adapted to modern needs.

For my own simple taste I prefer the plain cornice about four to six inches deep, made of a flat board with moldings top and bottom. This can be painted the same as the walls if you want it to be inconspicuous, or of contrasting color, matching one tone in the curtains if you want it to be a dominant note. When the curtains are linen or chintz it is quite possible to paint the cornice the same color as the background of the material, and then use one or two lines of brighter color in the moldings top and bottom.

With any of these cornice boards you can use simple straight curtains hanging either side of the window, or those that are made to draw, or even those that are French pleated, and pulled together in the middle, and looped back on either side.

A delightful valance of chintz is shown in the photograph at the top of page 79. It tends to make the window look tall and slender, it provides both pattern and color, and adds zest to the fresh crispness of the dotted swiss curtains. In this particular room the windows are really very low and there was too much space between the top of the window and the ceiling. So the windows were made to appear higher and in better proportion by adding the valance of chintz which extends some inches above the top of the window trim.

FOR most living rooms and dining rooms and many bedrooms, long curtains are more suitable than short. By long, I mean curtains to the floor, and by short I mean those that are cut off even with the line at the lower edge of the wood trim under the window. Therefore the curtains come four, five or six inches below the sill, depending upon the architectural design. If by chance you have only glass curtains—those which are hung inside next the glass—they should be made to clear the sill.

Very often people feel that all curtains of sheer materials should be short, but I am sure that the lovely white dotted swiss at the top of page 79 disprove that idea. How much more graceful they are. The curtains in the other photograph are also long, though it is quite as correct to make curtains of this type short. They are looped high, which leaves more of the window exposed. The photograph likewise shows an unusually interesting corner with the book shelves built in, a space which might not have been used otherwise.

Whether or not to have glass curtains is a debatable question. There are two definite types of curtains, the purely decorative ones that play such an important part in the whole room scheme and the sheer glass curtains that diffuse and soften the light as it comes through the windows. Sometimes one pair does both tricks—but it takes twice as much thought.

There is a great chance for the clever girl to show her artistic ability when she dresses windows, for just as definitely as the eyes are the windows of the soul, are windows the expression of the spirit of your room.



Kleenex comes in three safe, lovely tints—and white

Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the safe way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just blot up the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

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You'll find Kleenex invaluable for

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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Address.....

City.....

Self-Consciousness Can Be Overcome

[Continued from page 24]

possible, and to tell me her thoughts.

For I knew that when the subject is unable to proceed in a free, unrestricted manner, that we are then about to unearth an emotional disturbance, a repressed and forgotten memory, perhaps, which is of significance in explaining the difficulty.

"Now think hard, please," I said. "What comes to your mind after the word *ugly*?"

Mary waited several seconds, then—

"I recall an experience when I was ten," she finally went on to say. "And it's strange, too. Doctor—I am beginning to blush right this minute, although what happened then ought not to make me blush now."

"Please go on," I urged.

"It's about father. I told him a lie."

"Tell it to me in detail," I said.

I had been romping in the parlor with some children whom I had invited into the house during the afternoon. This I had done against the strict orders of my parents, as we had certain pieces of statuary and works of art in that room which were highly prized. During our play I knocked over a lamp made from a rare *Cloisonné* vase and smashed it. In consternation I threw the pieces, as well as the shade and fixtures, into the ash barrel. I recall now how frightened I was."

Here, again, Miss A stopped associating.

"Please continue," I said. "It is very important that you should not stop at this point."

"I understand, Doctor," Mary continued. "I already see why I am so self-conscious." "Yes? Then tell me."

"IT IS as plain as day," she said. "When Father returned at night both he and Mother missed the lamp. First Mother questioned me. Being afraid, I lied.

"Then, after a lot of questioning, Father took me to his study alone. He sat down, made me stand in front of him and commanded that I look at him.

"Daughter," my father said firmly, 'hold up your head. If you can look me straight in the eye and say you did not break the lamp I will believe you.'

"I did as I was told and, of course, I could not meet his eyes.

"And it is since then, Doctor—there is no doubt of it; I see it so clearly now—that I began to feel peculiar when anybody looked at me."

"That's it exactly," I replied. "You felt guilty when your father looked at you, and this made such an indelible impression on you at that tender age that it has affected you ever since."

In this manner, in a nutshell, did Mary overcome her self-consciousness!

You will note, therefore, not only that self-consciousness is a mental affair, but that it is almost always due to some form of repression. And with the latter there is linked a sense of wrong-doing which psychologists call a feeling of "guilt".

It is the guilt sense, then, which causes self-consciousness, although the sufferer himself may not be conscious of it.

Every man, woman and child has feelings of guilt, to a greater or less degree, lodged in the deeper recesses of the mind. For even as children are we not continually told what *not* to do? The word *don't* becomes the most familiar one heard in the nursery.

And it is just these dozens and hundreds of *don'ts* which engender the conviction of guilt, later to become self-consciousness.

Of course, there are children of a robust nature upon whom all these "don'ts" have as little effect as water upon a duck's back. There are also children, on the other hand, who are more highly sensitized, more highly

emotionalized, whom these "don'ts" disturb profoundly, actually changing and influencing their characters to such an extent that a disastrous sense of self-consciousness results in the end.

I do not hesitate to state, therefore, that in the last analysis *self-consciousness is a compliment to a girl's finer nature*.

AS I SAID in the beginning, self-consciousness is an innate characteristic of every person of the feminine gender.

I daresay the reasons for this are plain.

Women are not as callous as men, nor are little girls as callous as little boys. A woman is more emotional than a man; and this fact, too, constitutes a favorable soil for the sprouting of self-consciousness.

Wrong or distorted ideas regarding sex are often to blame for self-consciousness. Girls hear this and that and, having been told that it is not nice or ladylike to think such things, they soon begin to feel guilty when these ideas force their way into the mind.

Such teachings are, of course, pernicious. Happily, modern parents are no longer following the old prudish and short-sighted tradition of rearing children.

Self-consciousness not only tortures a girl but it seriously interferes with her future as well.

"I have never married," confided a girl of twenty-eight to me, "because self-consciousness has always held me back from meeting men who might prove desirable husbands."

Said another: "The reason I cannot hold a job is because I am so self-conscious. Whenever my boss asks me to take dictation I get rattled and make a mess of everything. And I graduated from business school at the head of my class at that!"

An unusual case of the self-consciousness

bugaboo came to my notice only a few weeks ago. The girl in question is a very capable short story writer.

Yet Miss T is so self-conscious she won't even send a story to a magazine by mail, let alone interview an editor personally!

Self-consciousness certainly undermines one's character. It saps the vitality, creates pessimism and makes the individual feel discouraged, hopeless and helpless.

YOU may be wondering if, after the fundamental cause for any of the varieties of self-consciousness has been dug up out of the limbo of the apparently forgotten past—if, after self-consciousness has been overcome, whether it stays vanquished?

It most surely does. Once you conquer self-consciousness by unearthing its cause, your entire character seems to change.

You feel differently. You think differently. You act differently.

Nor is this really so strange, after all, when we come to think of it. For nature is an optimist—first, last and always.

Plant an ivy on the shady side of a house and it soon grows around to the sunny side. When germs enter the body, the blood and the entire system immediately begin combating the invaders. The answer again is, because nature is an optimist.

If you suffer from self-consciousness take it in hand fearlessly and overcome it.

Practice the free association method and soon you will have found the cause and vanquished your bugaboo.

You may be surprised to find what a trivial experience in your apparently forgotten past is responsible for this exaggerated awareness of self which has rendered you miserable for so many years.

Self-consciousness most surely can be overcome. To try to accomplish it is worth all the effort and patience it may take.

"Yeh—, Ring twice, and if a man answers, hang up!"



White Wigs

[Continued from page 78]

witches and British soldiers. In order to be sure every type will be represented, the costumes may be specified in each invitation.

Whenever a small party of real Colonial settlers went far from the town hall, there was usually some danger of risking their lives. There was a premium on good marksmanship in those days. Life frequently depended on it. The games appropriate for this party are all games of marksmanship. At a small party the guests may be each for himself and the highest individual score wins; but when the party is large enough, it may be divided into two sides, Indians and Colonials, and team scores counted.

For example, there are little targets at which one throws spiked darts and there are brush targets at which one shoots brush arrows from silly little bows. Then there are sets of popguns with miniature shooting galleries (you can see how this idea can easily be adapted to make a good Midway Party) and there are devices whereby you throw things at or through something.

Using one of these weapons, but suiting the target to her own purposes, the hostess can make a special target of her own by drawing on a large sheet of paper, or cutting holes through cardboard, the silhouettes of British soldiers, Indians, Witches, Puritan deacons, and Tories. These are marked to count 10, 5, 3, 2, 1 points, according to their relative sizes and the difficulty in scoring a hit. There may, of course, be more than one of each figure and the idea may be that the guest shoots at them with a weapon, or stones them with a bean bag.

The words ending in "rain"
that can be substituted for the
list on page 78 are:—strain,
grain, ingrain, sprain, train,
refrain, brain, drain, entrain,
quatrain, constrain, restrain.

Just before the refreshments are served, everyone plays the game of Electing the Governor of the Colony. This is done with a ballot of hands.

There is a table, which is no larger than need be for the crowd playing. If there is a large crowd, there may be several tables for primary elections until the number of electors (players) gets to be few enough for one table.

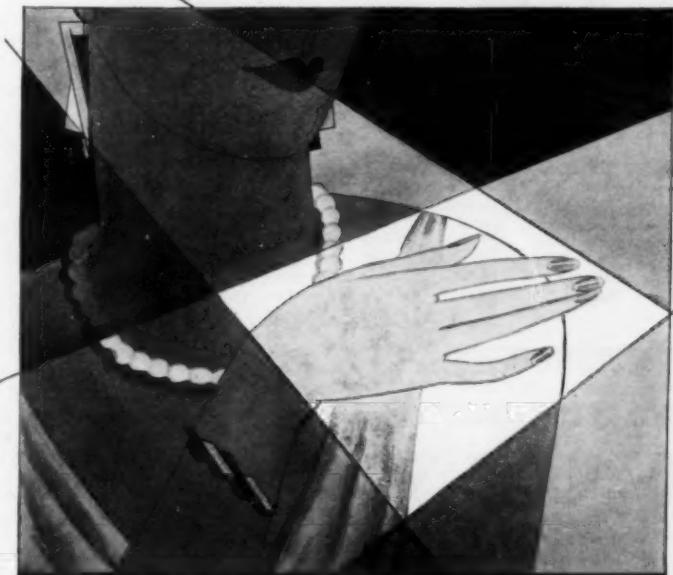
Suppose, for the purpose of illustration, we say there is only one table and twenty people are Electing the Governor.

On the table there are eighteen pieces of cardboard about the size and shape of a man's hand—just two less than there are players. The voters, or players, walk slowly around the table until the hostess shouts "Vote!" Then all the voters try to put their right hands on one of the ballots.

Of course, two will fail to do so and must drop out. Then two of the ballots are taken off the table so there is still a shortage of two ballots for the remaining voters. The same performance is repeated until only six voters are left. Then the ballots are removed only one at a time, so that there are five ballots for the six voters, and so on. The last man left in this game is thereby elected Governor of the Colony.

In case of argument, the hostess is the referee unless the guests are sufficiently good sports to referee themselves. Between players who may be contesting a ballot, the one covering the ballot with the most palm is considered to have it.

**GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO
LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT OR SUNLIGHT**



*Glazo's lovely color is constant
.. never deceiving its users*

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

With many nail polishes evening light, especially, brings a disappointing difference. A dashing color fades to insignificance and dullness replaces a soft glow. Your fingertips, charming by sunlight, lose every claim to beauty.

Correct Nail Color is Vital to Charm

Varying lighting conditions have an unflattering effect upon most nail polishes. Electric light can cause a soft lustre to appear flat and dull, or change the color of your nails to a yellowish tinge or an unpleasant purple-pink. Glazo alone remains unaffected. Glazo alone guards its modish tone under every changing condition of light.

With Glazo polish on your nails, your fingertips are always lovely—indoors and outdoors, under the dazzle of party lights or the glow of candles, just as in broad daylight.

Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine them

carefully. Glazo will have exactly the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under varying lights. With Glazo your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢.

If you would like samples of Glazo, send six cents with the coupon below.

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I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands."

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Now Winx comes in convenient cake form—in a little silvery compact—with mirror and brush. Cake Winx is utterly different from anything you have ever tried—it is so soft and creamy. It stays soft on your eyelashes. Never makes them beaded or brittle. Always smooth, silly—smart, decidedly . . . but not a bit artificial.

And—there's a touch of perfume in the cake—just a subtle dab for your eyes. Of course smart women here and abroad are enthusiastic about Cake Winx. The fashionable New York stores sell more and more of these silvery compacts every month.

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Liquid Winx is absolutely waterproof and tearproof. It is far more popular than any other liquid preparation. Ross Co., 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

For Lovely Lashes



When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

Untold Tales of Hollywood

[Continued from page 56]

One of the normal events of that picture was for Miss Wray to be led off the sets in hysterics. On one occasion, Von became indignant because the young lady did not leak tears in proper profusion. He said she had no heart; he would see if she had any emotions in her stomach. Thereupon he made her eat half a bottle of those fiery little Mexican chilis!

Von stormed and raved at all of them; but they adored him. They realized that—after the suffering was over—their reputations would be made.

Von was always broken-hearted by the end of the day, at the thought that he might have hurt their feelings.

One day he was making a scene in an imitation hail storm on a "prop" mountain and that day housewives at all points west of Denver, Colorado, called in vain upon their grocers for pearl tapioca. None was to be had in any hotel or any store. Von had cornered the market; bought all the pearl tapioca in the West. He insisted that nothing else would bounce like hail stones—and he "just hadda have hail that would bounce!" As I remember it, he had five tons of that delectable dessert. It bounced wonderfully.

"The Wedding March" will go down in movie history as one of the great unfinished symphonies. After it had been running a year, the Lasky Company, in despair, stopped it. That part which the public finally saw was intended only as the part to come before the intermission.

MY NEXT motion picture connection was with Cecil B. De Mille. I went to his studio as a supervisor and writer.

I will be frank about De Mille. He is the only man in pictures I never could fathom. I had known him with a certain degree of intimacy for years; but the closer I got to him the less I knew him.

It is a tradition of Hollywood that everyone has to say "Yes" to De Mille. One of the stock jokes of the film colony tells how Nita Naldi came late to rehearsal one day. She made a deep salam to him—sitting in the midst of his admiring company—and said: "YES, Mr. De Mille." Yet, on the other hand, I have never known anyone to accept hard criticism more graciously.

The first time I remember seeing De Mille, he was making a big scene from "Joan the Woman" in which Geraldine Farrar was starred. Geraldine was a good sport with not many grand opera airs.

That day a herald with a trumpet went round the studio announcing that "The Chief" was about to take one of his big scenes, and that the *hoi polloi* might attend. Preparatory to the scene, Mr. De Mille viewed the set through a frame made of his hands to get the perspective—as artists do.

Doug Fairbanks was working in that same studio at the time. He and Bull Montana put a kitchen chair out in the middle of a bare set and walked around it, imitating De Mille—getting the perspective. The joke was not appreciated.

Before every picture, De Mille would assemble his whole staff to hear the story. The audience numbered perhaps fifty—actors, technical experts and the like. De Mille read the play aloud. Then, without giving you time to think, he demanded your frank reaction.

I always told him the truth. If I hadn't quite made up my mind, I told him it was punk—on general principles. He always took it like a sport.

With Rod La Rocque, Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal, the De Mille studio was

hot with tantrums. Jetta was the proprietor of the grandest temperament in Hollywood. Her Dutch blood gave her a blind obstinacy; her Javanese ancestors contributed a diabolical *finesse* and subtlety. She did not rave. She argued. In a slow patient way she would argue a director into emotional insanity. I remember one foreign director who rushed off the set—almost into my embrace. "That woman," he shrieked. "She is worse than ten lions!"

Jetta was making a picture called "Three Faces East" under the direction of Rupert Julian, of "Merry Go Round" fame. They had a row that lasted a week over a dress. He had a blue regal affair made for her. She wanted to wear a gown of simple white. Driven almost frantic, he shouted at length: "You are going to wear the BLUE ONE; you can't have a WHITE ONE!"

Jetta bowed herself out with quiet dignity. The next day when the cameras were ready and the lights were set, the director called for Miss Goudal. With magnificent serenity, she came out—in a white dress. She had sat up all night and made it herself. She wore it.

"Why, Mr. Carr," said Jetta reproachfully, "I am not obstinate. It is they who are obstinate; I am right."

'Sa fact. Two thirds of the time Jetta was right. She was intellectual, keen and artistic.

Lupe Velez was not an entire stranger to me—although she didn't know it. I had been in Mexico a good deal and knew of her reputation on the West Coast, where she had been a belle of the cafés. I was prepared for surprises. I got them.

BOOTH Lupe and Jetta moved over to the Griffith studio to take part in a little French picture. They say that two tigers, on being put into one cage, will advance upon each other but will never fight. One will stare the other down, and the vanquished one will slink back into his corner, thereafter to surrender the best piece of horsemeat to the victor. I am now in a position to announce that this is an error. What tigers say to each other is something fierce. And neither one ever gives in.

Lupe, I think, won the fight when she appeared on the program of a public preview of one of the Warner Brothers pictures and gave an imitation of Jetta being upstairs, for the edification of the packed house.

That wasn't all; Lupe out-gamed Griffith. This is a little secret. Griffith's method is to acquire complete domination over every actress. If he can't accomplish this complete surrender of will in any other way, he wears them down physically.

He started in with Lupe early one morning. From breakfast time on, he put her through hard, difficult close-up scenes. When noon came, Griffith was tired; the camera man was plumb tuckered out, but Lupe was frolicking around. They went through the whole afternoon, and ended staggering on their feet—all except Lupe. Late that night—after midnight—Griffith fairly collapsed in his chair. His face was white and drawn; his voice was sagging with utter weariness. For a moment he stopped, and in the pause, Lupe leaped up and said to the exhausted orchestra: "Play some jazz; I want dance."

I used to ask Lupe about her love affairs. "I don't get no beau," she insisted. "I flirt but I don't love nobody."

And then she fell head over heels in love with Gary Cooper—and fairly megaphoned it to the world. In all my years in Hollywood I have seen no other romance as frank and unabashed—except the one between Joan Crawford and young Doug Fairbanks.

The latter was a strange romance. Joan was a little ex-chorus girl who had known hunger and disillusionment and bitterness. Doug is utterly unsophisticated—a dreamer and a poet. Joan took him in hand with the fierce protection of a wild mother. She keeps his poems in a little locked diary—copied in her own angular hand.

JOAN was one of a very few stars discovered during this phase of the movies—Joan, Anita Page, Alice White, Janet Gaynor and perhaps a few others.

The truth is, a singular thing was happening. Instead of discovering new stars, they were re-discovering old ones.

Perhaps the most sensational of these instances was the re-arrival of Phyllis Haver. After leaving the Sennett bathing pool, she had been hanging around Hollywood for years. She became famous in a single scene—in the first episode of "What Price Glory"—where she jilted the United States army and announced her engagement to the Marine Corps.

Another girl dragged out of the scrap heap was Marie Prevost. She was never under suspicion of being anything greater than a bathing girl until Lubitsch suddenly found her; and then she became a star.

Perhaps the most striking instance of all was the case of Betty Compson. She had slipped so badly as a star that she had slid out of pictures entirely. She had married Jimmie Cruze and was resignedly managing her house. The reason was not mysterious in her case; Betty was a punk actress. She had two facial expressions—the meaning of which was not clear—even to Betty. I don't know what happened to her in her home in Flintridge. Anyhow, she came back to the screen a new Betty. She came back in a small part in a picture at the Universal in which Mary Philbin starred. No one remembers Mary. Betty stole the picture.

I am rather inclined to think that those Cinderella days of the screen are over.

The majority of stars now coming to the screen are women of established reputation on the stage—notably Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton. They will never have the same hold on the public. Little girls will never burn candles in front of their pictures, nor old ladies send them sweet letters. They will be thought of only as skilled artists.

HAL ROACH, the producer, became a millionaire because, while working as a forest ranger, he happened to see a thrown-away Sunday supplement describing a studio and went to visit it on a day when the director needed somebody to play faro.

I have seen women like Maude George achieve artistic triumphs as she did in "Foolish Wives"—and then never be able to get work.

Mary Pickford once told me that the strain of getting to the top is nothing compared to the agony of staying there. There is only room for one on the peak. Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin are all faced with one dreadful dilemma. Each of their pictures must be better than the last one.

Meanwhile, the talkies are rasping and squeaking in a new Hollywood that none of us know—perhaps will never know.

Looking back over my fifteen years of screen experience, it seems as though I had been living in a sort of fairyland of unreality. Only it has not been an altogether happy fairyland.

Success or failure in pictures depends too much upon fortuitous circumstance; it's too much a matter of getting the breaks.

Ramon Novarro once told me: "Every time I am standing in front of the camera, I look down at the mob of extras and see dozens of boys just as capable, just as good-looking and perhaps better actors than I am. Only they didn't get the breaks. And they never will."



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Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost— you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle... its gloss and lustre... depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonsfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of... soft, rich, creamy lather... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural... color tones... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

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for Every Woman



Marion Davies approves the lovely natural color imparted by Max Factor's Rouge

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Blonde! Brunette! or Redhead! . . . Discover how to double your beauty . . . Free. See coupon

WOULD you like to know how to gain a radiant beauty more alluring than the fascinating vision of your fondest dreams?

Would you like to know how to give to your cheeks a complexion color that rivals the blush of a rose?

Would you like to know how to give to your eyes a luminous sparkle; how to accentuate their size and surround them with the shadow of mystery?

And would you like to know how to harmonize each make-up essential . . . your powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites . . . into a rarely beautiful ensemble of color harmony, blending with your complexion perfectly; enhancing your beauty, charm and personality.

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Based on his revolutionary discovery of cosmetic color harmony, tested and proved perfect under blinding studio lights . . . Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for the stars, for you and everyone.

Now, for you, just as he has done for famous stars, he will create your own color harmony in Society Make-Up . . . in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up requisites . . . to blend with your own complexion, whatever your type is blonde, brunette or redhead.

Discover this new way to instant beauty . . . free. Accept this precious gift from Hollywood's make-up genius . . . your own complexion analysis, your make-up color harmony chart and copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail coupon now.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

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MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor — Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 14-5-20.
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your all-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"; personal complexion analysis; and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose no cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Only
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Today's Virtue

[Continued from page 29]

suggested, "it would make fewer complications."

"But," said Pamela helplessly, "must I provide these deceptions? I don't want to, Dr. Edwards. I would rather that your nephew knew the truth."

"Some hypocrisies are necessary," he told her weakly, out of long wisdom, "some concession to conventionalities there must be. I send you out of the city for obvious reasons. But I send you also to one of the finest doctors of my acquaintance. But he is quite young, and he is also conventional. Believe me that it would only harm you—and the baby—if you had to fight every step of the way, battling hostilities and rebuffs and unkindness."

"BUT," she asked again, "is not my baby my own affair?"

"Theoretically. Look here, Pamela, once you smash through an approved barrier, once you take a stand against a morality—oh, an idea, if you wish, but one which has become standard—you will find that your affair is everyone's affair. Society at large is run on such lines. I know you for a very valiant little person. But courage of that type is not welcomed by the world, after all. I am almost old enough to be," he smiled, "your grandfather. Will you not trust me in this?" he asked her.

She said, after a minute, "Very well. I'll do as you say, Dr. Edwards. Will you make the arrangements and let me know?"

Later, when she was leaving he said, holding both small hands in his big, warm grasp, "Try and forget—as much as you can. For this period of waiting, live, as wholly as may be, for your baby. That's the one big reality in your life now, you know."

She said, trying to smile. "I suppose so. Still I feel pretty detached from it yet. As if the baby were a theory, perhaps. I can't explain. I wonder," she said, "if women in other circumstances, happy, sheltered women—" her voice broke a little, "loved women—if they feel differently? If they feel that the life they carry is realer than all the world, a personality—someone to love, terribly, to companion them in loneliness? But then," she added, "they wouldn't be lonely."

His heart ached for her and for the world of women. He asked hastily, anxiously, for he had to know, for her own sake, "You aren't—resenting? I mean, the baby isn't, well, substituting for your resentment, is it?"

She understood; answered, quickly, gravely, "Oh, no. I feel—terribly responsible. As if I had to make up to my child—for so much. But other than that, it isn't very real to me, yet, Dr. Edwards."

A DAY or two later Rachel said to Pamela curiously:

"I heard to-day, at lunch, that Tony had sailed for Cuba with a writer named Preston, to do a book together. Is it true?"

So he had sailed! Inescapably her heart knew a dreadful sinking, a sense of irreparable loss. She had loved him very much, had endowed him with all the glamor, and all the romance of an idealistic passion. She had known that he would go, of course. And as far as she was essentially concerned, he had gone, from her life, on that evening at the studio.

"I suppose it's true," she said. "I knew he was going. I didn't know when. I didn't know he would go so soon."

Rachel looked at her sharply.

"You've quarrelled," she stated abruptly.

"Yes. That is, we're through. Rachel, don't ask me any more, please."

Autumn became winter—gusty winter, with dirty snow caked in the streets and a wild wind blowing. And Pamela resigned her job and set herself to work at Rachel's typewriter, typing the muddled manuscripts with which Dr. Edwards provided her.

It was inevitable that she tell Rachel. They were not close, but they were friends. Pamela had many women acquaintances but few friends. Something a little remote in her was repelled by the easy give and take of trivial confidence. Girls her own age liked her and admired her. But that was all. But she and Rachel had shared a little home, she was privy to all Rachel's light-hearted secrets. And so, she told her.

Rachel was perfectly aghast. She stammered, "No, no, Pam, you're not telling the truth. You can't be! Girl, have you gone mad?"

"No."

Suddenly Rachel was in angry tears.

"It isn't fair! He must marry you!" "He's willing to marry me, dear," Pamela said, gently, profoundly moved at the other girl's agitation, "but I won't marry him. He isn't good enough."

Rachel went over to Pamela, knelt down by her chair, put her arms about her.

"You must!" she said frantically. "It's the only way out. You can't stand the gaff, Pam, it isn't possible. You're not hard-boiled like a lot of us. Don't let pride stand in your way. Even, even if you think you wouldn't be happy with Tony, marry him and stick it out for a time. You could divorce him. You'd have your baby—and a name. And your freedom, then."

"I never thought of that," said Pamela. "It is an easy way, isn't it? Too easy. No, Rachel."

Over a period of days and weeks they argued. Rachel said, finally, "There's no use. I give up. Look here, Pam, do you need money? I've some in the savings bank. Take it when you go."

Pamela had told her of the arrangements Dr. Edwards had made. She put her hand now in Rachel's in a swift, rare caress.

"There's nothing you can do. Except about—Anthony. Promise me you will never tell him where I am, where I have gone. Tell nobody. Say simply I've taken a job away from New York. I'll keep in touch with you and Dr. Edwards. But Anthony mustn't know, Rachel."

SHORTLY before Pamela left for Merton she had a message to come to a publishing house, the name of which was very familiar to her. There she learned that they had taken over the assets of the defunct house which had published her father's books. There was some money for her and there might be more. On her way home from the interview, wrapped in a big heavy tweed coat, walking carefully because of the ice on the pavements, her heart was lighter within her than it had been for months.

Money didn't solve all problems but money would help almost any given situation.

She stopped in at the doctor's to tell him, waited in the office a while, looking about her, thinking that she might never see it again. Might never come back to New York.

And at the word *never* her heart turned over. She was young, she was healthy, she had not thought of death. But now she did think of it. Women died in childbirth. She had no wish to die. Life was all before her, a battle which must be fought, a foe

which must be conquered. In action there was exhilaration, a sense, almost, of spiritual well-being. But if she died and the baby lived?

She said, breathlessly, without greeting, to the doctor when she was again alone with him:

"If I die, will you help the baby? I couldn't bear that it should go into a home. If there were people to adopt it, give it care, to love it?"

She was shaking. He took her hands, said with professional, forced cheerfulness, "It's not like you to be morbid. You aren't going to die, Pamela. Sit down and let me tell you the arrangements I have made for you."

So she sat down and forced herself to listen. He had a room for her in a pleasant house, not far from the hospital. She would like Mrs. Downes, Lathrop wrote. Lathrop himself would see her as soon as she arrived, had already made arrangements at the hospital. There was a flat fee charged, for a private room and special nursing. Not very high; and in her case even more reasonable. It did not amount to much more than floor care in one of the big city hospitals. Edwards did not tell her that he had written his nephew that he himself would make up any deficit if Lathrop found that the hospital could not meet the requirements in this case.

THE parting with Rachel was hard. Pamela had never clung to her as she now did. Rachel wept, frankly. "You'll write?" she begged. "And if ever I can do anything? Oh, Pam, you're such a dear fool!" And gave her, with a timidity masked by casual chatter, an attempt at wise-cracking, a box of funny little garments, infinitesimal sweaters and woolly, bunny-printed blankets.

Pam touched them with unsteady hands. For the first time, in a flash of comprehension, her child became real to her. Not as something for which she must fight and suffer and be responsible. But as a person, a small person, someone who would wear these absurd garments, who would laugh and cry, be hungry, be ill, grow into maturity!

She stared down at the layette, experiencing the most violent emotion she had ever felt. Rachel said, anxiously, "I knew you hadn't bought anything. You're not angry are you, Pam?"

"Angry!" She turned starry eyes on the other girl, "No, only grateful."

She kissed her, out of that gratitude. Rachel went with her to the station. Edwards was there, waiting.

"Be of stout heart," were his last words to her.

As the train pulled out, he and Rachel faced each other, there on the platform.

He knew instinctively that Rachel knew. She said, "She'll be all right, won't she, Doctor?"

From his great height he looked down at the small, dark, troubled girl.

"Yes, she's young—and healthy," he answered.

"I didn't mean that. I meant—oh, she must be all right," cried Rachel bitterly, "or else there's no fairness in all the world!"

Edwards did not answer.

Rachel said, suddenly, "I suppose you condemn her in your heart. Men," said Rachel, "are like that."

"No, I don't condemn her," he said gravely. "I was wondering how much she will condemn herself, that's all."

"She's too strong," said Rachel, "and she's not ashamed."

"No," said Edwards. "She's not ashamed, in the sense you mean. I don't suppose she ever will be. But life plays queer tricks with us sometimes. Our convictions change and our viewpoints mature. She's young and valiant. But—I wonder?"

(To Be Continued)



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Purple Grapes

[Continued from page 33]

right again. But when she went forth for that look, that word, Rikky was not waiting. Only his car was waiting, and his chauffeur with a note, hastily scribbled, saying that the only thing that could keep him away from her was keeping him, and would she ride home—and dream of him—and wait for his call in the morning.

Romilly rode back to the little apartment, but not to dream of Rikky. For hours she tossed, miserably going over in her mind the things Paula had said, the things she'd heard about Rikky, the things Broadway had taught her.

And when Rikky phoned in the morning it was not Romilly who answered but Paula. Paula had been waiting for this very chance.

Romilly heard her laughing into the receiver. "Romilly? Oh, she's dead to the world, Rikky! . . . Well, what do you expect a girl to do when she tumbles in at daybreak?"

At that Romilly flushed angrily and reached for the telephone, but Paula, backing away, refused to give it up.

She continued, "Oh, sure—she came right home. But that isn't saying she stayed here! . . . Well, Rikky, you don't expect a girl like Romilly to give up Broadway, do you? Or Broadway to give up Romilly! . . . What? Party? . . . Oh, sure . . . Marty Knox sent around orchids this morning, but a few more won't make her feel bad!" And with a grin, Paula hung up the phone.

SHE turned to meet Romilly's blazing eyes. "Paula! You know I wasn't on any party last night!"

"Do you want him to think he can step out on you, baby, while you sit at home?"

"He didn't. I don't believe—"

"If you'd been where I was last night," retorted Paula briefly, "you'd believe quick enough." Which was a stab in the dark by Paula. Wherever she'd been, Rikky della Desorgimenti hadn't been there. But Paula knew her Broadway—and she thought she knew her Rikky. And she didn't want Romilly to be fooled. Romilly was such a dumb little kid!

Romilly grew strangely white, but she didn't ask any questions. She didn't dare. She only said, slowly, "I don't want his orchids! Particularly with you asking him to send them!"

"You'll be jumping me for the one about Marty Knox next! All I'm trying to do is show Rikky that he doesn't have the whole field to himself. Snap out of it now—and if that playboy doesn't show you a lot better time in the future than he has in the past, I miss my guess."

In due time Rikky's orchids came, followed by Rikky himself; but something that had flamed between him and Romilly was dead. The spell was broken, the magic gone.

He said, at last, and rather stiffly, "Nice time last night?"

Romilly refused to say that Paula had lied. She answered, jerkily, "Very," and lapsed into silence again.

"Never thought—you were missing all that racket."

"I guess—we've both been missing it."

"I haven't," quietly. "Not—when I had you."

"Oh—me." She shrugged. She wanted to cry, so she laughed instead.

Then, diffidently, "Did you have a nice time, too? Last night?"

Rikky grinned at that. "Checking up on me, Romilly?"

"No!" She flushed hotly. "Why should I? We're both free to come and go as we please! That's what we're here for—to have a good time!"

The smile died from his lips and he looked at her, puzzled.

"Then—I've been keeping you from a good time? Is that it?"

Romilly didn't answer. She couldn't.

"Sorry." It was Rikky who spoke, but not the Rikky of the past enchanted days. This was Rikky della Desorgimenti, charming, smilingly formal, looking at her with dark eyes in which something seemed to have died. "I must have been boring you, Romilly. But perhaps, now that you've warned me, I can be more—entertaining."

He was, if Romilly, who wanted only Rikky smiling at her across a little table, Rikky sitting beside her as they drove through the soft, warm night, counted as entertainment the giddy whirl of Broadway's night life that engulfed them both again. His flowers came, his gifts—expensive trifles, rare perfumes, jeweled vanities that Romilly could find no excuse for refusing—invariably preceded his calls.

SUMMER came, and both Paula and Romilly went under contract with the most lavish revue holding over the hot season. Rikky, who had never spent summer in the city, stayed on and on. But though he was with Romilly constantly, they never got back to the spirit of their first meeting.

Perhaps, if Romilly and Rikky had been more alone, they might have looked at each other and wiped out with a glance the gap that was widening between them. But they were never alone. They met in restless crowds, they became a part of them.

And the more Rikky showered on Romilly the attentions of the playboy, the more she accepted them with a smile tinged with bitterness.

Only Paula, who felt that at last Rikky was running true to form, was satisfied.

Just once Rikky referred to the past, saying suddenly one night, "I wonder what happened to us, Romilly? What broke the spell?"

"So he knows the spell is broken!" thought Romilly. And because she wanted to hurt him for the hurt he'd given her, she said, "Was there ever a spell?"

"You know there was," he answered quietly.

"Then perhaps it was because we are so different. You don't see things as I do."

"You mean—because I'm an Italian?" It was the first time he had ever mentioned his nationality to her. "I wonder," he went on, as if voicing his thoughts, "which of us is really the more American. Your father came from Ireland, your mother from Spain. My mother's name was Grant, Romilly, and she came from Boston."

Romilly's mind was a tumult of contradictory thoughts. So his mother was an American! Then his father had not hesitated to marry away from his own country, and this was a thing Paula had told her Rikky would never do! "But then," she said aloud, not realizing it, "I suppose she had money." She was thinking that she, Romilly, had only herself to offer.

Rikky's eyes were quiet. "I don't know—" he replied. "It didn't matter. My father loved her. And the Desorgimenti's have always married for love."

But he said no more. He was silenced by Romilly's mention of money.

And then, when it was inevitable that these two be driven apart by Romilly's hurt and Rikky's growing belief that Romilly was,

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after all, just like all the rest of Broadway, the vineyards with the sunlight on them entered the picture.

Not that some magician transplanted a purple-laden vineyard to the vicinity of Broadway. Not that some wayward impulse transplanted Romilly to the vicinity of some fragrant vineyard. It was just that autumn turned the pages of the calendar, bringing Romilly's summer engagement to an end.

"She's worked too hard," confided Paula to Rikky della Desorgimenti, "and she can't take a decent vacation now, with Tarrant dangling a new show under her nose."

"Is it so necessary for her to take it, that she must endanger her health?" asked Rikky.

"New shows—Tarrant shows—don't grow on gooseberry bushes," retorted Paula tartly.

Rikky jerked up his dark head. "My mistake. And I've no doubt Romilly looks at it as you do—the most important thing in her life. Sorry I can't see her to-day. If there's anything that I can do—"

"You might send her some grapes," suggested Paula, who was not backward in prompting Rikky in the matter of gifts. "But not a whole carload, Rikky, though that would be more your style!"

Not that she expected Rikky della Desorgimenti to be giving anybody a carload of grapes. Not, indeed, that Rikky himself meant to. Which was why, perhaps, he nearly did. At all events, very promptly the next morning a very large and bulky looking crate arrived at Romilly's apartment.

PAULA was there alone when it arrived. She gave it one look, turned her eyes on the diminutive ice box, and snorted. "Well, if that wouldn't make you cry!"

Again, she had no thought of being taken literally, and again, she was. For when, some six hours later, she came back from the rehearsal of her own show, she found the apartment living room strewn with celsior, and the remains of an opened crate. The contents of the crate were piled in a very purple, very extravagant heap on the floor. Romilly, as was plain to be seen, was somewhere in the middle of them.

Paula surveyed the scene. "Treading out the wine, baby?" she asked.

Romilly lifted a tear-stained face that looked as if it had never charmed a Broadway audience. "They—they're g-g-grapes!" she wailed.

"I thought they were daisies! Or a nice, juicy shipment of trained seals!"

Romilly gulped, refusing to smile. "G-grapes—with the dust still on them!"

"Oh, Gosh, somebody forgot to run a vacuum over them, I suppose—but why the cloudburst? Look here, baby, give me the real dope. Lost your job?" Which was ridiculous, Romilly being who she was.

Romilly was as incoherent as she was determined to be tearful.

"You never stood in a vineyard with the sun beating down—and the smell of grapes in the air—and the lovely purple of them in your eyes!" she sobbed. "You never lay on your back on the hot, baked ground—and popped your very own grapes in your mouth—and were so happy you wanted to die right then and there! You don't know anything about it—and anyway, I'm homesick! I want to go home! And I'm going home!"

"So's your old man," said Paula wearily. "Listen, baby, you're going to get up off that bed of grape juice and tumble into your own crib. You've got two hours before it's time to beat it back to the theatre, and the best thing you can do with them is to let sleep fade out that sunset on your nose. And wash the grape stain off your mouth—it doesn't match your lipstick."

All of which was the sanest advice in the world, and Romilly should have taken it. But instead—she dried her eyes, packed her grip and caught the next train for California.

She left a message for Paula and she scrawled a note to Mr. Tarrant, the man

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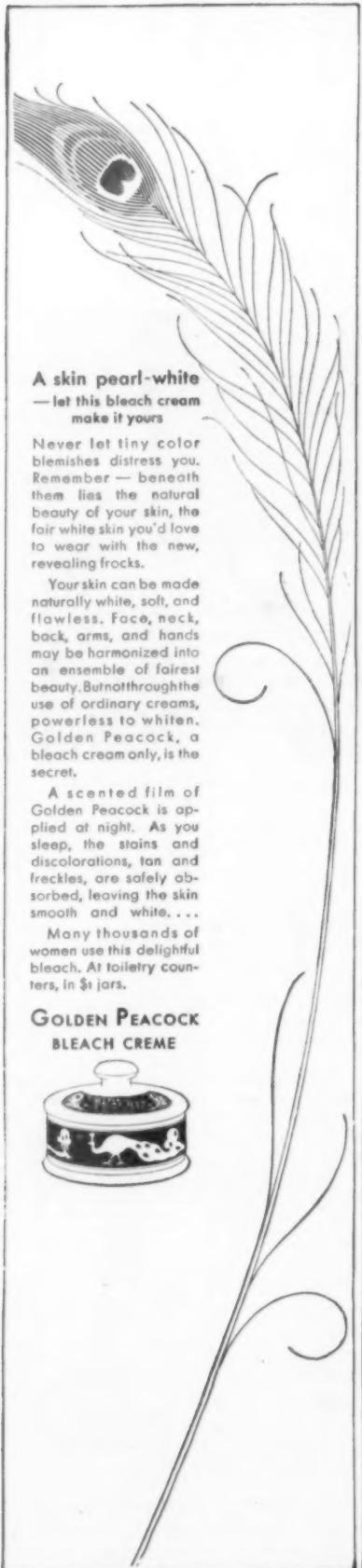
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who had given her her chance and who would probably never give her another.

For Rikky she left no good-bye. It was Paula, still too stupefied by Romilly's flight to be able to think clearly, who broke the news to Rikky.

"She said," cried Paula wildly, "that she was going home! And she looked just crazy enough to have meant it!"

"Home?" Rikky could not understand.

"Don't ask me to explain! I never could work riddles! I found her bawling like a baby over that carload of grapes you dumped on our best carpet—just because they were a nice, bright purple! Dusty, she said they were! Hot recommendation for a bunch of grapes. She raved some more about lying around in the sun and getting dirt on her fingers. Then, like she was saying she thought she'd go out to dinner, she said she was going home! Now ask me another!"

But Rikky wasn't asking any more questions. He was striding the room, the old eager look once more in his eyes. He understood. Oh, he understood! His dark eyes became such clear mirrors for the sudden joy that filled him that Paula, eyeing him curiously, said, "Well, I must say, you take it like a check from home. You look as if you'd found a long lost brother."

Rikky faced her, very slim and straight. "I've found—my lost love," he said simply.

Then he bent over Paula's hand and kissed it, the first time he had ever paid her that homage. "Because you thought of—purple grapes!" he said, and was gone.

THERE is no sharp, clear tang of fall in the San Joaquin valley, only sunshine and a sky as blue as the skies of Sicily and the smell of growing things upon the air. In all the sunshine and poignant beauty of a September afternoon Romilly sat upon a hillside, looking out over the world. Below her spread her father's vineyards, filling the

air with a heady fragrance, and from the rambling rancho beyond the eucalyptus grove came laughter and softly calling voices. But in the heart of Romilly there was no laughter. She sat beneath a tree centuries old, and stared out at the valley spread below her. Yet she did not see the valley—only the face of Rikky della Desorgimenti, mocking her.

Surely it was mocking her—coming so close to her—looking down at her with eyes that wove again their spell of magic.

Surely—

"Rikky?" asked Romilly fearfully. "Not—Rikky?"

He sat down beside her, and he was not a dream at all, but a very dusty, very glowing individual. For an eternity they looked into each other's eyes—these two who were seeking for a lost enchantment. Then they smiled, for they had found that which they'd been seeking. Silently, breathlessly, they touched hands, and all the world fell away from them, and the beat of sea gulls' wings soared again in Romilly's heart.

Rikky's eyes were empty vessels that filled themselves with the sight of Romilly. "I had forgotten," he whispered, "how beautiful you were."

"I have not forgotten—anything," said Romilly.

His eyes were grave. "We will not wait this time, for the world to crash things for us, Romilly."

She touched his hand again, as if making sure that he were really there. Her lips trembled. "You see—I didn't think you'd come!"

"You knew I would," Rikky said quietly.

Romilly smiled. Perhaps she had known. Surely she had but been waiting for the miracle that would again weave the pattern of joy that had somehow been lost.

"You will love Italy," said Rikky della Desorgimenti.



"Oh, pardon me fer not knockin', lady!"

Jewel Poems

[Continued from page 41]

Prather smiled reminiscingly.

"In Canton, I fairly haunted Jade Street, and in Hongkong, Singapore and Bangkok I made it my business to miss nothing of any artistic worth, but set about acquiring tangible bits of jeweled craftsmanship.

"From Bangkok, we traveled north to Chiengmai, a thrilling trip through jungles infested with leopards and tigers. But it was worth the danger to see the lovely handwrought silver pieces in Chiengmai.

"Then on to Korea," she continued. "You know, amber comes from many countries and runs through all the tawny shades from pale lemon to deep henna-red; but the Korean variety is especially noted for its fine clear honey-color."

Full of enthusiasm for the art of the Orient, Mrs. Prather returned to America. Then in the War, forgetting jewels, she went into Red Cross work, taking charge of Riverside Hospital.

With the coming of peace she resumed her regular European trips with her husband, but traveling began to pall.

From time to time her friends had begged her to sell them her own collection of amber, jade and carnelian, but this she would not do as many of the pieces not only represented exquisite native craftsmanship, but brought to mind memories of the Orient.

She did, however, send to India for a few necklaces of carnelian. She was appalled to receive eighteen chains instead of the few she had ordered, and her husband was a bit irritated at the amount of duty he had to pay, and muttered a few words (as husbands will) about "doing errands for other people."

Poor Mrs. Prather was out of luck, for by the time the necklaces arrived so much time had elapsed since their ordering that either her friends' money had been spent or their enthusiasm had cooled, and she found herself with all the necklaces figuratively "around her neck".

In desperation, one day, she packed all the chains in a bag and went to Tiffany's. She showed them to George F. Kuntz, the foremost jewel expert in America, and to her great surprise he bought the entire collection.

Shortly after her coup, her husband went to Europe again and while he was gone Mrs. Prather took another flyer. This time her goods arrived on November third and by November eighth she had sold every bead. However, she got so tired answering doorbells and telephone calls at home that she took the plunge and rented a salesroom in Union Square, where she has since carried on her eight years of business.

"But the idea of using necklaces of mixed stones, which has given me my place in the costume jewelry field, came about in an odd way," she confided. "In the early days of my business I often shortened chains to a requested length for women customers, and had a chance to purchase the left-over stones for myself. So I idly strung them together in necklaces of my own design. Buyers thought they were very lovely, but too odd to sell."

Mrs. Prather never gave up her idea, though, and to-day her "odd" jewelry has made her so successful that she has agents in many countries who send her the gems.

As I turned to leave her office I glanced out over the city.

"Do come here and look at the last of the sunset," I said.

Mrs. Prather's keen eyes swept the horizon.

"Mmm," she mused, "I'll use rose quartz and moonstones for that, and call it 'After-glow.'"

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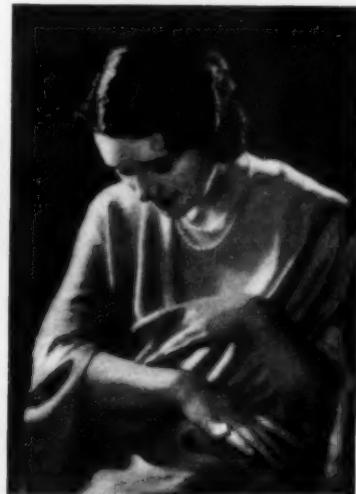
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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand



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across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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Just a Stubborn Fool

[Continued from page 53]

which you would like to become accustomed. Go to it."

Tubby said, "Did you notice her eyes? And lips? And hair?"

I said, "I noticed." I wished he would change the subject, so I said, "Let's go places."

"Where?"

"Anywhere," I said. "Over to Sandy's Bar. There ought to be a gang there."

So we went over to Sandy's, and there pretty soon Tubby stopped talking about Claire, and seemed to forget her, and I began to envy him even more.

DURING the next ten days I had luncheon with Tubby and Claire twice, and they had tea with me once, and by then I had told Claire all the reasons why I wouldn't write again, and several other things, without meaning to.

Then one afternoon Tubby called me up at the office and said he'd be waiting for me when I got home. And, because one of his keys fitted my lock, he was.

He said, "And so the office slave returns."

I said, "Slave is right. Did you ever think of working, Tubby?"

"Did I not! Just the thought fatigued me. The lilies of the field and I are as one. We toil not, neither do we spin. Listen, I've got good news."

I said, "I don't need any good news. My vacation starts in three days."

"That's what it's all about."

"What what's all about?"

"My news," he said, "and your vacation." I looked at him warily. "Well?"

He said, "Vacations are expensive, usually."

"If that's good news," I told him, "I hope you never have any that's real bad."

He smiled at me benignly and said, "Peter, how would you like to save all that money and go yachting instead?"

"How would you like to go flying with Lindbergh?" I replied.

"I mean it," he said.

"So do I."

"Look." He sat up in his chair, and fixed his eyes on me. "I'll explain. You're invited on a cruise."

"Ye-ah?"

"It's this way. Old man Harton is up in Maine."

"So I understand."

"And his yacht is down here. You see, he's up there and the boat is here. The thing to do is get them together."

I said, "What's that got to do with me?"

"A lot. Claire is going with the tug, and so is a party, and you and I are invited." "Where?"

"To Maine," said Tubby, "on the yacht." I said quickly, "I can't go."

"Why not?"

"The sea. It doesn't agree with me."

"Strange the navy didn't discover it."

I said, "That's got nothing to do with it. I said the sea doesn't agree with me, and besides, I've got a lot of other plans."

"You got a lot of nerve, that's all," Tubby said. "If Claire wants you to go yachting, you're going!"

I said, "Listen, Tubby. I like you. I like Claire. I think you're both swell, and I hope you wake up some morning in Gretna Green with a marriage certificate under your pillow, and that all your children turn out to be bond salesmen. But that's no reason why I should go—"

Just then the bell rang, and I went to the door, and there stood Claire.

She said, "Oh, hello! I told Tubby I'd meet him here."

She came in, slim and cool and very

sure of herself, and something caught in my heart. She sat down, and tucked her long legs under her, and smiled at Tubby and then at me. She said, "Isn't it going to be fun?"

I said, "Heaps."

She said, "Tubby's told you, hasn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "He told me."

"And you're coming?"

Tubby looked at me and grinned, and Claire looked at me, with the same something lurking in her sherry-colored eyes that had done things to me the first time.

"It's awfully nice of you," I said. "Of course I'm coming."

THERE were five other guests on board the *Shada* when we finally found it down at the Yacht Club pier. Among them there was a man with a gray mustache and not much hair and a lot of stomach, called Cornwall, and a younger one—just out of Princeton by way of Harvard and Yale and request. There were three ladies, light, dark and undecided and thin, otherwise and dieting respectively.

Claire appeared and a Japanese boy with a tray came in, and Claire whistled through a speaking tube, and we were under way.

The lady with the lighter-than-previous hair came over and sat beside me and said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

I said, "Of course I do. How could I ever forget?"

She said, "I was Peggy Jenks then."

I said, "Oh."

"That was two years ago," she went on, after a moment. "I was a classmate of Cynthia's."

This time I didn't say anything. It had been a long time since anyone had spoken about Cynthia to me. So I just sat still for a while, trying not to think, and then I said, "I hope we don't run into rough weather, don't you?"

"I hope not. What was the trouble between you and Cyn?"

"Nothing," I said. "Not a thing."

She looked at me reproachfully. "Well, of course—"

"She just got married," I said hastily.

"I know," she started, and then Claire came up, and Peggy withdrew her hand.

Then I went down to the cabin to dress for dinner, and Tubby followed along, and I said, "Where are we headed for first?"

"Block Island."

"Where's that?"

"I don't know, but that's the first stop. I asked one of the footmen."

"Steward," I corrected. "Hotels and houses have footmen. Country clubs and yachts have stewards."

"Have it your own way," Tubby said, helping himself to one of my best handkerchiefs. "I hope this tub don't rock, though."

I said, "I hope we stand on our beam's end from now on."

Tubby punched a buzzer on the wall. When the Jap boy came he said, "Two. And make 'em long and strong. The sea here upsets my friend."

THE first dinner went off pretty well, with no hands missing and everything in its place. I sat across the table from Claire, while Mr. Cornwall told how clever her father was. It developed that Mr. Cornwall worked for old J. J.

Then Claire started in to tell us our itinerary, about laying to at Block Island, and then at Hyannis and Marblehead, and on to Bar Harbor; and then we got up and drifted into another room and had coffee, and someone suggested bridge.

Cornwall said he'd like to play, and Elaine-something, who was on her ninth day, thought it might take her mind off food, and Janet and Winthrop murmured something about a moon and disappeared. So the rest of us cut in and Claire and I drew low cards, so we went out too.

We passed Win and Janet on the after deck, and I pretended not to see them, because I didn't want to get ideas, and Claire said, "Let's go up forward where we can feel the wind."

So I found a couple of cushions and we went forward, and there was just enough wind to make it interesting, but not uncomfortable, and a new moon.

Claire said, "Look at it over your left shoulder and make a wish."

I said, "I don't make wishes any more."

She said, "You think you're pretty hard, don't you?"

"No," I said, "I don't. That's just the trouble. I'm not hard enough."

She said, "All girls aren't the same."

I said, "Maybe so."

She said, "Let's forget it for a while. Tell me some more about the next book you're not going to write." So I told her some more, but it was mostly about what happened when penniless young men got engaged to wealthy girls, and sometimes married them, and were led around by the nose when they weren't leading the pet poodles about on a string.

Claire shivered a little, finally, and said, "It's cold."

I said, "I'll get you a wrap."

She said, "Stupid," and moved closer.

A steamer had passed a moment before to starboard and suddenly we struck a particularly heavy swell, and Claire swayed against me. I caught her in my arms, and said, "Steady," and then her face turned up toward mine. In the semi-darkness her eyes shone softly. Then my lips were against hers, and I was murmuring, "Claire—" over and over again. . . .

WHEN I finally caught my bunk on the rebound that night and tumbled in, I told myself I was being seven different kinds of a fool.

Tubby came in and said, "Are you awake?" I let out a couple of healthy snores, and he went out, and I lay there thinking until the familiar gray dawn came rolling round again. Then I fell asleep.

It was after eleven when I woke up, and there was quite a heavy sea. I dressed and went out on deck, and found Tubby and Cornwall and Peggy trying to hold down a trio of steamer chairs.

Tubby said, "Welcome stranger. We were just betting on the odds of your being under the weather."

I said, "Where's the rest of the gang?"

"Janet has a headache," Peggy said. "That's what she told me, anyway. And Winthrop—"

"Winnie-the-Pooh," Tubby cut in, "has gone his winsome way. In sympathy with Janet."

"Here comes Miss Claire now," said Cornwall.

Claire said, "Who feels like auction?"

"In this weather!" Tubby protested. "Slapjack would be better."

I said, "Peggy here is reading my palm." I moved my chair closer to hers and held out my hand. "She's very sympathetic, and she's psychic. Aren't you, Peggy?"

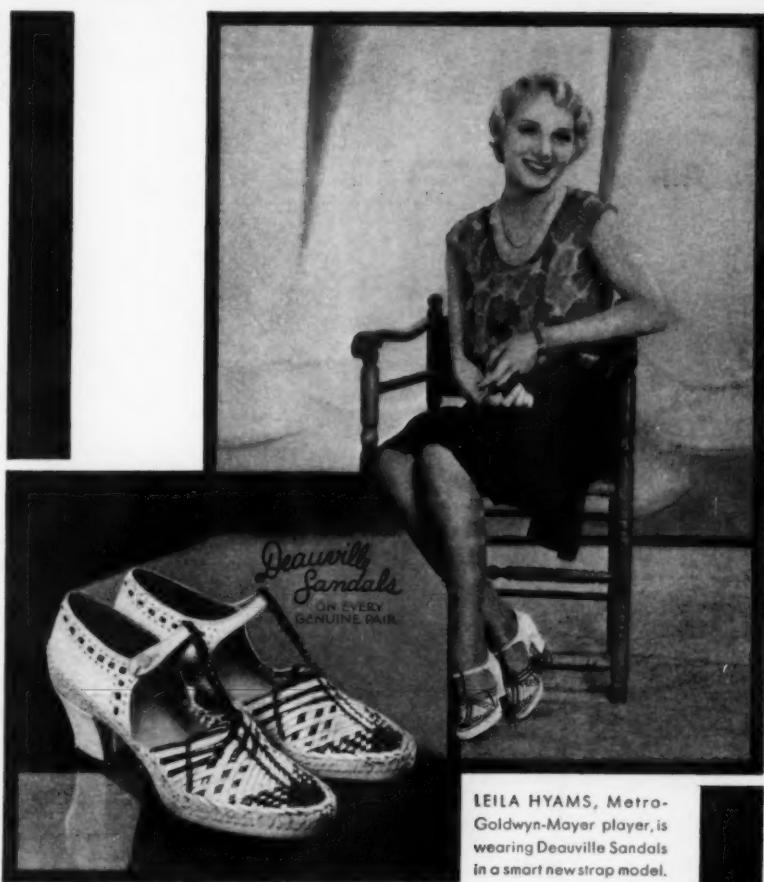
Peggy looked at me blankly for a moment, and took my hand automatically. I said quickly, "You were telling me yesterday. Go on from there."

Claire's eyebrows drew together in a puzzled frown. "I'm going up forward," she said. "Come on Tubby."

Tubby said, "But we'll blow away."

She said, "I may, but you won't. The wind isn't strong enough."

Peggy was saying, "The Venus line in



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your hand is very dominant," and I looked after Tubby and Claire walking off, and neither of them seemed very pleased.

I said, "Never mind about the Venus line. Tell me about the future."

THE rest of the day I managed to keep Peggy clinging pretty close to me, with Elaine substituting now and again, and with Tubby hovering in the near foreground. In the evening I played contract, with Cornwall for a partner, and lost thirty-seven dollars because I revoked twice. Cornwall confined himself to a few pointed remarks on bridge, and then the game broke up.

I hadn't been in my stateroom more than a minute or two when Tubby barged in.

He said, "What's the big idea, big boy?"

I said, "Don't bother me. I'm going to sleep."

He sat down on the edge of a table and glared at me. "Can I speak frankly?" he asked.

I said, "Keep right on. Don't mind me."

"Why can't you leave my girls alone?"

I stared at him. "Your girls?" I said. "I haven't been near any of your girls. I've been keeping away from Claire all day."

"I'm not talking about Claire."

I stopped struggling with a shoe lace and straightened up. I said, "Who are you talking about then?"

"Peggy."

I said, "My gawd!"

"She's a lovely girl," Tubby insisted. "It's just that she's always been misunderstood."

"So she told me."

"But that's no reason you should try to cut me out."

I said, "Far be it from me. From now on the field is yours. But what happened to you and Claire?"

Tubby looked at me in a peculiar manner, and then said, "Nothing. We just disagreed on one or two things, that's all. I might ask you the same thing."

"You might," I admitted, "but what would it get you? Good night."

By morning the sea had died down somewhat, and everyone appeared for luncheon.

The general impression prevailed that we would heave to—or whatever it was—in Hyannis late that afternoon, Block Island having been passed by with a lot of other things in the heavy weather.

Claire said, "Where were you all the morning?"

"Sleeping." I told her, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Claire got me to one side and said, "Are you running away from me?"

I didn't say anything.

She said, "What are you afraid of?"

"Myself." I told her, "and haven't you ever heard of the survival of the fittest? That's me. Once bitten, twice shy."

Claire said, "You're being awfully stupid."

I said, "I know."

IT WAS almost six when we dropped anchor in the harbor at Hyannis, and Winthrop and Janet had decided that maybe life was worth living after all, and Tubby remembered a place where they had a pretty good orchestra, so we all went ashore.

I danced just once with Claire, and then I divided my attention between Elaine and Peggy—and sometimes Janet—with Tubby giving me occasional black looks. I knew, dancing with Claire that once, that I was hopelessly gone.

So I kept Elaine occupied with looking at the stars and the moon and what not, all the way back to the *Shada* and then I excused myself and went to my stateroom.

I sat on the edge of my bunk and I wished I had a lot of money, or that I wasn't so stubborn once I got hold of an idea, or that things were somehow different so that I could let myself go. I thought of all the things I had fought so hard to keep from saying to Claire, and then there was a light tap on the door. I opened it, and Claire was standing there.

She said, "I hoped you were still up."

I said, "Did you?"

She said, "Would you do me an awfully big favor?"

I said, "Sure. I'd be glad to."

She hesitated a little. "It's a telegram I wanted to send. A specially private sort of



French Guide:

Oui, Monsieur, the young lady are teach
Henri five, six, new American cocktail.

telegram, and I wondered if you would go up to the telegraph office with me."

"I don't mind," I said.

The telegraph office was just closing when we reached it, and I stood by the door while Claire wrote out her wire.

Then we started back the same way we had come, but when we got down to the pier that was all there was—just the pier. The yacht had gone.

I said, "This must be the wrong place."

Claire sort of laughed and said, "It looks that way."

"But it isn't," I said. "I recognize the shed, and the barrels."

Claire said, "I'm afraid it's my fault. What time is it?"

I looked at my watch. "One-thirty."

"Then it is," she said. "I told them to pull out at one o'clock, and I forgot to tell them when we went ashore."

I stood there, looking at her blankly through the darkness, and then she laughed again, and said, "We'd better sit down and decide what to do. Give me a cigarette."

So I lit a cigarette for her, and we sat down on an overturned barrel.

Then I said, "We could get a machine, and catch the boat at the canal."

She said, "That's an idea."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"That's a fine idea," she repeated, "but it won't be going through before morning. What to do until then?"

"Sleep," I suggested finally. "Go to a couple of hotels and get a couple of rooms, and sleep."

She let loose with something that sounded like a giggle.

I said, "Don't you ever think of how things appear? Twenty years ago, or ten even, you'd have been compromised by a thing like this, and then you'd have had to marry me."

She said, "Oh—"

I said, "Exactly."

She said, "Do you mean to tell me you don't care enough about me to marry me if I were compromised?"

"I didn't say that at all!" I protested.

"It certainly sounded that way."

"It shouldn't have; it wasn't meant that way. And anyhow, times have changed a lot since East Lynne."

"But they haven't!" she murmured. "And besides, dad's frightfully old-fashioned. I'll have a devil of a time explaining."

Through the darkness I could see her crumpling her handkerchief up into a ball, and holding it to her mouth, and her shoulders shook a little. I reached out an arm. "Please, honey, don't get upset."

She said, "I'm not, but you don't care."

I said, "But of course I care."

"Not enough to marry me. You said so."

"I didn't. I said you'd have to marry me, and that would be tough on you."

She had snuggled closer in my arms, and now she said quickly, "Then you do care?"

"Care!" I said. "You know I care! I've cared from the first moment I saw you! I've loved you ever since Tubby first brought you up to my place. You're so lovely . . . Please don't cry any more!"

"I'm not crying," Claire said, holding up her lips. "I'm laughing—just a little. You're such a stubborn fool, Pete."

WE WERE in a hired taxi and were tearing away from Cape Cod and toward the state line where you could get married without waiting for the sunrise or four days to elapse, and Claire was dozing.

I said, "Won't your dad raise hell when he finds out?"

She looked up at me and smiled sleepily.

"He already knows," she murmured. "He always told me that if I ever saw anything I really wanted, and was quite sure I wanted it, to just go ahead and take it. That was what the wire was about—the one I sent off. To tell him I'd taken his advice . . ."

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Anne Paradise

[Continued from page 39]

so well. Peggy Wadsworth was wearing an evening dress the color of a flame, and a fur coat nestled over the back of her chair behind her bare white shoulders. She kept staring across at them, and her look made Anne sharply conscious of her own dark blue dress, with the white collar and cuffs. She minded that even more than she minded the popping blue gaze of Miss Windigon, which said as plainly as words could say that it was not seemly for information secretaries to appear in public with instructors.

ANNE PARADISE, sorting mail next morning, turned out a note for herself. She knew it was from Jason before ever she opened it, and her fingers shook with pleased anticipation. Jason had never sent her a letter before.

At first Anne did not believe the words that she saw written down. They were all the colder and more unbelievable for being done with a typewriter, as if they were in the routine of a day's business. Jason had enjoyed their friendship very much, but he was afraid that under all the circumstances, they had been seeing too much of each other. Perhaps . . . That was the horrible gist of it—the palliating phrases did not matter.

When Jason came, however, Peggy Wadsworth was with him, and she was showing him something in a book that required close attention. There was nothing strange in that, of course. Peggy was always showing him something. What was strange was the way Jason acted; he looked red and disordered—more embarrassed than he had even on that first embarrassing afternoon; he hesitated in front of Anne's desk as if he were not quite sure what to do.

"Just a minute," he said to Peggy Wadsworth.

"I'll wait for you," she said.

While Peggy waited she took out her vanity case, and over the top of it she looked at Anne, as if for the first time she was aware of a person behind that desk, instead of an office chair. Then she turned her attention to the mirror.

"I wanted to ask," Jason was blundering. "I wanted to say—"

"Just a moment," said Anne desperately, "and I shall be at liberty."

She made the question about how many cuts a person is allowed to a semester last as long as possible, to give herself time.

"And now what is it?" she said to Jason.

"I—guess it's nothing that would make any difference, after all," mumbled Jason.

"Oh, Mr. Gregory," called Peggy Wadsworth. "You're going to be late to your very own class."

But when Jason Gregory had gone upstairs, Peggy Wadsworth lingered. She stood in front of Anne's desk; there was a hint of swagger in her attitude.

"A question?" Anne asked steadily.

"Yes," said Peggy, and her voice was not nice. "What's the idea?"

"Idea?" Anne echoed the word, honestly confused.

"Yes," said Peggy mercilessly. "Can't you see you're making yourself ridiculous?"

She turned, as if that were all, then added, across her shoulder: "And let me tell you—the college office is as tired of it as he is. If you're not careful, you'll be out of a job. Miss Windigon said so."

Anne Paradise stumbled to her feet, fingers tight across her ears, and ran away from that bright, cruel voice, down the corridor. The letter hardly seemed to matter. For the first time in her life she bought everything she wanted. She bought a thing of orchid chiffon, so frail and lovely that she was half afraid a breath would blow it right away. She bought a pair of silver slippers. She took all her courage and

see that he was already tired of Anne.

Her eyes were so blind with tears that she ran full tilt into Miss Windigon without noticing her at all. Miss Windigon viewed her coldly. "You have no hair net."

"I—I tore it," cried Anne. "But I'm going right out now to get another."

SOMETIMES Anne thought that if she heard the Spring Ball mentioned just once more she should scream.

The Spring Ball was more than just a dance. It was a tradition dating from the days when Bradlow was a young men's institution for the advancement of the arts and a seminary for young ladies specializing in deportment. And the fact that the old custom of going singly and finding partners upon arrival was continued, gave a piquancy to the occasion that more conventional proms lacked. The man who danced with a girl first took her home afterward, and going home was likely to be pretty important, and next thing to an engagement.

The week before the Spring Ball, Peggy Wadsworth and Georgie Lamberton had permission to go to New York, and they brought back fistfuls of bright chiffon in tissue paper wrappings. There was much discussion over whether Peggy should bring back peacock blue chiffon or old gold, and peacock blue had been decided on.

Realization shook Anne. She had been having a nice dream; now she faced reality. Reality meant Peggy Wadsworth, in peacock blue, going home with Jason from the Spring Ball. It meant Anne Paradise alone behind a bare desk, answering another million questions.

"If I'd been a student," Anne murmured to herself. "If I'd been like the others—"

Nevertheless, Anne would never have thought of doing what she did, if Jason had not stopped at her desk that day before the Ball. He had a typewritten list of names in his hand, and Anne steadied herself by staring at that before she dared to glance at him.

"The failures in Spring Hours," he said, holding it out.

"Thank you," said Anne.

She wondered why he had not turned it in at the office, as was the custom, instead of bringing it to her. And wondering, she looked up. For just an instant she thought it was the old Jason back again—Jason with the whimsy in his eyes, and the outrageous, lovable grin. But before she could greet him with anything but blankness, that Jason was gone, and in his place was only a thin young man who looked as if he had been working too hard.

There was a draft in the back of her neck, too. "What is it?" demanded Miss Windigon, popping her head out of the Dean's door.

"The failures in Spring Hours."

"I'll look after it," said Miss Windigon.

"Anything else, Mr. Gregory?"

"No," said Jason. "That was all."

IT WAS a little thing to risk everything for—just one look that was gone before you could be sure that it was ever there. Anne hid her face in her hands when the idea first came to her. But she knew from the first that she would do it.

Anne took the afternoon off. She should lose her position anyway, if she did what she meant to do, so it hardly seemed to matter. For the first time in her life she bought everything she wanted. She bought a thing of orchid chiffon, so frail and lovely that she was half afraid a breath would blow it right away. She bought a pair of silver slippers. She took all her courage and

all her remaining savings in her hands, and went to Perrigon's and bought a wrap.

After that, Anne had her hair cut. She had it longish in the back as if it were just growing, and pushed it behind her ears—they were small, lovely ears, it turned out, and not meant to be hidden.

Anne expected to be turned away at the door. She expected Miss Windigon to pounce upon her as an impostor. But nothing happened. She gave her wrap to the maid in the dressing room, and went outside.

OUTSIDE there was a bright press of people, all eddying about, all intent on finding the supremely right partners for that first important dance. She did not see Jason. In her imaginings of this scene, Jason had always been in the forefront of everything. And in that moment she saw the Dean bearing down upon her.

Anne had never met Miss Consuelo Beacon, Dean of Women. She had only seen her striding by, or reading Scripture at Chapel, but she saw that she was going to meet her now. The Dean, she realized, meant to fire her right away.

To her surprise, however, the Dean was smiling and holding out a hand. "How do you do, my dear?" she said. She had a large handclasp, very strong, like a man's. "Well? And how did it come out?"

Anne was at a loss. "Very well, thank you," she ventured.

"Do you enjoy your work?"

"Fairly well," said Anne. "But of course they do ask dreadfully foolish questions."

She saw now that the reason the Dean did not fire her offhand was because she had not been recognized.

"What is your field?" the Dean inquired.

Anne barely hesitated. "Fizz-physiology."

"You're planning to do advanced work?"

"I don't know." Anne was suddenly crimson. "I—I'd like to."

The Dean was sympathetic. "If I can do anything to help—"

"Thank you," said Anne. "But I—I think it is the sort of thing you have to help yourself about, don't you?"

"A splendid attitude," the Dean said, her eye roving toward a group of newcomers. Don Bolling was among them. The Dean beckoned. Bolling had never obeyed an official summons so promptly as he obeyed now. The Dean murmured that perhaps he would find Anne an inspiration.

"I'm sure of it," said Bolling, and added at once, "May I have the first dance?"

Anne opened her lips to say "no." And then she saw Jason.

JASON was standing by himself, looking very straight and tall, and rather tired, and at the precise instant that Anne caught sight of him there materialized by his side a vision in peacock-blue chiffon. Peggy Wadsworth attached herself to Jason's arm and they moved away together. There must have been a very complete understanding between them for Peggy to know, without being asked, that he meant to have that first dance with her. "Thank you," said Anne to Don Bolling. "Perhaps—you will."

"I suppose hugging a football makes you awfully strong," Anne gasped once.

Bolling's arm tightened. "You're a little cut-up, aren't you?"

"And I'm a great big cut-in," said a voice in their ears. The voice belonged to Jim Bates, the famous tennis champion.

Anne had that night everything she had always thought she wanted. Attention. Popularity. Being like the others. Everybody accepted her, just as the Dean had. And Bolling said right out that there never had been anyone in the world as lovely.

Once she danced with Jason Gregory, and that was the worst failure of all.

"I didn't know you were going to be here," he said stiffly. He did not hold her as tightly as Bolling did. But there was

that in his most casual touch, in her terrible awareness of him, his brown eyes searching down into hers, that tightened her breath until it hurt.

"Suppose we sit out?" Jason suggested.

"Oh, no," said Anne sharply.

She knew her limitations; if she were alone with Jason she should cry. She tried to be very gay and inconsequential.

"Like my dress?"

"What?" said Jason. "Oh, yes. Very nice, I'm sure."

"Like my hair?"

"Always liked your hair," said Jason sulkily—and did not even look.

JUST then Don Bolling cut back again. Anne felt her feet moving and supposed she must be dancing with him.

"What I can't understand," he was saying, "is why I've never seen you before."

"I'm—new here," Anne told him carefully. He began to point out celebrities, because she was a stranger.

"Who's the—the tall one, that I was dancing with?" Anne asked. Her impulse was the same which makes a person touch a sore spot to see how much it hurts.

"That?" said Bolling. "Oh, he's a young instructor. Some kind of science. Name of Gregory. The girl with him, that one in blue, she's Peggy Wadsworth. The Steel Wadsworths, you know. Gregory's her lat-

"Oh," said Anne.

Bolling laughed suddenly. "I can tell you an awful funny joke about them, too. Peggy takes this man Gregory's course, see, and she got a crush on him. And all the time Gregory was going round with some little office girl; one of those white mice, the way I understand it, and awful unattractive. Of course, that was rough on Peg, and she was bound to break it up. And so what did she do but write each of them a letter, supposed to be from the other?"

"You mean?" Anne began feebly.

"Sure. Peg's got bets laid all over town that he'll take her home from this Ball. Why, what's the matter?"

Anne did not know herself quite what the matter was. There was a roaring in her ears, and all the lights went out. And after that she was sitting on a bench in an alcove, and somebody was offering her a drink.

"Jason!" she called sharply. "Jason!" Then things cleared a little. "Thank you for the water," she said politely.

And the next thing she knew after that everyone else was gone, and Jason was bending over her and holding on to her hand.

"Anne," he was saying urgently. "Anne. You called me. You know you did. You—"

Anne gathered herself. "I was frightened."

"I'm frightened, too," said Jason. "But I'm going to say it anyhow. If you tell me you love Bolling, I'll go away. But nobody ought to love anybody the way I love you, and not have one chance to say it."

Suddenly Anne was sobbing wildly and holding to Jason's coat. "I thought you loved Peggy Wadsworth," she cried into the front of his shirt. "I bought all these clothes, and cut my hair and everything, just so I'd be like the others—"

"Her!" cried Jason. And then, "But I don't want you to be like the others. I want you to be like you! What did you think I loved you for, anyway?"

Afterward there were voices—a high-pitched voice that sounded like Peggy Wadsworth, and a very stern voice that sounded like the Dean, and a voice that was certainly Miss Windigon's. Then the Dean herself came swooping toward them.

"What's this I hear," she said, "about you're being information secretary? I thought you were concentrating in physiology. I thought you were taking a degree—"

Jason answered for them both. "She is taking a degree," he said. "In June she's going to take her M.R.S."

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Solo

[Continued from page 48]

go on my list, Joan? I'll make you fly." "Oh, but you don't like to teach girls."

"Have you been examined by a Department of Commerce doctor?"

"I'm going to-morrow morning."

"If you pass, when do you want to start flying?"

"Immediately. If you weren't so busy, I'd ask you to take me." Thank God, he was so busy!

"I might crowd you in."

"But," Joan repeated maliciously, "you don't like to teach girls."

"She'll solo in four hours," Rummy growled.

"I don't solo anybody in four hours. When I turn a student loose, he's ripe. I'm a very conservative instructor. But you'd learn fast with me, Joan."

He was mocking her. Joan didn't want him to instruct her. She laughed nervously.

"If I didn't have to start to-morrow, I'd love to have you for my instructor, Barney."

"I'll put you on my list for two-thirty," he said.

Rummy was elated as he led Joan away, but she slept hardly at all that night.

Wings hovered over her bed—broken wings, crumpling wings. Joan was at the controls. Then, objectively, she saw her plane tumbling through the air like a wet autumn leaf.

Joan turned and tossed and tried to relax. She must sleep. She must be in good condition for the doctor's examination.

Huddled in hot wrinkled sheets, Joan admitted that she lacked the courage to marry Rummy because she shrank from him, physically. She was also afraid to fly. But even more she lacked the courage not to fly and not to marry Rummy.

A MAN in greasy brown overalls reached up with both hands to the long shining blade of a propeller. He swung one foot tentatively, jerked down on the blade and stepped back. The motor of the black monoplane coughed, barked, roared. The steel propeller shattered sunbeams into glittering golden atoms. A slender woman with bold black eyes and bright red cheeks strode across the field, buckling her helmet strap as she went.

Joan, pale and forlorn, waiting for someone to notice her, observed every detail of the woman's costume. She had an air. She flipped an airy salute to two flyers who passed her and climbed into the black monoplane.

The mechanic came toward Joan, wiping his hands. He looked her over with a grin. She had bought the most expensive leather coat, helmet and goggles that Detwiler's had in stock.

She said, with her most winning smile, "I'm looking for Mr. Tobin."

The mechanic stopped. He had nice blue eyes and a dab of black oil on his chin. He looked up and down the line, then into the air.

"That's him, doing that barrel roll," he said. "Got a date with him?"

"For two-thirty."

"New student, aren't you?"

"Why—yes."

The mechanic grinned. "Did you see Miss Raff just now?"

"The woman in the black plane?"

"Yeah. She's one o' Barney's students. He gets all the society stuff. Miss Raff's gonna put up the capital for him to build that 'copter plane that you can land in your own backyard. She's cuckoo about Barney."

The mechanic started away, turned and

said impudently: "Watch your pulse, kid; he's a sheik!"

The blue plane rolled up to the line. Barney Tobin, looking enormously tall and formidable, climbed out and walked over. He smiled at Joan, but it was a cold smile.

"Did you pass your physical examination?"

"Yes, Barney." She tried not to be eager, not to show her anxiety for his approval.

"How were your eyes?"

"Thirty twenty." She was proud of that.

"What course are you taking?"

"The ten-hour one." Why couldn't he be friendly?

He was evidently displeased. His eyes hardened. A crease appeared between them.

"I wish you'd change it to the twenty-five-hour course. We are trying to discourage students from taking the ten-hour course. I'll pour it into you as fast as you can take it, but I will not turn you loose until you have had some acrobatics and some blind flying. I've had complete duplicate instrument boards installed in this ship for blind flying."

"Of course, I'll take the twenty-five-hour course, Barney." But his face did not soften.

"Once a student has soloed," he went on, "he thinks he knows everything. One student of mine on his second solo hop flew into a fog and got his wind up. If he had had dual instruction a little longer, it wouldn't have happened. He went into a power spin and if he hadn't landed in a haystack, he would have been killed. Did the school manager give you a flight card?"

Joan fished in her pocket for the card. Her hand was trembling. Her eyes glowed at Barney imploringly.

"We'll get your airwork started right away. I have to try out a new ship at three-thirty."

His other date, she reflected, was more important than hers. Oh, why didn't he unbend a little?

THEY walked over to the blue plane. The motor was idling. Barney reached into the rear cockpit locker and removed a helmet with long flexible metal tubes attached. A few feet from the helmet the two tubes merged into one. At the end of this was a rubber mouthpiece. This was, Barney explained, the speaking tube.

"I can talk to you, but you can't talk back."

Joan was disappointed. She had looked forward to talking to him a great deal in the air.

She pouted and said:

"That doesn't give me much of a break."

"You'll be too busy to talk. Now, stand up on this wing and I'll show you what makes the old mare go." He helped her up on an aluminum footplate.

"I won't give you any theory to-day. You'll get plenty of that later. I know how keen you are to get going, so I'll just give you the bare fundamentals."

Joan's nod was that of an eager child. She understood perfectly. What he was really saying was that if she didn't go up for her first lesson immediately, she would crack. A surge of warm admiration for him flowed through her.

"That wooden handle coming up from the floor is the joystick or control stick. When you push it forward, the nose goes down. When you pull it back, the nose goes up. When you tip it to right or left, the plane tilts accordingly. Look on the floor. That steel bar is the rudder bar. You place your feet on it—very lightly. A push with the

right foot turns your ship to the right, a push with the left turns it to the left. See how easy it is?"

Joan nodded. His eyes still had that trick of squinting when he was absorbed in a topic.

"Tell me," he said curtly, "what I've just said."

Joan obeyed. Out of the confusion which was her brain, she somehow described the working of the stick and rudder.

"Climb in," he said. "There are duplicate controls in each cockpit. When I take off, watch your stick and rudder bar. But don't touch them until I tell you to."

She climbed in and answered. "No, Barney."

"When I ask a question through the tube, nod if you understand; shake your head if you don't. When I tell you to release controls, release them instantly. Always use a light touch, both on stick and rudder. Start right off learning to co-ordinate your hands and feet."

Joan was nodding once for each sentence.

"Never move the stick without moving the rudder correspondingly. And try to relax. Don't fight it—it's a part of it."

Barney reached in and buckled her safety belt, then climbed into the front cockpit. Joan's legs were shaking. She was shivering.

He yelled at a mechanic: "Give us wing, will you, Al?"

The mechanic trotted over and braced himself against one end of the lower wing. The motor sputtered and roared. The plane pivoted away from the line.

JOAN dutifully watched the stick and rudder bar. They moved convulsively. The motor roared in bursts. Joan was conscious of jouncing, harsh noises and mental confusion. She knew that she would never learn to fly.

At the end of the field, Barney turned the plane about. He glanced sharply upward and out on both sides. Then he seemed to settle down. The motor roared more loudly than it had before. His head

was bobbing from side to side. They began to jounce along the ground again. They went faster and faster. Imperceptibly, the jouncing ceased. And suddenly the roofs of the hangars were beneath them. Barney's voice came down the speaking tube:

"Place your hand very lightly on the stick and your feet very lightly on the rudder bar. Follow my movements."

Reluctantly, Joan obeyed. Very tenderly she placed her hand on the stick and her feet on the bar. She felt the bar twitch. At the same time, the stick tilted slightly to the right—another twitch.

Her stomach shrank and protested at the results. The plane was in a steep bank, and the nose was slicing across the horizon in a sharp turn. Joan clutched the stick.

His voice boomed: "Ease up on that stick!"

Joan did so. Barney looked back at her. She saw him lift the tube to his mouth.

"Look at your horizon. See where it cuts across the nose of the ship. That's where it belongs. In level flight, always keep your horizon there." For a time he flew straight and said nothing. Then: "I am now going to stall. That's what you get when you try to climb too steeply."

Joan felt the stick come sharply back. The horizon sank out of sight. It seemed to her that they were climbing straight up. Suddenly the motor uttered a queer "clunk," and the accustomed roar was replaced by an awful whirring.

Barney's voice: "We have lost all flying speed. The ship is so much dead weight. We are falling."

The horizon leaped up. Joan's stomach was a sick gnawing.

"We are now diving. We are out of control. The controls will not work until this dive gives us flying speed." His voice was deep and calm. "The controls are no longer loose and sloppy. We are out of the dive. Stalling too close to the ground is the cause of most crack-ups. Now, we'll climb again. Stop thinking about yourself, and get interested in what's going on."

Joan tried to obey. She was certain that

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she would never learn to fly. It was horrible. Why didn't Barney realize that?

THE sound of the motor changed. The horizon reappeared.

Barney said: "Is that horizon where it belongs?"

Joan looked. It looked too high. She shook her head.

"Bring it back to where it belongs."

Joan timidly pulled the stick toward her. She was amazed when the horizon obediently went down.

"You will now take the controls. I will touch nothing."

In a panic, Joan saw his hands appear on the cowling. She cried out, "No, Barney. No! I can't. I don't know!" But she was crying into the blast of a hundred horsepower. Barney's hands remained on the cowling and the plane flew on. She was flying it!

"Don't grab that stick!"

A moment later: "You're still overcontrolling. Ease up. Relax!"

His head sank out of sight. A puff of blue smoke came out of his cockpit. Joan's heart lurched. His head reappeared. He had a cigarette cupped in his hand.

"Your nose is too low."

Joan pulled the stick back. Up came the nose. If he was so sensitive to his students, why didn't he realize how she was trembling?

Barney turned around and glared at her. "You're still trying to strangle that stick."

She violently shook her head.

He shouted: "Horse feathers! It isn't a club. Stop thinking about yourself. Can you?"

He turned and glared at her again. The tube went to his lips. His voice boomed:

"Don't be so frozen and grim. Relax. Get that nose down. If one of those big army planes should shoot over us when your right wing is down and your nose is up, he might set you into a spin. Fly your ship. Don't let your ship fly you!"

JOAN tried to relax. She tried not to be so frozen and grim and dumb. She was crying.

He looked out one side and then the other. His profile was grim.

The horizon became a lavender-blue blur.

"You dumb-bell, get that nose down!"

Joan blinked her vision clear again. She would try so hard that he would have to say something nice to her.

"You are not flying straight but in a wide circle. Pick an object on the horizon and hold your nose on it."

Why didn't she have the courage to do that?

"Steer for that pink cloud over there to the right."

She found the pink cloud. It was rimmed with silver. She touched the right rudder. The nose raced across the horizon with sickening speed, and the cloud vanished to the left.

He shouted angrily: "Release controls! What did I tell you about co-ordination? Never kick your rudder without using your stick. You've had enough for to-day."

Joan sank back gratefully and tried to feel at ease, but the roar of the motor, the unfamiliar pressure of goggles and helmet all strummed on her nerves. But with Barney at the controls, she was not scared.

Barney sideslipped to a landing, taxied to the line and cut the motor. Joan's eyes glowed at him. If he had uttered one kind word, she would have flown to his arms. He said briskly:

"You'll get used to rawhide. To-night, sit on the edge of your bed with a broom handle or a cane between your knees and pretend it's the stick. Go over to-day's lesson. If you kick that rudder again the way you did up there, I may have to fly you with shoes off, until you cultivate a

more sensitive touch. Ground school classes start at ten a. m. Don't miss them. Report to me again to-morrow at three."

He walked away. Joan saw him approach the shiny black monoplane. Miss Raff was climbing out. So that was Barney's date! He gave her his hand and smiled up into her face. All the hardness reserved for Joan had melted.

Joan presently solved the mystery of the belt buckle and climbed out. She unbuckled the helmet and left it in the seat, with its unfair one-way communicating system. She felt stiff and weak and a little ill. But she smiled wanly as Rummy, a symphony in pleasing brown, came bounding out from the "lighthouse."

He lifted her to the ground, retained her elbows.

"How did it go, darling?" And answered his own question. "I'll bet it went great. How d'you like Tobin as an instructor?"

"He's a good instructor," said Joan listlessly.

"That girl he's going to take up," said Rummy, taking her arm, "is Hortense Raff—you know?—Tin Plate Raff's daughter. I hear she's fallen for Tobin like a ton of bricks. Darling, your cheeks are like roses!"

THE following weeks granted Joan almost all that she demanded of them. She was so busy in ground school that she had little time for Rummy. But oh, Barney Tobin crowded her. He taught her to taxi, to take off, to land. And he perfected her airwork. Except when she went stale, he gave her no mercy.

Alternately, Joan hated and dreaded flying. But she was grateful for the hours she was spending with Barney. It gave her a strange thrill to be insulted and bawled out for making mistakes. She loved to be bawled out by him.

She knew that the hour was not far off when he would send her up alone. And she knew that she not only lacked the courage to go up without him but that she did not want her term of dual instruction to end. He took her up at night and in fog and gave her instruction in flying by instruments alone. Her thirteenth hour passed. Her fourteenth and fifteenth and sixteenth.

ONE morning, when he had been making her take off, circle the field and land, take off, circle the field and land, on her fifth landing, he himself cut the motor.

Barney climbed out. He was wearing, under his leather coat, a green scarf. Without glancing at Joan, he removed the scarf, walked to the tail and tied it on. Joan twisted about and watched. She grew cold. She knew what that scarf on the tail meant: Solo. A rookie is running this ship. Give him plenty of room!

Barney leisurely returned and looked up at her. His arms were folded. His eyes were cold, but she knew that he was nervous because the pupils were pinpoints. His tan looked a little yellow. His air of casualness was exaggerated when he said: "All right, kid; take her up."

All the strength had flowed out of Joan.

Hysterically, she said, "Barney, I can't. I don't know how. I'm too scared."

Coolly: "You don't want to solo?"

"I tell you, I can't, Barney."

"There is no reason," he said sternly, "why you shouldn't solo now. If you don't do it now, you'll never have the nerve to."

"I know," Her voice was high and thin. "I never will. I haven't the nerve."

He was looking at her curiously. The color was back in his face. His lips were twisting as they did in the air when she made mistakes. Slowly he nodded.

"I understand."

She wailed: "You don't understand, Barney."

"I understand a damned sight better than

you think I do. All right. I'll see you tomorrow at three. Taxi her back to the line when you're tired sitting there—and don't ground loop into anybody."

He walked away, in evident disgust.

Joan sat there for the better part of an hour, too wretched to think. But presently thoughts began to come. Twice she all but made up her mind to go up and deliberately crash. He was going to marry Hortense Raff, anyway. What was the good of living?

Joan wrenched off her goggles. It was going to make a nasty story. She could hear Diane Hibbard: "Have you heard about Joan Potter? Refused to solo. No nerve."

At length, she said aloud: "I don't give a damn." And again, "I don't give a damn."

IT WAS raining when Joan awoke next morning, but by the time she reached the field the rain had diminished to a drizzle which stopped at noon.

There was little flying. The mail plane took off at twelve-thirty but returned within an hour, flagged back by the block station at Delraven because of impenetrable conditions ahead.

At three o'clock Joan was ready. If Barney wanted her to go up in such weather, she would go up. A few minutes before three, he drove up in his little gray coupe and climbed out.

He looked pale and tired and it seemed to Joan that he walked unsteadily. She wondered if he had been drinking, but knew that he had not when he came nearer. She was surprised that his eyes were so gentle. She said sweetly:

"You don't look very chipper."

"I feel lousy. The man who invented novocaine ought to be shot. I had a wisdom tooth pulled this morning."

"Come on, Joan. Let's get going." His tone to her was kinder than it had been since her flying lessons began. It made her tingle with happiness.

Barney staggered a little as they started for their plane, and his weakness was evident when he climbed into the front cockpit. He all but fell into the seat. Joan's eyes were moist with pity.

"Barney, ought you to go up feeling so rotten?"

"I'm all right. You're handling her. Let's get going."

Joan taxied to the end of the field. A violent puff sent her into a ground loop. She did her best, got straightened out again. Barney said nothing.

She hesitated a long time before taking off, watching the wind cones, glancing at the clouds, fixing her mind on the instruments, reviving the motor. Barney gazed idly about him.

JOAN fixed her eyes on a patch of grass ahead and to the left. It bent down and straightened up with puffs. She waited until the grass stayed down, then, smoothly, pushed the throttle.

Because of the wind speed, she was off the ground quickly. The air was rough, rougher than she had ever known it.

Barney leaned over the cockpit, looked down, then up. He jabbed a thumb upward. They had long ago discontinued using the speaking tube.

Joan pulled the stick back. The altimeter needle went to 800 before she straightened out. The clouds, gray, trailing masses, were no more than fifty feet above her. She hated fog. Barney was jabbing upward again.

A few seconds later they climbed into it. She could hardly see the wing tips. Her goggles misted over.

The roar abruptly ceased. She knew that Barney had cut the gun when he turned and shouted: "Watch compass and air speed indicator. Keep your bearings. Fly south-

east." He pointed and repeated: "Southeast!"

As she wondered why, the engine roared again. Again he jabbed upward. What did he want her to do? When her altimeter showed four thousand feet, she flapped the wings. Barney turned. She pointed down. He shook his head and again gestured up.

Joan's nervousness was becoming serious. She couldn't stand this strain. She felt a sharp draft on her right cheek. Side-slip! It was a bad one. Barney did not help straighten things out. She gritted her teeth and began to climb again. The fog grew thicker. As the altimeter needle touched 6,000 Joan comforted herself: "At seven thousand, I'm going to let go the controls. I can't stand this."

A new terror suddenly crowded out all others. She saw Barney's head sag to the left. It straightened up. Then it sagged to the right. And he wasn't smoking, hadn't had a cigarette since they took off. She flapped the wings. He paid no attention. She shook the stick again. She cut the motor and cried, "Barney! What's the matter?"

He turned slowly. His eyes through the mist on the lenses were dark and queer. His face was as gray as the fog. His lower lip hung down loosely and quivered in the blast. Broken words:

"Passing out . . . Everything . . . black." His eyes, gone vague, were appealing to her. "Steady, kid . . . Get us down."

His head fell forward. With an effort that sent needles of pain through her, he lifted it. It fell again, to the left. Passing out!

His head disappeared. She thought wildly: "If he jams the controls—" She tried rudder and stick. The stick was free, but the rudder was heavy.

SUDDENLY the instrument board blurred. Countless needles stung Joan's face. Rain! She bent forward, eyes glued on the bank and turn indicator; felt an updraft snatch at the right wing, braced her muscles for the immediate result.

The plane fell off sharply on its left wing and was instantly in a spin. But the whirling did not make Joan giddy, as it always had. It seemed actually to clear her brain.

Joan knew what to do. Stick neutral. Hold the rudder against the spin. Watch your bank and turn. She watched. The steel ball was jammed to the left, slowly went to center.

Joan's head was clear now. Every nerve in her body was responding to the slightest motion of the ship. She had lost two thousand feet in the spin. On an even keel again, with the motor cut, she put the plane into a steep glide. Her hand on the stick was steady. It came to Joan that she wasn't afraid of anything any more.

Calmly she waited for the fog to end. It ended suddenly, with the altimeter needle at 700, drenched fields and house tops coming into view. She looked about for landmarks; espied a familiar red leaded gas tank and laid her course for the field accordingly.

Her glide and her landing were perfect. As she taxied to the line, she was a little disconcerted when Barney's helmet, black with rain, suddenly reappeared. He looked around at her, his eyes calm and cool through perfectly clear lenses.

Joan unbuckled her safety belt, pushed up her goggles and inquired coldly:

"How do you feel now?"

"Better than I've felt in two years." He called, "Hey, there!" to a tall, thin man in a black raincoat who was smoking a cigarette beside a gasoline tank truck. When the young man came over, Barney briskly asked, "Are you still handling the press stuff for the field?"

The thin man nodded.

"If you want a front page story, here's a hot one. Miss Potter just got through saving my life seven thousand feet up in the clouds. I passed out cold. I had a wisdom tooth pulled this morning, and the nov-



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caine got to me while we were up there. Just as I passed out, we went into a power spin. Miss Potter flew us back to the field and made a perfect landing. I came to just as she taxied up to the line."

The young man began shooting questions at Joan. Had she been scared in the spin? How bad was the visibility? How did it feel when she knew that Barney had fainted?

"Are you going after the woman's solo record?"

"No," Joan snapped, and climbed out. Barney joined her. He seemed uneasy.

"Why?" she demanded, "did you do that?"

"Won't it clinch Rummy?" He looked at her coldly.

She said scornfully: "Did you have your wisdom tooth pulled deliberately?"

His eyes grew more confused. "I'm not much of an actor, Joan."

"You did it for Rummy's sake!"

Barney said angrily: "I proved my point, didn't I? I proved you had the guts to meet a situation if you were rawhided into it, didn't I? Now that you know how it's

done, maybe you can meet other situations that you used to be afraid of—like marrying a poor, humble but proud aviator."

The scorn lingered in Joan's eyes. "Maybe I wouldn't be afraid to meet it now—if you still loved me."

"Oh, so I stopped, did I?"

Joan let go with all the bitterness she had stored up for weeks and weeks.

"You stopped long enough to fall for that impossible Raff woman, didn't you? She gave you the money, didn't she, to finance your new ship?"

"Joan! That woman never gave me anything but a pain in the neck. The money for my plane is being raised by a company of local business men, darling."

"Don't call me that. Everybody else calls me that. Barney, please don't laugh at me. I—I'm facing a situation. And I want to cry."

"That's no way to face this situation. Smile—my sweet!"

Still laughing, Barney took her in his arms.



"Jump, Baby, papa catch!"

See Yourself as Others Do

[Continued from page 63]

tail, and I'm sure I was not the only one who got the same impression.

But now I want you to look at the sketches of the two ladies whose ears I was most tempted to box. One of them was a short, round little blonde, with a face like a cherub, and who should have been one of the belles of the ball. And yet—just look at her!

She would wear her hair all fluffed out over her ears. And then, as though that were not enough, she had to have the biggest and roundest pearl earrings she could find to make her chubby face still chubbier. On top of that, she'd chosen a round neckline—the very one to make her face broader and her neck shorter; and, to make matters still worse, she had added a choker necklace.

Then—shades of the Rue de la Paix that never intended it for her—look at the silver-spangled peplos outlining her hips and calling as much attention to them as though they were outlined in electric lights! Even that was not enough, but she must wear gloves that cut off her arms at the elbow, and light hose to make her plump legs still plumper, to say nothing of great diamond buckles on her shoes.

And now look at the tall thin girl.

The hair straight off the forehead, the long earrings, the deep pointed V neck, the long string of pearls, the sweeping cut of her really smart and beautiful frock, the dark hose, the long bare arms, the slender bracelets, the plain narrow pumps . . . Do you wonder I was exasperated?

And from these evening dresses I am sure this is how they would appear in street attire.

THE plump little blonde would be sure to choose just that kind of a hat, wear her hair that way and also sport the biggest and fattest of fox furs. She'd have the kind of a jacket that would cut her exactly in half and a skirt that would divide one of the

halves into quarters. She would carry the widest bag she could find and wear two-toned, shortening shoes.

And my *haricot vert*—just look at her, with a hat that makes her face even longer and thinner, a V neck again, and that long vertical line in the opening of her long coat trimmed with the flattest of fur. She, too, would choose a long narrow bag, long tight sleeves and long narrow shoes.

Ah, if they could but change clothes with each other! For just see, in the next four sketches where we have done that for them, how smart they look!

If, like one of them, you are plump and want to look taller and thinner, remember, once and for all, that you cannot and *must not* permit a single line to run across your body; that for you the horizontal line is forever taboo. For you only the V neck. For you only trimmings, tucks, pleats and stripes that run up and down.

If you are tall and thin, you must avoid the vertical—the up-and-down movement of line—in your hats and coats and dresses. Your necklines may be round or oval, with little high or turn-over collars.

Be careful about your skirts, for if they are too long they will only make you look taller and if too short, ridiculous.

Something else of great importance in this respect is the matter of make-up. If you have a broad round face, by all means place your rouge well forward on your cheeks and it will make your face look much narrower.

The girl with the long thin face should place her rouge farther back upon her cheeks to widen it.

So remember that the line is quicker than the eye, and that while lines do not actually add or subtract a single ounce or a single inch, they can seem to!

It may be that you have some very special problem that such general rules do not cover. If you have, then I hope you will write me all about it, for I am sure that I can help you—and I do so want to!

Lumber Lady

[Continued from page 57]

host of other things heretofore associated only with masculine minds.

And she can talk, too, of dances and theatres, fashions and frocks—all the things that every girl or woman has ever wanted to talk about.

"I worked hard," she says simply, "and in addition I was fortunate. My first boss was an understanding sort of person. (One feels that even if he hadn't been she would have won through anyway.) He encouraged me when he found I had a really honest interest in his business. When I became thoroughly familiar with its ramifications he allowed me to assume duties outside my regular stenographic routine. On occasions when he was out of town I answered the phone in his stead, quoting prices and all that. And then—" she smiles shyly as she says it—"I took upon myself the responsibility of ringing up prospective customers and trying to sell them."

She succeeded. When her employer returned from his trip there was a book-load of sales awaiting him. And the little, shy stenographer on her first job was soon after promoted to the post of office manager.

Many another girl would have been satisfied with this advancement and would have rested contentedly on her laurels. But not Miss Barber.

She had reached the highest goal open

to her in the office where she had been employed for six years. She could go no further. So she resigned and accepted the post as representative for a New England firm which was about to open an office in New York.

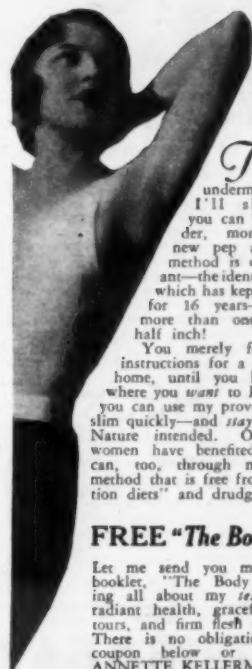
Here again her dogged stick-to-itiveness, her capacity for hard work, her increasing knowledge of lumber and the conditions governing the market for timber brought her even further to the fore.

One of the biggest lumber companies in the world made her an offer to go to work for them. Once again she resigned. Once again she was a definite step nearer her ultimate goal. Then one day—one great day—she decided she was ready to take the big chance.

She sent out letters to everyone in the lumber business with whom she had become acquainted, apprising them of her intended step. Some of them were surprised. It seemed so strange. A woman to be a lumber dealer! But they were all pleased. They knew Miss Barber. They had confidence in her. And they were the first of her rapidly increasing clientele.

Though to-day she has reached the heights she has not forgotten her early struggles. She answers a question often put to her: "Of course you can succeed if you want to—and if you have a little luck."

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A lot depends on your physical condition—how much you are exposed to sun and wind, how much you worry, how sensibly you eat. Quite as much, though, depends on just having the right thing at hand for taking care of beauty problems as they arise. A well-filled cosmetic shelf has the same good psychological effect as a well-stocked wardrobe. It brings you self-confidence and contentment.

Continuing my little policy of last month, I want to tell you about the newer beauty products that have invaded my office (and been duly carted home to my dressing table).

Your Cosmetic Shelves

[Continued from page 73]

with what has been mentioned. But you'll have to guard yourself like a hothouse plant. You will have to avoid sunburn and windburn and swirling dust and strenuous exercise. For there is a whole series of protective cosmetics for maintaining skin beauty, for soothing tired facial muscles, for toning the skin tissue.

THE well-dressed cosmetic shelf has a few important items used only upon occasion. These are creams and lotions for sunburn, and a good eye lotion. If your skin is dry or inclined to be flaky, keep nourishing cream on the shelf and use it at night. In the daytime use a foundation cream that is not drying but softening. Keep a good hand cream on the shelf, too. It will pay you extra dividends in hand beauty.

If you set your own hair, there are good hair-waving lotions that will help.

But, after all, the aristocrat of cosmetic preparations is perfume. It's a luxury, but what a necessary luxury! The best dressing tables usually hold more than one perfume, in case you get tired of what you are using, or want a special scent for a particular costume or occasion. I might repeat that besides these several perfumes, dusting powder, bath salts and toilet water add a great deal to one's sense of well being.

Without boasting, I believe I could walk into your boudoir, glance at your dressing table, and tell you right off how well-stocked it is. The condition of combs and brushes, for example, tells volumes. A good, clear mirror speaks for itself, too. And I almost forgot to mention this: There is one rather new kind of preparation that will tell me quickly if you are up-to-date—cleaning lotion. Recently the idea of a liquid to cleanse and tone the skin in half a minute has spread rapidly. It is possible now to have a quick clean-up in the middle of the day, or when your best 'date' rings your doorbell, or when traveling.

Speaking of traveling, you should always have on hand smaller sized packages of the essentials on your cosmetic shelves. If you're going to stay away a long time they should duplicate your own things in size. But for weekends or overnight the most amazingly useful little travel kits have been fashioned to hold the very things you need.

So many girls have written to ask me when to begin using cosmetics. Is sixteen too early? Is twenty-eight too late? No, to both questions. If you have read this article closely you will see that a rather complete line of beauty aids is fine, even for the young girl. Of course, young girls don't need a lot of strong astringents or massage creams.

A lot depends on your physical condition—how much you are exposed to sun and wind, how much you worry, how sensibly you eat. Quite as much, though, depends on just having the right thing at hand for taking care of beauty problems as they arise. A well-filled cosmetic shelf has the same good psychological effect as a well-stocked wardrobe. It brings you self-confidence and contentment.

Continuing my little policy of last month, I want to tell you about the newer beauty products that have invaded my office (and been duly carted home to my dressing table).

One can't properly call Daggett and Ramsdell's creams new. They are old, darned old for anything in the beauty line. Yet for me they have more than merely beauty interest. I'm positively sentimental about them, for they were my very first beauty aids. It was like this. I had a careful mother, and when I was going away from home on my very first trip alone—I was thirteen and en route to boarding school—my mother said I could take some cold cream to wipe the dust of travel off my girlish countenance.

Well, never before or since have I felt so grown up as I did when I used that first cream cleanser.

The only trouble the last few years has been that Daggett and Ramsdell's cream was hard to get. Whenever I tried to find it, I got a little tube of it handed out to me. But what was a mere tube to stack up against the fat, luxurious jars of cream other people made?

But now, rejoice with me! Here's some news as is news, everybody: A whole new line of D & R products have now been introduced. They have not only the original cold cream, which remains just as superior as ever, but a vanishing cream and a new cleansing cream that

not only is pink but *feels* pink! You know the feeling?

They've also got an astringent called Vivotone in the doggiest rectangular bottle that's simply elegant. Being a dry-skinned creature, I rarely use astringents but I used this as a rub-down after a bath and adored it. It's one of the best little deodorants I've come across in months. Its fragrance is sort of woodsy and nice, like a spring day. I think you'll like it.

The creams in this line are priced at thirty-five and sixty cents respectively, for small and medium size jars of the cold and vanishing creams; seventy-five and \$1.25 for the cleansing cream (I would like the one that's most expensive!) and seventy-five cents for the Vivotone. That latter hits me as the buy of the month.

BOTH creams and lotions are featured in the Coty Culturist Creations, which have their little photograph above, and this hard-worked face found them very nice indeed.

If you're quite perfect as is, the Coty Culturist line guarantees to keep you that way for a mere four and a half dollars—and cheap enough, too, if you ask me. But if, by some chance, your skin isn't just so much satin, it will cost you five dollars if you're dry-skinned, and five-fifty if you've got those over-active oil glands.

For this, Coty has evolved three creams and three lotions. For the normal skin Potonique, which I think is a simply slick skin tonic; cleansing cream; tissue cream, and foundation cream are advised. (The latter makes a noble base for make-up.)

For dry skin, substitute for the foundation cream (provided you can pronounce it) *Lotion pour la Peau*—which, translated, is merely Skin Lotion. For oily skins, use the three creams, the skin tonic and *Eau de Coty*, a sweet-smelling astringent.

As a pre-summer precaution (and summer is hard on skins, no matter what anybody tells you about the benefits of life in the open) I think this group pretty nearly ideal.

A Single Plate

[Continued from page 77]

taste. Whatever your personal choice, always make sure the cocktail is well shaken and very cold.

LAMB CHOPS WITH KIDNEY

Have the butcher bone the lamb chops, which should be cut thick, and insert a lamb kidney in place of the bone. Wrap the chop with a piece of bacon, securely tied. Broil the chops twelve minutes under a gas flame. Place a large mushroom on top of each chop and broil three minutes.

NEW POTATOES WITH PEAS

These two vegetables are popular with almost everyone, and particularly with men, so when you get the two in combination, it's just so much velvet.

Boil the potatoes and fresh peas in separate saucepans—and of course, in salted water. Prepare a cream sauce by blending three tablespoons of butter with two tablespoons of flour. Add this to one cup of milk mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt and pepper. Cook over hot water. At serving time dress the potatoes upon the plates with the creamed peas. Dust with paprika.

ASPARAGUS SALAD WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING

Either canned or fresh cooked asparagus tips may be used. The canned variety is more easily prepared, of course, and has a delicious flavor. Serve either ice cold.

Russian dressing is made with two tablespoons of Chili Sauce, two tablespoons of mayonnaise and one tablespoon of India relish. Beat together. Serve on lettuce.

ORANGE MINT SAUCE

Shred the pulp of two oranges. Measure and mix with one-half the quantity of chopped mint. Add one tablespoon of canned cherries cut into bits.

IF THAT meal seems a little heavy and wintry to you, try this one:

Crab Cocktail

Broiled Spring Chicken or Duckling
Sweet Potatoes. Pineapple and Marshmallows
Broccoli Tomato Surprise
Salted Crescent Rolls Radish Roses
Ice Cream Cake
Salted Pistachio Nuts Candied Orange Peel
Coffee

You can buy the crabmeat ready to serve at your local fish dealer's and I've already told you how to make the cocktail sauce. (If you've forgotten, write me and I'll send you the recipe.) The crescent rolls come from the baker's. Radishes and tomatoes you prepare while the broccoli and potatoes are cooking. You simply cut out the tomato and fill it with chopped apple and nut meats or any little thing you desire and you cut the radish into petal-like portions which curl back revealing the white center.

SWEET POTATOES, PINEAPPLE AND MARSHMALLOW

Peel six small sweet potatoes and cut them into slices. Boil for twenty minutes in salted water. Arrange a layer of sweet potatoes in a baking dish, sprinkle with bits of butter and brown sugar. Next add a slice of canned pineapple cut into pieces. Repeat with layer of potatoes, then a layer of pineapple, until the dish is full. Bake in a moderate oven ten minutes. Place whole marshmallows on top and bake until brown.

BROCCOLI

Wash and discard the long leaves of the broccoli. Cook the sturdy stalks and the flowerlike portions, all in one piece, for twenty minutes in boiling, salted water. Dress with butter, pepper and salt.

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A Four Hundred Dollar Paris Wardrobe

[Continued from page 75]

with this suit the cunning blouse of white satin with its sleeves cut in one with the yoke and the little vest points that come down over the skirt.

The outfit that the SMART SET reader took home with her was in black, with a little jacket similar to this one. She decided on the black because she wanted to wear it the year around and because she picked out her dinner dress and her separate silk dress in the same shade. You see, that let her use the coat with the dresses as a wrap. And nothing is smarter at the moment than the short evening wrap. It is a good idea, and if you make the color choice that is most be-

to serve with both the dress of black and white and this one. Of course, the suit could just as well be made in shantung, plain or printed, which is going to be so much used this summer, or the new printed jersey, or even in jersey tweed or that jersey which is made of linen instead of wool and which is another of the spring's surprises.

Martial et Armand showed a whole series of dresses that seemed to me planned just for you girls at home. They had so many cunning little surprises tucked away in them. Miss Fitzwater has illustrated one dress of this sort for us, in black georgette with its little coat finished with a ruffle extending all around the coat until it actually becomes a little cape behind. The skirt is quite a little longer in the front than in the back which is cut across the back with just a little circular flare toward the bottom. But

**Patou presents: left, a tai-
lored blouse of white satin;
below, a brown baku hat
with drooping brim trim-
med with grosgrain ribbon**



coming you will not be sorry. And while we are talking of colors, black is still exceedingly smart. We all sat waiting, here in Paris, for the new summer showings, expecting something radical by way of color change. Dark blue, and brown and the shades of green are all shown, but none of them approach in number the amount of black that is offered.

Before we leave the suit, I want to call your attention to the length of its skirt. You will see that it is almost halfway to the ankle. That doesn't mean that we are coming to skirts that sweep the sidewalk, but it does mean that the day of knee skirts is over. So if you are not willing to go quite that far now, be sure you have a good deep hem, for you must have your skirt long enough to cover your knees when you sit down.

The dress of black and white stripe flamingo with its touch of red on the belt and the embroidery at the collar has a yoke over the hips and then the side volants cut on the diagonal, to emphasize the slender long line that is the ideal of the new silhouette. The little sleeveless jacket of shantung is in rather a deep red, almost bordeaux, that is one of the new colors. The third suit that is shown is of linen, with the top in a dotted material and the coat and bottom of the skirt matching. For the wardrobe I planned we chose the little coat

think of the fun, when the coat came off, and the mannequin deliberately turned the skirt around and loosened the sash till it really touched the floor in the back—that is the part that had been the long front panel.

There are all sorts of these tricky little stunts, like the separate bertha, ruffled all around, that lengthens to a little cape behind; one was made of georgette in a plain tone to go over a printed frock. You can think of any number of combinations of colors or materials that will dress up a rather plain tailored dress this way. The little collar and matching cuff trim of organdy are fresh in themselves, but they also hold in place the little bertha which can be removed. It would be so easy, too, to have that bertha cut wide over the shoulders and make a real little cape wrap. There are all sorts of these little capes, and because the Parisian designers have realized that women, busy or not, don't like to have them slipping around on their shoulders, as they have a habit of doing, quite a number are anchoring them by adding a little tab with buttonholes. The buttons over which these go are just at the belt line and seem to be a part of the belt trimming. Cute idea, isn't it? And oh, how very, very practical!

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Marriage

[Continued from page 76]

But I also want father to perform the ceremony. How can we arrange it so that he can do both?"

Constantly I am asked, "Is it all right for the groom and best man to wear Tuxedos at an evening wedding? When may a bride wear a veil? What share of the wedding expenses are the bride's? What share does the groom pay? Who provides the bridesmaids' bouquets? Does one give the bridal party gifts, men and girls alike? What does one do about the wedding invitations? Is a reception necessary?"

Let's take the matter of cost first. The groom pays for the marriage license, buys the bride a lovely gift, pays for the bride's bouquet, the boutonnieres and any personal gifts for the men in the wedding party, the clergyman's fee, and that is all. The bride and her family bear all the other expenses.

Now personal gifts and wedding announcements may cost any amount—or may be done very inexpensively and delightfully. I knew one charming girl, who was marrying a man who was her superior in advantages of money and background. She was eager for his sake as well as her own that her wedding should be beautiful. Yet to please her parents she wanted to be married in their home, a small city flat, and, finally and foremost, she had only one hundred dollars to spend on the whole ceremony.

About two weeks before the wedding this wise young girl sent out, not engraved invitations, but simply an informal little note written by her mother.

When I arrived at the appointed hour I found the modest little apartment blooming like a bower with wildflowers.

The window shades had been pulled low and the entire room gleamed with candle light. The result was beautifully romantic.

As I stepped into the living room, the bride, clad in a lovely white chiffon gown, stepped forward to welcome me.

When the last guest had arrived and the hour had struck, the bride and groom informally took their places before the minister in the fern-banked bay window. Then when the actual ceremony was over and we had all had a chance to kiss the bride and congratulate the groom, the young couple led the way to the dining table.

It was beautifully laid, with the bridal cake in the center, a magnificent creation of fluff and white frosting, surrounded by a wreath of smilax and pink sweetpeas. Here and there were dishes of bon-bons and nuts. Friends of the bride passed us plates of French ice cream.

Just before the bride left to change to her traveling costume, I heard her whisper to her mother,

"Darling, it couldn't have been lovelier. It's been a perfect wedding."

There wasn't one of us present who didn't echo that sentiment.

Now for a few answers to your many wedding questions.

The groom, the best man and the ushers at an informal evening wedding must wear dark sack suits. The Tuxedo is never worn. At a formal evening wedding nothing less than a tail coat will do.

The bride may wear a veil at a morning, noon or night wedding, provided her gown is of white either satin, chiffon, silk or lace.

As concerns wedding presents there is one etiquette rule that is rigid. The bride must write a thank-you note for each present received, and must write it as soon as possible. A printed card will not do.

These are the general rules of good form for a wedding. Perhaps you will have special problems you would like me to help you with. I shall be only too glad to do so, if you'll write me about them.

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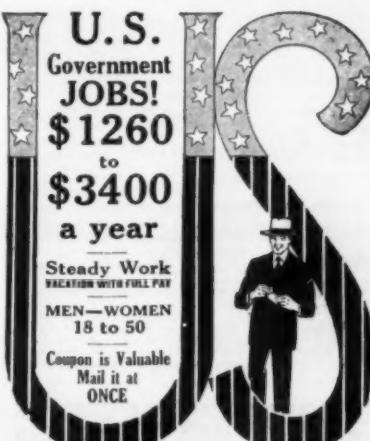
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Made in Paris

[Continued from page 61]

start a picture of you!" he said. He laughed—how often he laughed, now. "Gee, you're going to be everything, Connie. I haven't been able to afford a model for months!"

OF HER friends in Paris, no one bothered very much about Connie's new domestic arrangement. In such social life as they had—casual meetings at the cafés in the quarter, "You know Connie and David, don't you?"—was more than sufficient introduction. She had one more scene with Alan, listening gravely to him.

"The trouble with you, Alan," she told him, sweetly, "is that you have enough of an income to be conventional!"

"You're talking like David already!" he accused her, and she laughed happily.

The young musician grew sulky. "This marriages-are-made-in-heaven stuff makes me sick!" he blurted.

"This wasn't made in heaven, Alan," said Connie, still smiling. "It was made in Paris."

In heaven—any heaven that Connie had ever heard of—there wouldn't have been such dismal cold, such weeks of frigid rain.

Nor was David Hunt any celestial companion. He was moody, intolerant, and often bad-tempered.

There was little demonstration of affection between them. Most of the time David seemed scarcely to realize Connie's presence—except to protest roughly when she would slip down from the model stand to cook their supper. He worked tirelessly, endlessly, seeming not to care at all about a picture once it was finished. But then—occasionally—he would fling down his brushes and pick her up in his arms.

"Gee, you're a good kid! Connie, how did I ever get along without you?"

Occasionally she invited people, some old friends to look at David's pictures. She gave them vermouth and sweet biscuits, and would smile quite as prettily after they had gone, while David would pace angrily up and down the little room.

"Connie, why do you know such people?" he would ask. "And what is the name of this picture, Mr. Hunt?" His under lip was thrust out; his long, lank body quivered with indignation.

But occasionally these friends bought a canvas, and Connie saw that not only did they pay well, but that they departed with the glow of one who has picked up a Manet or a Degas for a song.

COMING home from marketing one morning, with an old sweater of David's flung about her shoulders, Connie heard her name called out. She turned, to see a long, glistening car draw up to the curbing.

"Connie!" It was Helen Tyler, old friend of her father's, good friend of herself. "We were looking for you. Hop in!"

The cool blue eyes of an exquisite girl were fastened curiously upon Connie's face.

"This is Barbara Stetson, honey. She saw a picture of David's somewhere and was mad about it."

Connie's eyes became luminous. "A lady of taste!" she said, and grinned.

"Has David many canvases at the studio?" Helen Tyler asked.

"Some. He sold two lovely ones last week. I hate so to see them go!" Her smile, directed at Barbara Stetson, potential buyer, was disarming and naïve.

David was off, taking advantage of decent weather—and, Connie had told him severely, risking pneumonia—doing a landscape, and she was glad of that.

The long car waited at the mouth of the alley while the three women looked at David Hunt's pictures.

"Your husband paints you often," Miss Stetson commented.

Connie nodded, and Miss Stetson turned to Helen Tyler.

"I want Dad to see these things—really, I think they're rather extraordinary!"

Connie's childlike face showed none of the irritation which she felt at the older girl's attitude. She was smiling her prettiest smile, waiting for them to depart, when David burst in. Tall and rangy and radiant, holding his wet canvas gingerly.

Barbara Stetson's cool blue eyes widened, and she shot toward Connie a sudden look of curiosity, a searching look, as though she had not really noticed her before.

David was in a fine mood. His deep eyes flashed, his mouth jerked into his most engaging grin. The American girl caught fire from his flame; she became less ivory and Dresden china and more flesh and blood.

"My father's rather a connoisseur of painting," she told David. "I want so much to bring him to see your work."

"Bring him along," David retorted. "A cat may look at a king!" His grin was both insolent and charming.

When the women returned to the car, David and Connie had promised to come to tea the next day at the Stetsons'.

"Gee, I'm starved!" David said, slamming the door carelessly after them.

Connie was standing looking at him thoughtfully. "Dave, would you do a portrait of that girl?" she interrupted him.

"What girl?" He frowned. "Oh—that one? He squinted at the wall, as though Barbara Stetson's outline were pinned there for him to study. "It might be interesting. Funny colored flesh. Why?"

Connie laughed at him. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker!" she chanted.

"Blah!" said David and kissed her.

AT FOUR, the next afternoon, Connie pulled him from his work.

"You run along and see the Stetsons—I think I'll wait here and tidy up. You'll be bringing them back."

David looked at her blankly. "Me go there without you! Not a chance!"

So she went with him, reluctantly, conscious of the faded felt of her hat, the wrinkles in her woollen coat, of her bare, brown hands.

David was strange in these ordered surroundings, big and awkward, seated on a Louis Quinze sofa, holding a cup of tea. His eyes moved restlessly about the room.

"What a piece of color!" he interrupted, abruptly.

Barbara Stetson followed his eyes to a cloak of crimson, flung over a chair.

"It is nice," she assented, and got up and offered it to him with the air of a Sultan's favorite slave girl.

Miss Stetson took it from him, and unexpectedly dropped it about Connie's shoulders. "Stand up, Mrs. Hunt, and let your husband look at you," she said.

"Oh!" said David. "Connie, back up there—over against that screen!"

"Won't you," asked Barbara Stetson, softly, "let me give it to you, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Oh, please—" Connie flushed.

"It isn't becoming to me, really!" Miss Stetson turned to David. "I simply couldn't resist the color."

He squinted. "No, it's much better for Connie," he agreed. "You shouldn't wear red."

"David!" Connie's eyes were miserable.

Barbara's father beamed amiably in her direction. "Very charming, my dear," he told Connie. "It was made for you."

Returning to the studio in the motor with

the Stetson's, Connie held the cloak on her lap. A deep melancholy closed in about her, and she tried to shake it away.

Mr. Stetson was generous in his enthusiasm. The check which he left so delicately upon the bench made David's eyes widen. Barbara was to commence posing for her portrait in two days.

Connie sat twirling Henry Stetson's check. "David, why don't you get another studio, now?"

"Why? Aren't you happy here?"

"Oh, my dear!" Tears rose swiftly to her eyes at his bewilderment, and she said, "I just thought—you see, you won't want me sitting around all the time, now that you're becoming a portrait painter, with lady models!"

"Who says I won't? You leave me alone with that woman and I won't do her picture! Gosh!"

SO SHE sat with them, sewing or mending, while Barbara Stetson posed.

"D'you like this background, Connie? What's the matter with her nose, anyway?" David addressed all of his remarks to Connie; Barbara Stetson might have been a paid model. When she came down from the stand to rest and look at what he had done, he ignored her comments. And Barbara Stetson's cool eyes grew softer and warmer.

"It's amazing what a home you've made of this one little room," Miss Stetson told David. Strange, three-cornered dialogues they held with Barbara Stetson addressing most of her conversation to David, and David most of his to Connie—and Connie, politely, graciously, to their guest. "How long have you two been married?"

David turned to Connie. "When did you come here?" he asked.

"November," said Connie, and felt Bar-

bbara's eyes upon her in cold appraisal.

David was looking bored. He got up.

"Rested?" he asked, and stared severely as she resumed her position.

Almost always Miss Stetson came bearing presents: candy, which David devoured greedily as he worked; flowers, little cakes, a pretty gift for Connie. And, ultimately, the portrait was completed.

Connie stared at Barbara Stetson's painted face. "Dave, do you realize that these people can help you a lot?"

He shrugged. "Their money's as good as anyone else's, if that's what you mean."

As good—and far more fluid. Mr. Stetson was delighted with the portrait.

Then he asked, "Have you ever had an exhibition in New York, young man?"

Connie's breath caught. Here it was! "Exhibitions cost money," said David.

"Easily arranged. When a man has genius—"

Connie's head whirled.

"D'you know Marquand?" Henry Stetson was asking.

Marquand! Connie swallowed hard.

"At the Ritz. We might have dinner with him." Mr. Stetson's words were flowing calmly; his daughter was listening attentively, and even David was alert.

CONNIE sent him off, as a mother sends her child to school. And then she sat down, resting her chin on her hands, thinking and wondering.

"Connie? David?" It was Alan Kendrick's voice at the door, and she jumped up with a start and flung it open.

"I'm so glad to see you! David's out and I was sitting here like a sheep! Wait a minute." She lighted candles.

Alan Kendrick looked at her oddly. "David's doing well, I'd heard."



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Connie told him, "He's doing awfully well!" Her eyes were shining.

"I saw Helen Tyler last night. She tells me that David has acquired a patron—or is it a patroness?"

Connie laughed cheerfully. "Both, my dear! And now they're talking of taking him to America for an exhibition."

Alan's eyes narrowed. "Shall you go?" She hesitated. "Why—I don't know, Alan. We haven't discussed it, yet."

"Connie!" Alan shoved back his chair roughly, and went to her side. "Connie, my dearest, you know how crazy I am about you! You know—"

"Why, Alan!" She was half smiling. "Dear, funny boy, don't you realize that I belong to Dave?"

"But you don't! He's no sort of person for you to marry! He—"

"Alan!"

"Dearest!" His mouth was working miserably. "I won't say anything against him. But I'm thinking of you!"

She shook her head. "Dave needs to be taken care of," she said simply.

Alan's face hardened. "He'll be taken care of, all right—don't you worry about him!" His voice was bitter. "Oh, Connie, everyone in Paris knows that this rich woman is mad about him!"

Connie stood erect, not moving a muscle. Her eyes met Alan's squarely. "And you think that I should give him to her?"

Her directness shocked him a little. "My dear, I don't know. But if he does go to America, you can't go, Connie! You're not his wife. It's different—there."

Connie brushed her hand across her eyes. "I wish you'd go away, Alan. I'm not angry with you—not a bit. And I know that you mean well. But if you'd go now—"

She sat by the stove, motionless, after he had gone. Barbara Stetson—and David.

When finally she stirred, there was panic in her movements. She undressed and slipped into bed, pulled the covers up about her face. When David came in, she pretended to be asleep, keeping her eyes tightly shut and her breathing regular when he sat down on the edge of the cot and spoke her name softly.

He sighed, and kissed the end of her nose very gently.

CONNIE was smiling and cheerful when David awoke the next morning, and he launched into an eager recital of the evening before. Marquand himself was coming to the studio this morning and they were all to have *dejeuner* together . . . "Wear the red coat, Connie."

She smiled and nodded. She had no intention of going, and when they were all there, Henry Stetson and Barbara, so cool and correct and sure of herself, and little Marquand, keen and interested, she excused herself.

"I'd completely forgotten, Dave. I promised Madeleine Yost that I'd go out with her."

"Madeleine Yost!" he repeated. "If you don't come with us, I don't go! You heard me, Connie!"

She heard him and she obeyed. She put on the rich red cloak, wool crêpe frock and her faded hat, and went out into the car.

She liked Marquand, liked the direct questions he put to her, warmed to his genuine appreciation. A keen little man.

"I'm going back to New York in a week," Marquand said to David, as they lingered over coffee. "Will you come with me?"

"A week!" David frowned. "Why, we were going down to Brittany! I thought—"

"We'll go when you get back, Dave," she said soothingly.

"When I get back?" he shouted at her.

"David!" She put out her hand.

"When I get back!" he repeated. "You're going with me!"

"We'll talk later, Dave!"

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Barbara Stetson put in. "If Mrs. Hunt—" So faintly she stressed the title, so delicately—yet so decidedly.

David did not turn his gaze. "What do you mean, Connie? You'll tell me here and now, or these people can go to the devil!"

"Won't you wait until we get home?" Her voice was pleading.

"No!" David thundered. "Why shouldn't you go with me?"

"You don't understand. You see, Dave, it's different in America. You've forgotten. Passports and hotels and—"

"What about them?" he roared.

Henry Stetson had paid the check; Barbara rose, one slim hand on David's sleeve.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

David turned his head slightly. "Shut up!" he told her. "What about passports, Connie? What are you driving at?"

"In America," said Connie, in a tired voice, "people who aren't married can't travel together so easily. They—"

"Who aren't married!" shouted David. "But—"

"My God!" he said. He looked at Connie in wonder; then he turned, to share his amazement with the Stetsons and Marquand. "I didn't know we weren't married!" he told them, still shaking with his laughter.

"I—why I never thought about it!"

Marquand began to laugh; he laughed until tears came into his eyes. Barbara Stetson and her father exchanged a startled, embarrassed glance—then Stetson chuckled.

David was staring at Connie. "Why, you shameless woman!" he accused her. "You hussy!"

Barbara Stetson gasped; Connie was crimson, yet in spite of her embarrassment, she, too, was laughing. It was all so absurd, so typical of David.

He commanded a waiter, magnificently. "Champagne—lots of champagne!" he demanded. Then he leaned across the table and kissed Connie. "I suppose you will marry me, Miss Cooper?" he grinned. "I'm a young man with good prospects, am home-loving, kind to animals, and sweet tempered."

"S-sweet tempered!" stammered Connie. "Oh—Dave!"

Champagne cork popping, beaming waiters, the entire restaurant had become their party.

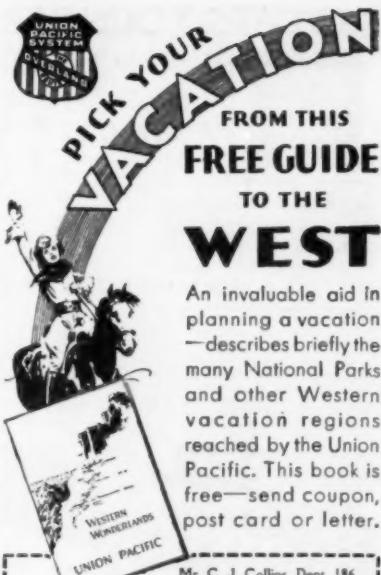
"Are you accepting me, Connie?" David demanded sternly, holding a glass to her lips.

She shook her head, helplessly. "I guess there's not much else to do about you, David," she admitted, as he tipped the glass against her tremulous lips.



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[Continued from page 83]

lives in one of the East-Sixty streets, M'sieu."

Haagen placed him silently, "Elms Oessler, the banker." And he said: "I am sorry to miss Miss Towers. However, she returns to-night, I suppose?"

"But no, M'sieu." The Frenchwoman's black eyes examined him demurely. "On Monday evening, in time for her dancing."

Anger swept through Haagen, the anger that had been refreshing him for the past few hours. But he said calmly, "She motored? Or did she go alone?"

"I tell you, this gentleman he call for her in a beautiful car, M'sieu."

"Ah, well," said Haagen. "It will be very pleasant in the country."

"Very pleasant indeed, M'sieu. This elderly gentleman has been kind and generous. He send us cordials and cocktails. I could make M'sieu an aperitif now."

He shook his head. "But I'd like to telephone."

"May I get M'sieu the number?"

"The Rothstreet Garage on Lexington."

Bettine had the garage on the wire with the minimum of fuss.

"Rothstreet Garage?" Haagen was saying. "This is Mr. William Haagen. You have a Packard eight of mine jacked-up in your garage; I left her last fall. I want her at two o'clock. Then at three o'clock? Then at five! If it must be six o'clock, all right!"

Haagen put back the receiver, and stood up. "I'm off, Bettine." She awaited his instructions. "What are you, yourself, doing?"

She told him, "Mademoiselle has said I am free. I go with a friend that I have made to Coney Island for the dancing."

"Make a night of it, if you're not wanted here," said Haagen.

"I think, perhaps so, M'sieu."

He went back to the Club, changed, lunched, looked at a motoring map. He knew indefinitely the location of the Oessler place. Six-thirty saw him on the long slow crawl out of New York.

ELMS OESSLER did not take Flora straight to the Oessler place that Sunday morning. They drove to various beauty spots; lunched at a palatial country club. Old Oessler kept saying solicitously: "I want to give you a real good time."

Through the day he was more and more proprietorial; more and more did he proceed to cast off that slight conventionality of tone and behavior that had to a certain extent cloaked him in New York.

Old Oessler had grown younger as the day progressed. And he had grown mellow. He no longer spoke in good-humored envy of young men. He was young enough!

He showed her off to the men they encountered at the country club; exhibited her. Flora was vaguely conscious of this, while yet his manner was not to be defined. She was offended; but in the last six weeks she had gained a new philosophy.

Dance music was coming over the radio, from inside the club house, and men and girls had already begun to dance. They pressed Elms Oessler to stay with his guest.

"We've got to be off," he said.

"I say, Elms, we'll come along ourselves later."

"Not to-night," old Oessler said shortly.

On again through the brilliant evening, along white roads soft in dust, past beautiful homes, through lanes that were avenues of maples and larches and dogwood trees.

They drew up to a long wide porch pillared in roses. A Japanese butler came out; Oessler's Japanese valet followed. A

boy—also a Jap—carried in the suitcase; and Oessler instructed the butler, "Take the young lady up to her room."

"Dinner at nine," Oessler called after her.

She was alone in the sumptuous room, all black lacquer and rose brocade.

And now she bathed and dressed in the most beautiful of her gowns, and put on her emerald ring. She hoped—such an aspiration being new and amusingly humbling for her—that she would please the woman—or women—of the house. This Mrs. Oessler who was always charmed to greet any acquaintance of her husband's, who so cordially kept this liberty hall—what sort of a personality had she?

STANDING under the brilliant light that searched her room, she looked about her. The woman who planned this room was no informal hostess! The mistress of this house was no casual bohemian, ready to greet all and sundry! And all at once Flora felt hesitant, vexed, embarrassed.

A knock fell on the door. A maid? She called, "Come in." The door opened and in came Oessler himself.

For quite a few moments they stood looking at each other, and her heart seemed to jump into her throat.

"Ah, well. I see you're ready; all fixed."

"Why do you come in here, Mr. Oessler?"

"Didn't you call, 'Come in?'"

"I—I thought perhaps Mrs. Oessler had been kind enough to send her maid—"

"Mrs. Oessler, eh?"

He advanced upon Flora. She stood her ground; and the next moment Oessler's arms were around her.

"Gosh! You certainly look good, little girl. Kiss me."

She put her hand up, covered his mouth, and held his head back; but he tore the hand away. He kissed her, mumbling: "Wonderful girl! Wonderful girl!"

She slipped agilely away from him. "How dare—" Oh, what Sunday-headline stuff!

"Spoiling your effect, eh? Too early for kisses, eh?" Oessler offered her his explanation of her recoil.

She said, "Is Mrs. Oessler at home?"

"Now—You didn't expect to find her? My family's in Europe. It's my playtime. All the regular servants on holiday; just these Jap fellows to look after me and my guests."

"But I—couldn't—have come if—"

"Drop it, dear." His eyes, inscrutable and piercing, surveyed her through half-closed lids. "We'll consider all that said. Trust Old Bear to look after you. You're going to play hostess to-night!"

"Hostess? In your house?"

He padded to the door and opened it. "Nothing very outrageous in being asked to be hostess when a poor fellow's wife's away, you know. Come on."

Flora went slowly from the room, toward the staircase, and Oessler hastened to place himself at her side.

The staircase was wide. She began the descent, Oessler's hand under her elbow, and there came into the lounge Mines and Abbman, and other men whom she had never seen before.

They grouped at the foot of the wide stairway when they caught sight of her, and led by Mines and Abbman, gave a boisterous, irreverent shout of greeting.

AS FLORA sat at the head of that excellent table in a dining room that looked as spacious, as high as the interior of a cathedral—she was chiefly conscious of the necessity for defense. She knew now that, save for herself, it was a stag-party.

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As she ate very little, drank less, crumbled her toast with cold fingers—all the men noted that emerald! She saw not one believer in the faces turned flatteringly toward her; not one believer in her innocence!

It was ten-thirty. They were still at the long table, the Jap butler and his subordinate serving ice cream.

At eleven, Mines rose from the table, smacked Oessler's back, bowed rather drunkenly over Flora's cold hand, and announced that he was off, and would take Abbman.

Mines and Abbman made for the door, not quite in a straight line. Other men were rising, forming a line—with many affectations of apology to Oessler, who loved to see them do it—to kiss Flora's hand. She sat, frozen, in her tall-backed chair.

Pride restrained her. She would not have them see her an abject fool. Oessler might have to see her an abject fool—but not this company, collectively. And then—they heard the rush of a car's arrival.

FLORA was not calm enough to reckon time, to feel time passing. It seemed to her as if, simultaneously with the sound of the car's arriving, Haagen was in the room.

She was facing the French windows, down a long stretch of dinner table. He walked in hatless, in dinner clothes, as if he had been dining at some house nearby and were on his way home. His eyes found Flora in her high-backed chair, but he remained at the foot of the table, nearer the windows.

Oessler looked up into Haagen's face. "Why?" He rose. "William Haagen. You, my boy! How do?" For some reason quite inexplicable to Oessler they did not shake hands.

Oessler went on: "No idea you'd come over. You're a bit late for my dinner party, I'm afraid, eh?"

"Oh, it's too late to stay, Oessler. I was driving back to New York, and I saw your lighted windows, and I dropped in to make salam. So it's a party. I ought to apologize for my intrusion."

"No, no, no. Glad to see you. We must fix a lunch," Oessler said hurriedly.

Mines and Abbman completed their exit. "I wonder if I can't give anyone a lift home," Haagen said easily.

Flora sprang up and cried, "Yes! Take me! Take me! Take me!"

"Miss Towers!" said Haagen's cool, unsurprised voice. "This is a pleasure."

Down the length of the table Oessler's eyes stared at her.

"No! No! You're staying. This little lady—friend of mine, Haagen—she's staying. All arranged."

"I'm going back to New York!" Flora cried.

"By God, you're not!" Oessler roared. The unexpected volume of his voice, after his urbane easiness, struck into the room startlingly. "You're not going to trick me!"

Flora rushed by him, out into the night, and was crouched in beside the driver's seat of the Packard as if by magic.

Haagen took a step backward, and equally by movements of magic, so swift he was, gained the threshold of the windows.

Haagen made a deprecating gesture of the hands, shrugged, explained, "I can't help feeling flattered," and was in the car beside Flora, switching on his engine, letting out the clutch with such dexterity, that no impression of hurry obtained.

Oessler stood on the driveway, head sunk between his massive shoulders, looking after them.

They slipped into the darkness. Flora cowered beside Haagen. The night was sultry. But he reached an arm backward in a moment, pulled a light coat from the rear, said, "Wrap up in that if you're cold."

They drove on. He did not offer any comment. She had to speak. "Wonderful

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luck, your coming," she said with a sob. He did not answer. They drove on. The clock on the dashboard showed eleven-thirty. He turned the car off the main road, into a lane very dark indeed with the dripping shadows of larch trees. He parked. And, turning to Flora, he said:

"What were you doing there?"
"I had been asked for the week end."

"With Elms Oessler?"

"I imagined his wife—"

"You fool." His arm went round her, urgently. "I don't believe you, anyway," he said.

She stammered. "What do you believe?"

Haagen knew perfectly well that she had told the simple, foolish truth, but he meant to bully her. It was time. And he was angry; he was fierce. He answered:

"That you thought you could play us both; Oessler and me. It was awkward when I arrived."

She cried passionately: "It was salvation when you arrived!"

"We needn't pretend," he said, aware that she was not pretending. "I know the world and I know women too well to be fooled. Get hold of that, Flora. You knew when you took help from me so readily in Algiers what it must amount to. You know by now—or you should—that you're not going to pull any of the plums out of life without the help of men. I won't quarrel with you. I'll forget to-night. But you've got to have. Kiss me."

He held her to him and kissed her over and over again. She comprehended, now, with absolute clarity. She freed a hand, and struck Haagen, crying, "You're all beasts!"

"Beasts, eh?" he said quietly. He put her back into her seat, switched on the engine, backed out of the lane, and raced on toward New York.

Haagen ushered her from the car. "I'll come in," he said then.

"It's late. I'm tired."

"I'll come in."

He took her key from her, fitted it into the lock, and followed her inside. He switched on the light, went over to the windows of the room, drew the curtains and turned back to her.

FLORA came to a full comprehension of Haagen as she stood against the wall just inside the door, facing him. He had done for the time with excuses, with pretences, with postponements, with escapes. His friendship had never been careless; she knew that now. And he was not sorry for her to-night. He was rational and pitiless. He would not be gentle with her again.

"Will you go?" she said.

"Flora, my dear," said Haagen, "why do I have to go?"

"I'm alone."

"You would have been alone with Ossler."

"I've told you—"

"And I've told you. Listen, my dear. I want you. I've been crazy for you. So crazy that I could even have been quite violent when I saw where you'd landed yourself to-night. You were reckoning on my help again—"

"No! no!"

"Yes. How would you do without it? You have one great asset—your beauty. There's only one good thing to do with beauty. Sell it. You're alone here, as you say. You haven't an earthly chance of the kind of employment that would pay your manicure bills. I'll take great care of you. You won't be sorry. I'd buy your beauty a sort of career if that pleased you. Many women like to pretend they are acting—or singing—or dancing for a living; but you must know that there is so often a man behind it. It's such an accepted fact that it is hardly worth mentioning. I should not remind you of it if you didn't cling to your

rôle of innocence, as you persist in doing."

He stopped and drew a long breath.

"All this conversation—why do I talk?" He went over to her and held her wrists not violently but implacably. "Give in. You've got to. And you'll be happy again—out of this hole you've chosen to live in, you little fool." He lifted her hands and kissed them one after the other; and then again she was in his arms, again striking at his face, and gasping, "You beast!"

He let her go, all at once. It was between one and two o'clock in the morning. They had stormed and derided, abused, insisted, refused all this time. Her pride had fallen low; she felt desolate and forsaken, fearful and weary, but she refused him. And as he turned at last to go, with a contemptuous gesture at her futility in the face of life, she cried out weakly:

"You say I can't live without your help. I have work. I will go on working."

Haagen's contemplative, pitiless look, his two words, "Will you?" haunted her all through that night, into the morning. On those words he left her, going out quietly and with a strangely emotionless smile.

BETTINE was not there; would not be with her again until evening; that was the arrangement hastily made as Elms Oessler had borne her off in his car. The apartment seemed to take on a squalor indescribable. But she thought, very wan in the morning: "It's mine! I pay for it! It's home!" And for all its squalor it held out the protection of its shelter. It was like a frowsy lap on which, at least, one rested.

On Mondays, for the last four weeks, there had always been a hamper of strawberries from the Oessler gardens in Westchester County. Two or three times a week, beginning early on Monday mornings, Oessler's florist on Park Avenue had sent her roses. This Monday morning there was neither fruit nor flowers.

Haagen rang at ten, with a question:

"Have you thought better of things, Flora?"

"I haven't changed my mind."

"I want to tell you I shall be at Dream Garden to-night. You have only to let me have a little sign. But after to-night, my dear, if you change your mind, then you will have to come to me."

She hung up the receiver with a crash.

It was a long, long day, all alone. Many times during it she thought, "Shall I dance to-night if Haagen's there?" Till at last there was Bettine coming in, distressed to find her lady so far ahead of her.

Bettine crying, "You are late, mademoiselle. We must hurry to dress you!"

Bettine making up her nervous mind for her, laying out the wilting white chiffon.

Bettine sighing also; "We owe the electricity, and the iceman, and the cleaner's."

At last, Dream Garden, and Marcus meeting her with a very sharp, unkind look. "A little late, Flora! I want to speak to you. Mr. Oessler's chauffeur has brought a suitcase here. Yours? So I understand. What is this about last night? What's it all about? The chauffeur had a lot to tell me—a devil of a lot. Servants know everything. What I understand is—"

"My business, Mr. Marcus."

"Your business is my business if it concerns my clients. If you've offended Mr. Oessler and his friends—and if that keeps them away from my place . . ."

He looked at Flora very sharply. She smiled, but she felt ethereally light and vague and futile and helpless as she drifted into the dance room.

A man rose and bowed to her from his table across the room, and sat down again with a grave unconcerned face. She returned his bow before she knew it was Haagen.

From his position a little way off, pale, a faint scowl on his face, Marcus watched her.

(To Be CONCLUDED)

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"Here...try Kissproof, my dear... you'll not need lipstick again today!"

"This is the FOURTH time I've had to fuss with lipstick today! Lipstick is certainly a necessary *EVIL*!"

"NECESSARY, my dear, but NOT an evil! That is, when you use lipstick that *STAYS ON*!"

"Well, of course, that *WOULD* be different. By the way, *YOU* never seem to be making up your lips. What do *YOU* use?"

"Why, Kissproof, my dear—I wouldn't be without it. I just put it on in the morning and *FORGET* it. Here, TRY Kissproof—you'll not need lipstick *AGAIN* today!"

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